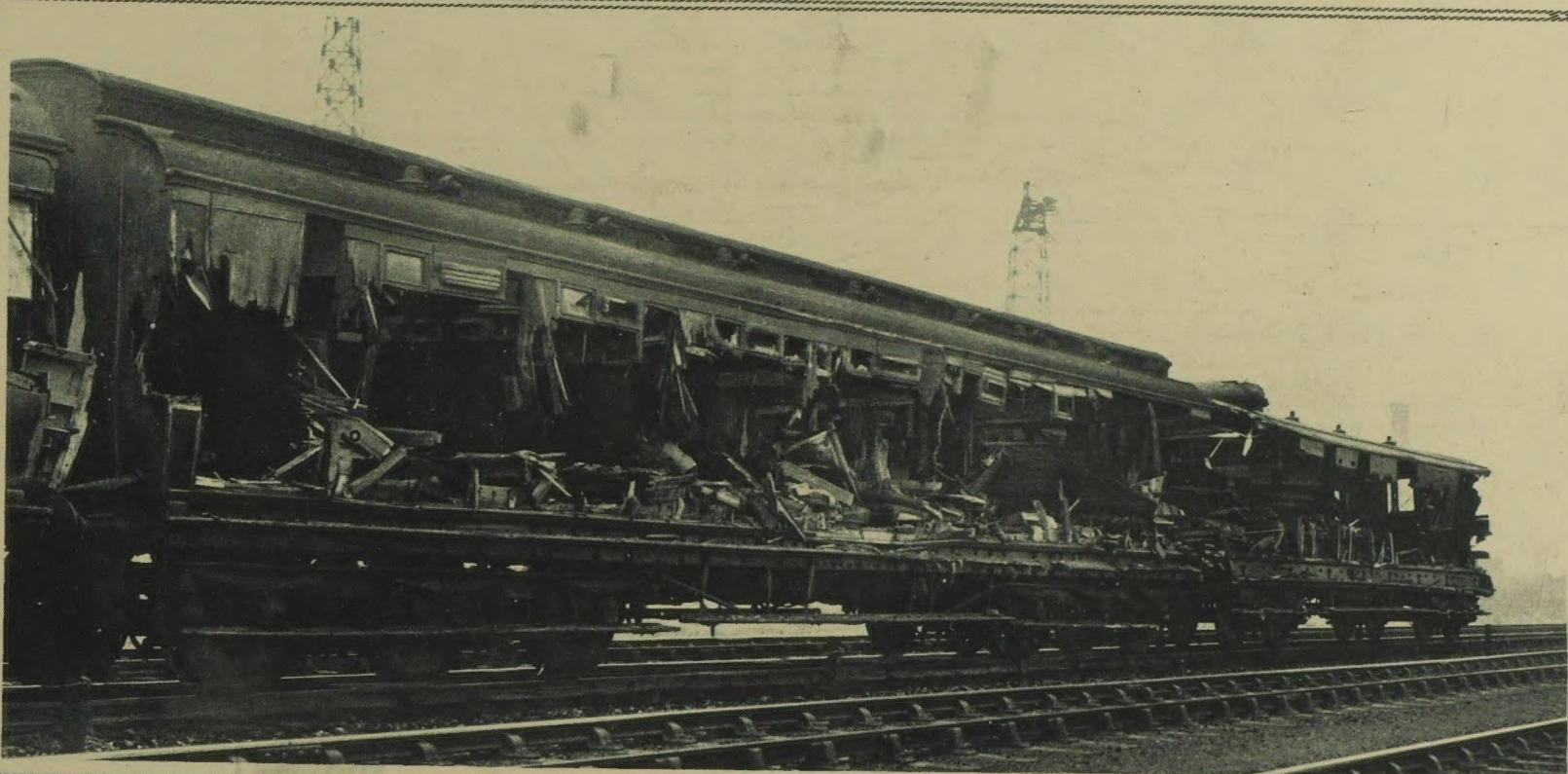


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1926.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



AN EXTRAORDINARY, IF NOT UNIQUE, RAILWAY DISASTER: A PASSENGER TRAIN WRECKED, WITH SERIOUS LOSS OF LIFE, THOUGH WITHOUT BEING DERAILED—TWO COACHES OF THE EXPRESS RIPPED OPEN ALONG ONE SIDE BY TOPPLING TRUCKS OF A PASSING GOODS TRAIN, ON THE L.M.S. LINE NEAR ROTHERHAM.



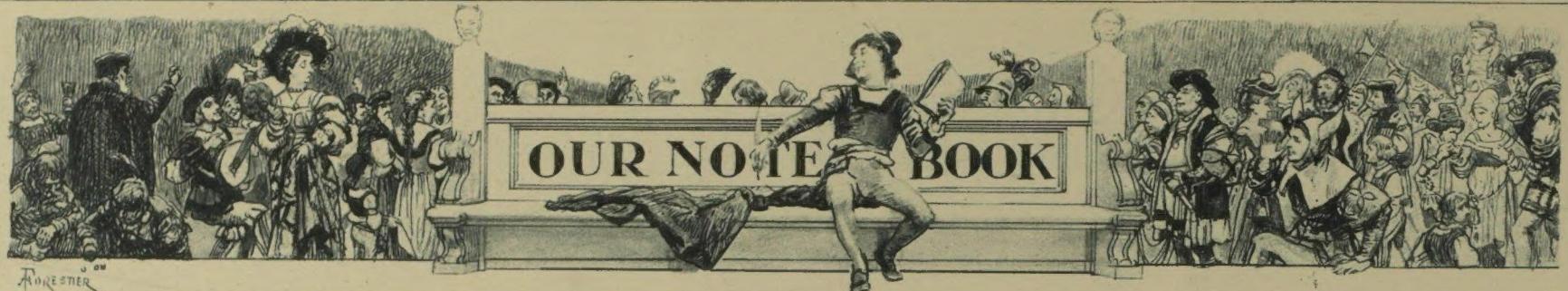
THE CAUSE OF THE COLLISION: THE DERAILED TRUCKS AT THE REAR OF THE GOODS TRAIN—SHOWING (ABOVE ANOTHER TRUCK TO RIGHT) THE FALLEN SIGNAL POST WHICH ALSO HIT THE EXPRESS.



THE EFFECT OF THE COLLISION: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE TERRIBLE HAVOC ALONG ONE SIDE OF A PASSENGER COACH TORN OPEN BY THE FALLING GOODS TRUCKS AS THE TRAINS PASSED EACH OTHER.

The disaster which befell the York to Bristol express on the L.M.S. line near Rotherham, on November 19, was an extraordinary one, if not unique in the history of railway accidents. The remarkable feature was that a passenger train suffered serious casualties and damage in a collision without being derailed. It will be recalled that the express was passing a long goods train going in the opposite direction, when one of the rear goods trucks collapsed and the next was piled upon it. They left the rails and, toppling over towards the express,

tore out the whole sides of two passenger coaches. The trucks also overturned a signal post between the lines, and this also fell on the passenger train, striking one coach after another. Nine passengers were killed outright, and several others were injured. The cause of the trucks being derailed has not been definitely proved at the time of writing, but it was stated unofficially to have been the breaking of a draw-bar—an iron bar that runs beneath a goods wagon from end to end.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND C.N.]



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN an interesting article in the *London Mercury*, as in one or two other places lately, it has been noted that the artists who started with entirely new artistic methods have now themselves returned to more realistic methods, and what some would call more reasonable methods. According to the pioneer theory of progress, of which we have all heard so much, they ought by this time to have shot far out of sight, and be enjoying the society of our great-great-grandchildren. For it is supposed to be the duty of this singular sort of pioneer to lose sight entirely of the army which he leads.

Of course, the whole metaphor is a muddle: most of that modern theory of progress is merely a muddle of metaphors. A pioneer does not lead an army; he is merely a man who walks in front of it, and is as much under the orders of the general command as the last man who walks behind it. But, accepting the vague imagery of those who talk of a pioneer when they mean a prophet, it is clear that the pioneer sometimes falls back on the main body of the advance. In other words, the prophet sometimes gets tired of the society of the babe unborn (who may be an uncommunicative companion) and seeks for companions even among contemporaries. It is a great honour to be knocked into the middle of next week; but some have recovered from the shock, and seem to be making desperate efforts to be alive now. I cannot pronounce upon the case of pictorial art, but in the parallel case of literature there is perhaps something to be said about the tests of such a return to society, and of whether and when it is a return to sanity.

The first truth involved is a truism, but a truism often as little understood as any mystery. It is that the artist is a person who communicates something. He may communicate it more or less easily and quickly; he may communicate it to a larger or smaller number of people. But it is a question of communication and not merely of what some people call expression. Or rather, strictly speaking, unless it is communication it is not expression. A signalman cannot be said to express the fact that the Scotch Express is coming from York, if he communicates the fact that it has broken down at Newcastle. A messenger cannot be said to express his sorrow at a king having been shot, if he only succeeds in communicating the news that he has been crowned. The word "expression" implies that something appears as what it really is; and that the thing that is recognised outside is the same that has been realised inside.

Now, I know that for some time past it has been the custom to talk of the artist expressing something, as if it only meant his getting rid of something. It may be natural that the artist should want to get rid of his art; especially when we consider what it is sometimes like. But it is not his business only to deliver himself. It is, I say very solemnly, his business to deliver the goods. It may be in some cases, when the goods are delivered to some people, that the goods are mistaken for bads. But if the goods cannot be delivered, the goods are not good enough. If we have nothing but the assurance that Mr. Brown is no longer troubled by a triolet,

it is not good enough. If we must be content with knowing that Mr. Binks has had a tragedy out, as he might have a tooth out, it is not good enough. Mr. Brown and Mr. Binks have not expressed themselves, because we know no more about them than we did before; except that they are feeling a little better. This, as I say, is a truism, but it is one that is strangely forgotten in a great deal of the fashionable fuss about artistic self-expression. The artist does ultimately exhibit himself as being intelligent by being intelligent.

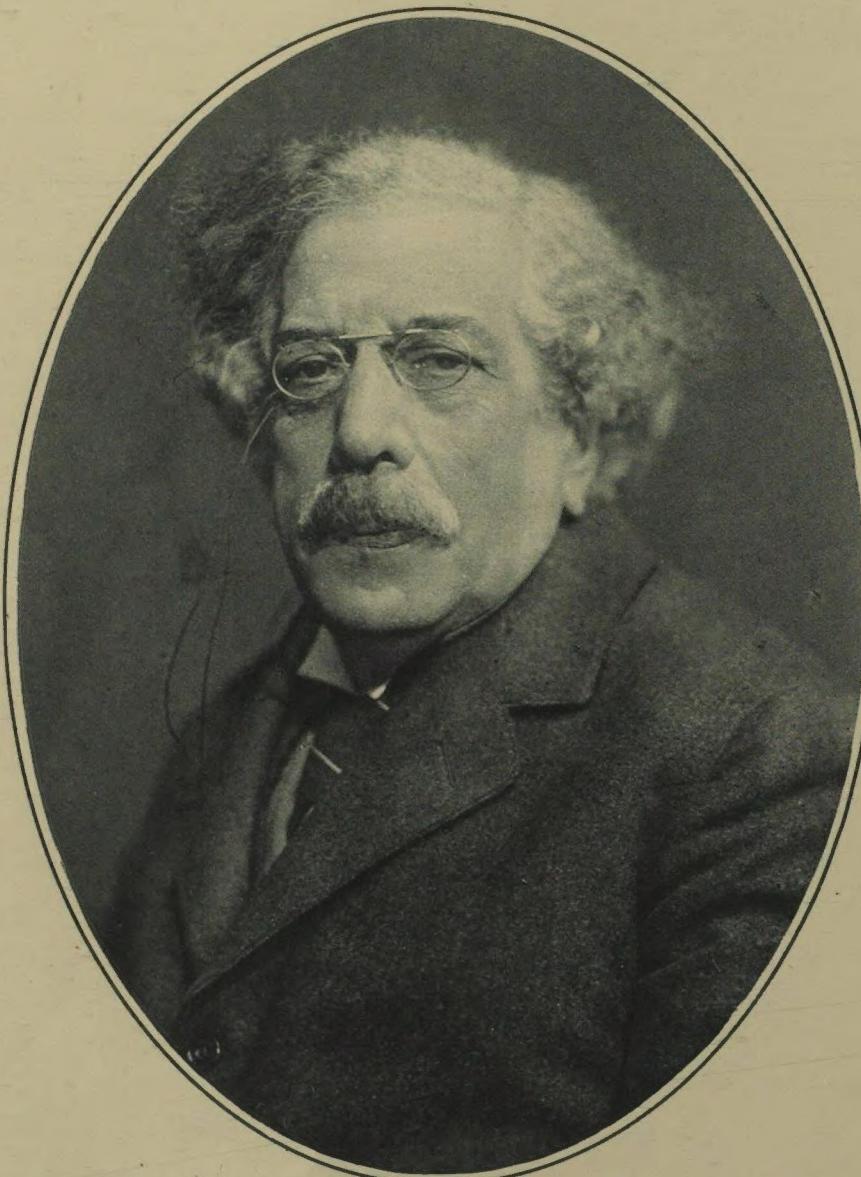
the ordinary man who is not an artist. That is exactly what is true of the man who is called a Philistine. He has subtleties in his soul which he cannot describe; he has secrets of emotion which he can never show to the public. It is the grocer and the greengrocer who have thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. It is the haberdasher who weeps he knows not why. It is the chartered accountant who dies with all his music in him. But it should obviously be the aim of the musician to die with all his music out of him; even if this ideal state of things can seldom be achieved.

The point is here, however, that it is not enough that the musician should get his music out of him. It is also his business to get his music into somebody else. We should all be reasonable enough to recognise that the somebody else will depend to some extent on the sort of music. But if all he can say is that he has a secret of sealed-up power and passion, that his imagination is visited by visions of which the world knows nothing, that he is conscious of a point of view which is wholly his own and is not expressed in anything common or comprehensible—then he is simply saying that he is *not* an artist, and there is an end of it. He is simply saying what his stockbroker or his dentist or his dustman have probably got a perfect right to say.

The real truth to be recognised on the other side is this. The expression of a unique point of view, so that somebody else shall share it, is a very difficult and delicate matter. It will probably take the artist some time, and a number of experiments, to make his meaning clear. And it seems to me that the moment when he returns to a more normal style is, very often, simply the moment when he has managed to make it clear. The time when he is wild and revolutionary and unfathomable and ferociously original is the time when he is trying to do it. The time when he is called ordinary is the time when he has done it.

It is true that there is a sort of bad parody of this good process. There generally is of all good processes; *diabolus simius Dei*. It does sometimes happen that a man who had revolutionary ideals in his youth sells them for a merely snobbish conformity. But I do not think this is true of the modern artists whose return to a more normal manner has recently been remarked in this connection. Their work has still an individual character, even when it becomes intelligible as well as individual.

I am merely pointing out that the moment when artists become intelligible is the moment when they become truly and triumphantly individual. It is the time when the individual first appears in the world with which art is concerned; the world of receptivity and appreciation. Every individual is an individual; and I am one of those who think that every individual is an interesting individual. But, anyhow, there are a very large number of individuals who would be interesting if they had the power of arousing our interest. But the moment of creation is the moment of communication. It is when the work has passed from mind to mind that it becomes a work of art.



FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND THE "SKETCH," AND FOUNDER OF THE "SPHERE" AND THE "TATLER": THE LATE MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

The death of Mr. Clement K. Shorter is a great loss to illustrated journalism. He was born in London in 1857, and was for thirteen years a clerk at Somerset House. In 1890 he became Assistant Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Paper," and the next year was appointed Editor of "The Illustrated London News," holding that post for nine years. In 1893 the "Sketch" was founded, and he was its first Editor. In 1900 he founded the "Sphere" and in 1903 the "Tatler." He remained Editor of the "Sphere," of which his literary *causerie* was a leading feature, for twenty-six years, until his retirement, through ill-health, last August. As a writer he was chiefly known for his books on the Brontës. He also wrote on Napoleon and George Borrow, and edited Boswell's "Johnson." His first wife, who died in 1918, was Dora Sigerson, the poet. In 1920 he married Miss Doris Banfield. He was a great collector of books and literary relics, and had an unusually interesting library.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

gible. I do not say by being easy to understand, but certainly by being understood.

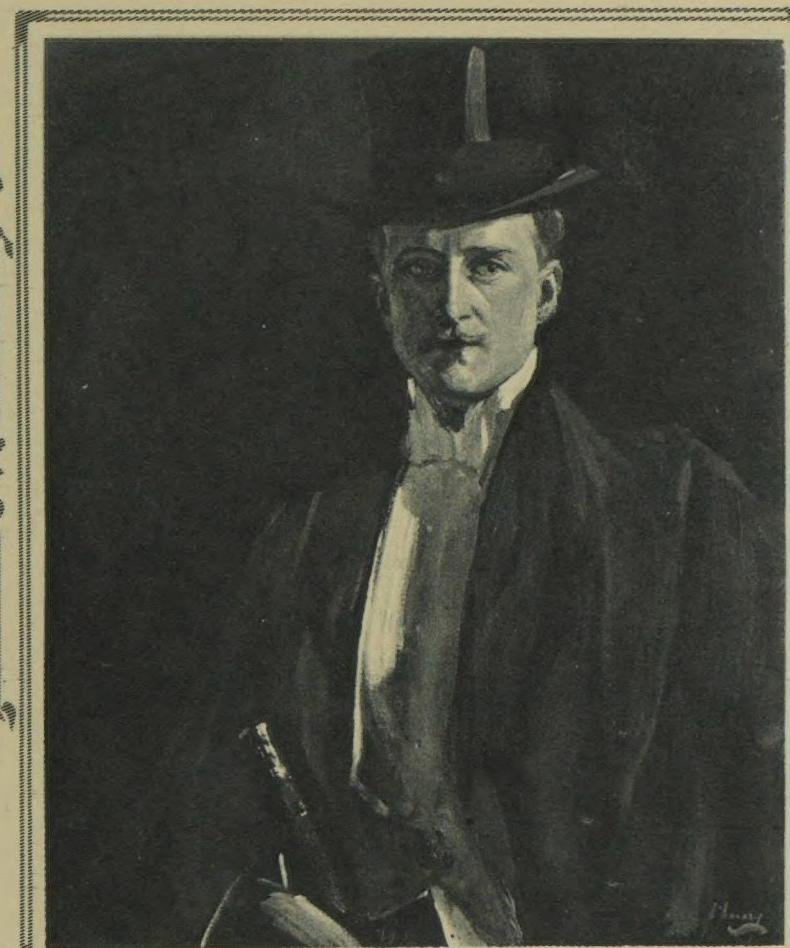
Yet there is still a vast amount of talk about the isolated and incommunicable spirit of the man of genius; about how he has in him things too deep for expression and too subtle to be subject to general criticism. I say that that is exactly what is *not* true of the artist. That is exactly what is true of

MODERN PORTRAITURE: MORE EXAMPLES FROM THE R.S.P.P. SHOW.

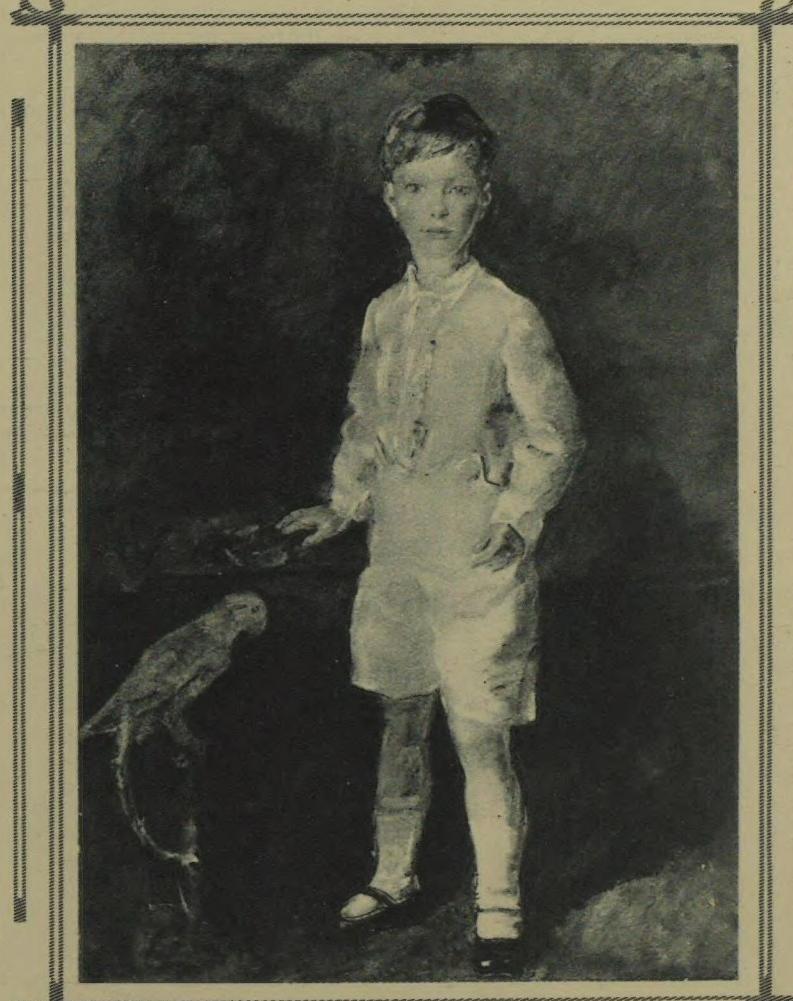
BY COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. ARTIST'S OR OWNER'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN EACH CASE.



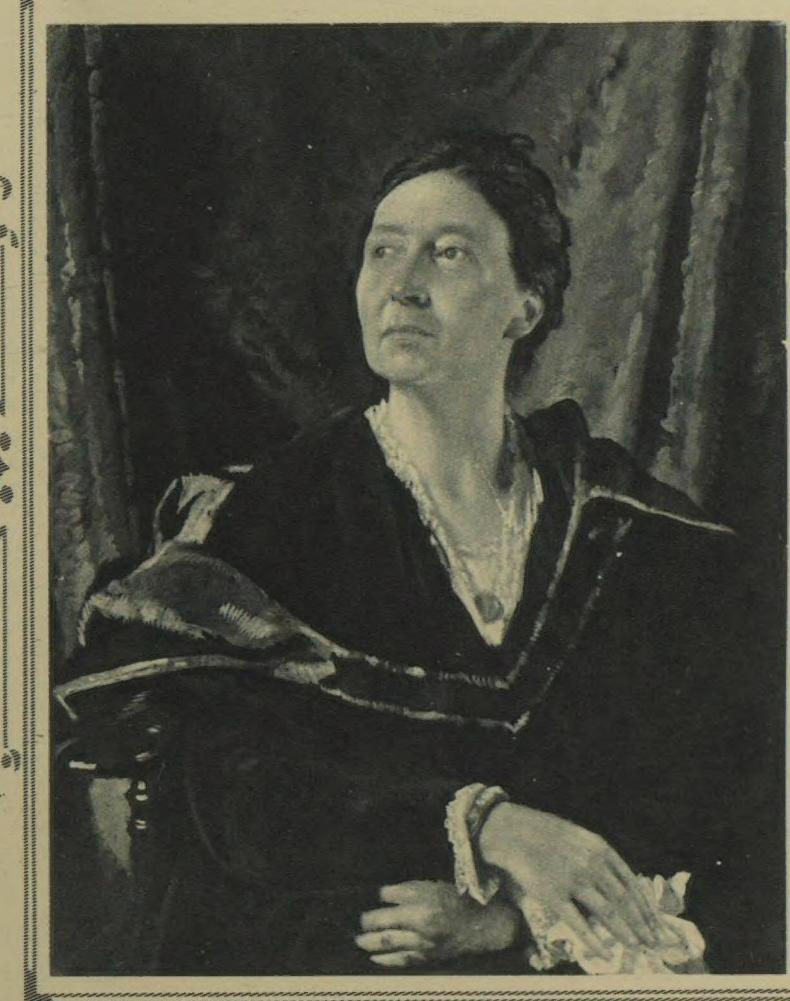
"HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER."
BY AMBROSE McEVoy, A.R.A.



"CAPTAIN DUFF COOPER, D.S.O., M.P." BY SIR JOHN LAVERY,
R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A.



"THE HON. GEORGE LASCELLES."
BY AMBROSE McEVoy, A.R.A.



"MISS MAJOR, PRINCIPAL OF GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE."
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, K.B.E., R.A.

We reproduce here a further selection from the many notable portraits to be seen in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' new Exhibition, at present on view in the galleries of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. Four other examples were given in our issue of November 20. The Exhibition, which is the thirty-sixth of those held annually by the Society, is one of great interest, not only from an artistic point of view, but also on the personal side in regard to the sitters, among whom are many well-known people eminent in various

phases of contemporary life. Several portraits of members of the Royal Family, by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, are included in the Exhibition. The Hon. George Henry Hubert Lascelles, elder son of Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, was born on February 7, 1923, and is the first grandchild of the King and Queen. Mr. McEvoy also shows portraits of Lady Patricia Ramsay and Lady Maud Carnegie. The Exhibition will remain open until December 11.



ALASKA FROM THE AIR: A GREAT FEAT OF AERIAL SURVEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AIR SERVICE, SUPPLIED BY P. AND A. HERBERT PHOTOS, INC., AND CENTRAL PRESS.

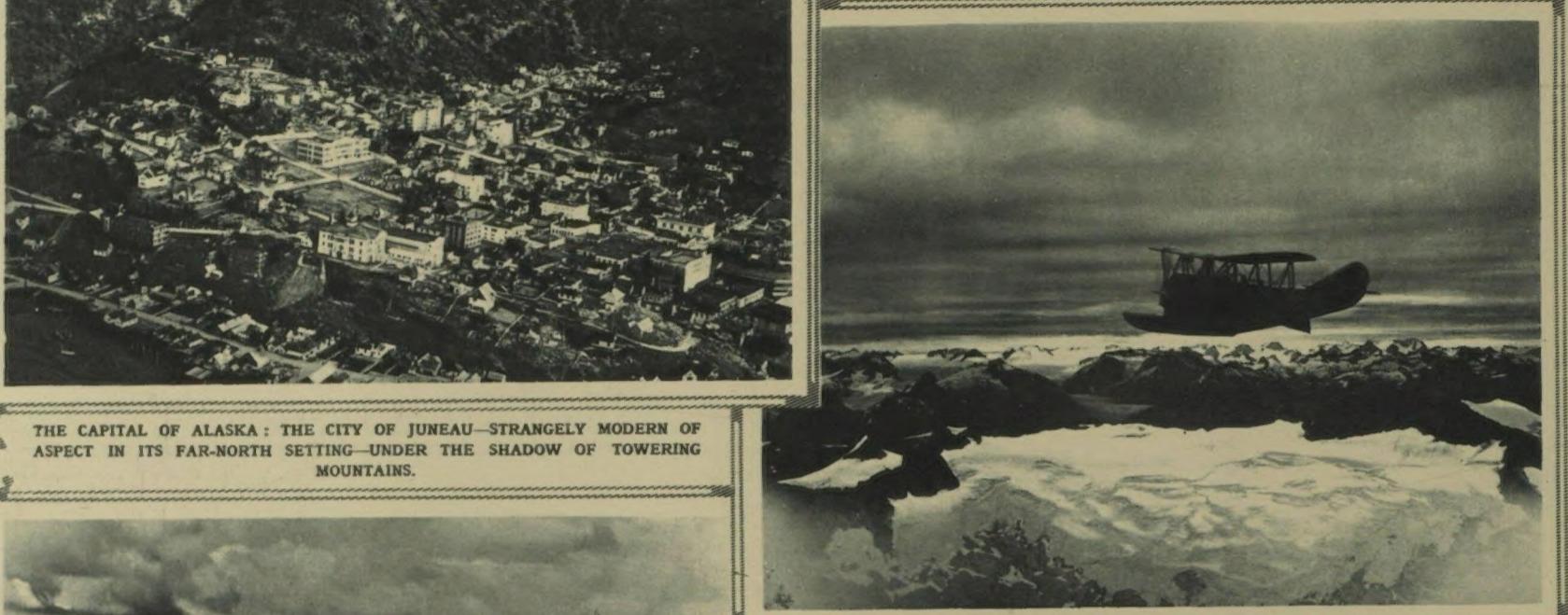


A "STAND" OF TIMBER, VERY VALUABLE TO THE WOOD-PULP INDUSTRY, DISCOVERED BY THE AERIAL SURVEYORS: WOODED HILLS AROUND AN ALASKAN LAKE.

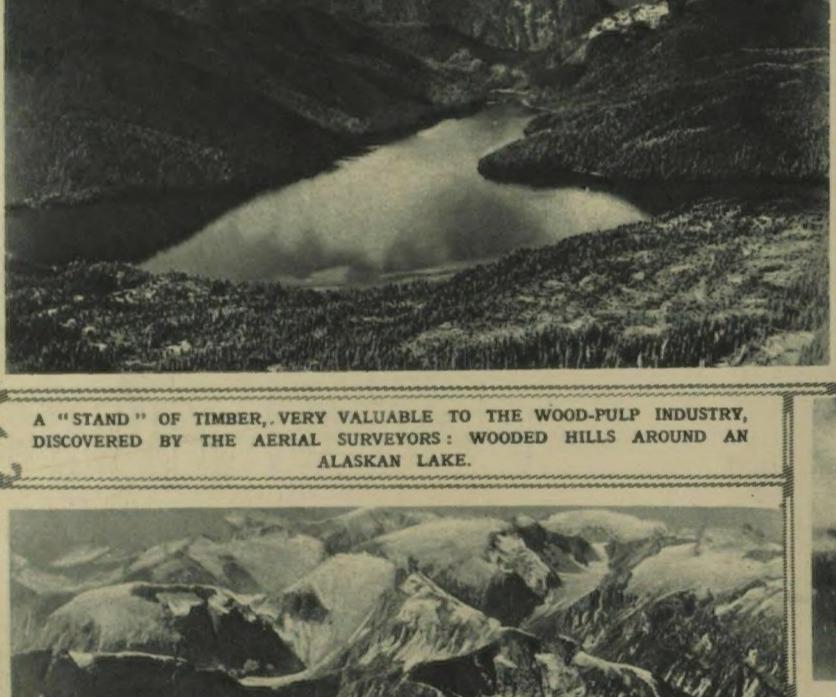


THE WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF ALASKA AS VIEWED FROM THE AIR: A LAKE AMONG THE SNOW-CLAD PEAKS.

Wonderful results are achieved nowadays by aerial survey, the development of which by the British Air Service was recently demonstrated to the Dominion delegates to the Imperial Conference. Very fine work of the same sort is done by the Air Services of the United States, as shown by the above remarkable photographs. One of the descriptions that accompany them states: "The most noteworthy expedition into the wilds of Alaska ever attempted by any American Government agency has just closed its first chapter. Under the leadership of Lieutenant B. H. Wyatt, Navy aviator, 120 officers and men left the Navy air station at San Diego, Cal., about June 1 last, and during four months have been flying over the trackless wastes of south-eastern Alaska, mapping the country. Over 40,000 square miles of terrain are to be charted, and the expedition will have to return in 1927 and 1928 to complete the work."



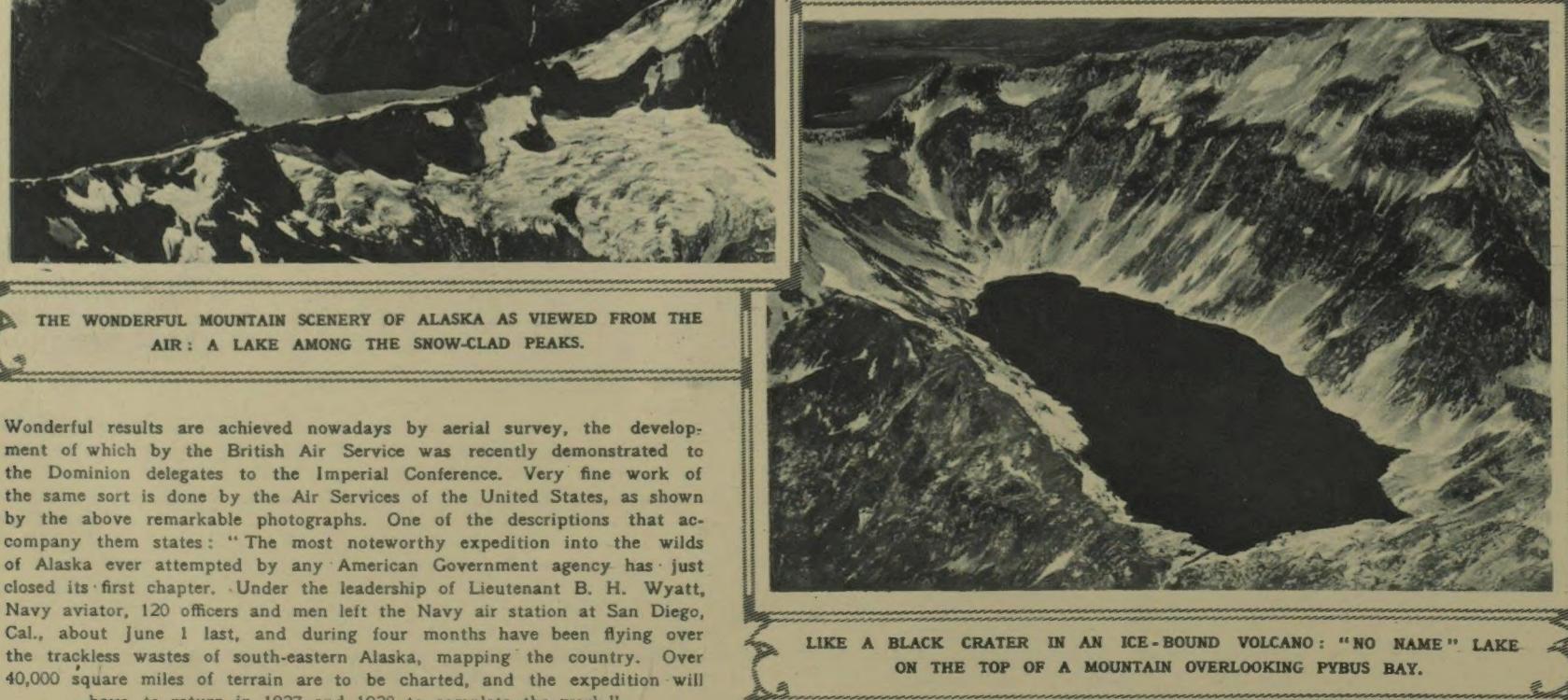
FLYING OVER ALASKAN MOUNTAIN PEAKS BETWEEN JUNEAU AND SKAGWAY: ONE OF THE SEAPLANES USED BY THE AMERICAN MAPPING EXPEDITION IN THE AIR.



ALASKA AS A SOURCE OF TIMBER SUPPLY: THICK FORESTS BESIDE LAKES EAST OF FORTMAN FISH HATCHERY, LORING, ON REVILLAGIGEDE ISLAND.

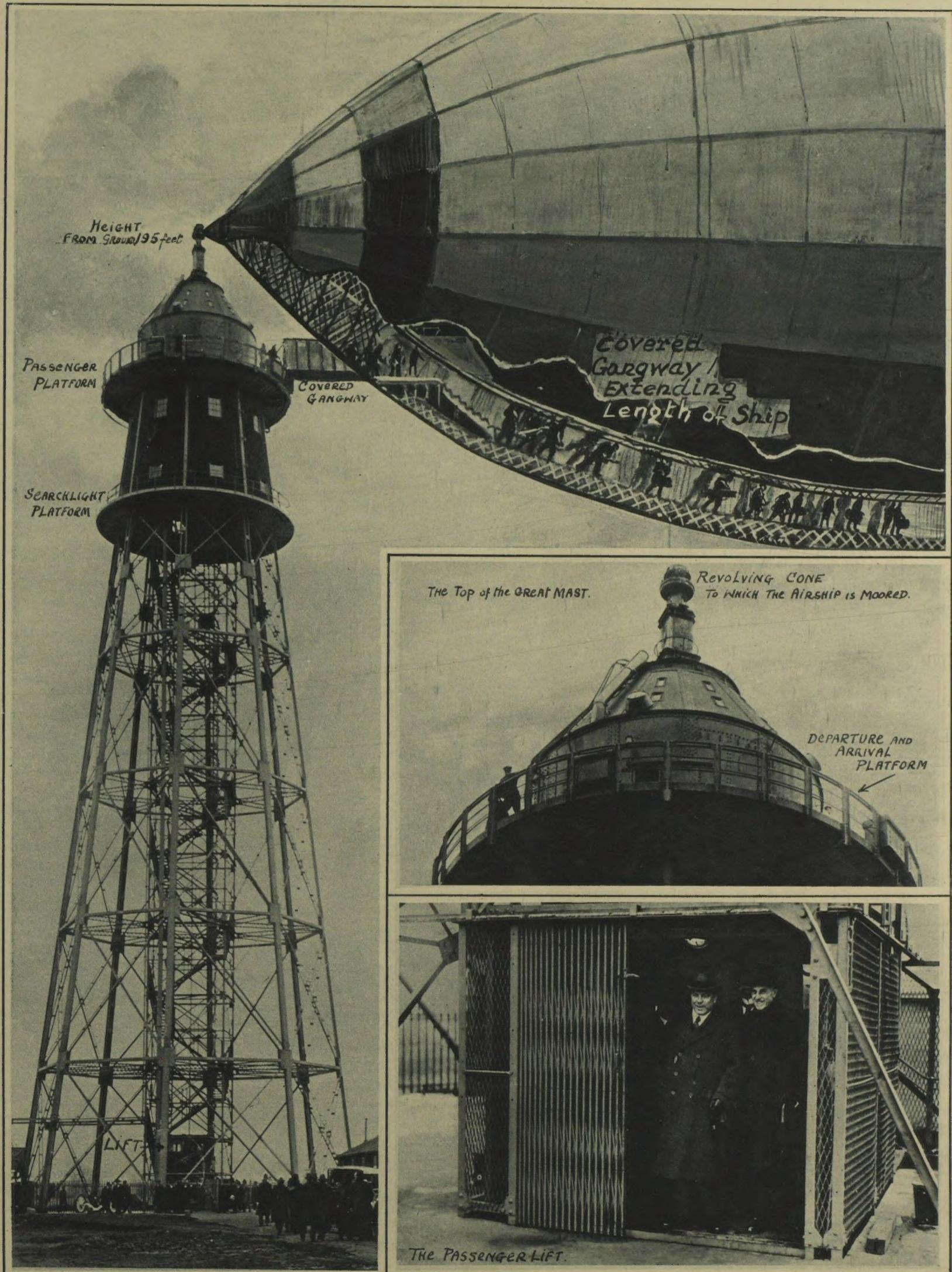


LIKE A BLACK CRATER IN AN ICE-BOUND VOLCANO: "NO NAME" LAKE ON THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN OVERLOOKING PYBUS BAY.



FUTURE EMPIRE AIRSHIP TRAVEL: DOMINION PREMIERS SEE "R 101."

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N. DRAWING OF THE AIRSHIP BY G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW PASSENGERS WILL BOARD THE GREAT AIRSHIP "R 101" (NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION) FOR A FLIGHT TO THE DOMINIONS—IN THE MOORING-MAST LIFT, (L. TO R.) MR. MACKENZIE KING AND SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

The structural work in progress on the "R 101," the great State airship of 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity, now being built in the Royal Airship Works at Cardington, near Bedford, was inspected recently by delegates to the Imperial Conference. Among them were three Dominion Premiers, Mr. Mackenzie King (Canada), Mr. S. M. Bruce (Australia), and Mr. J. G. Coates (New Zealand), accompanied by Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air. They ascended the lift in the new mooring mast (nearly 200 ft. high) to the passenger platform

(170 ft.), and climbed thence into the masthead chamber. From this mast the "R 101" will start on her first flight to India. She is designed to reach Australia in 12½ days, South Africa in 6, India in 5, and Canada in 2½ days' travel. The "R 101" will be 736 ft. long, with a gross lift of 150 tons. She will carry about 100 passengers, besides goods, and ten tons of mails. The upper illustration shows how passengers will embark and disembark. The light collapsible gangway is withdrawn into the airship after use.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING COCOONS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE leaden skies and bare trees make the country-side but a drear place indeed during the winter months to those who have eyes and see not. But such as have inherited a love of Nature find still a charm amid this apparent gloom. For, though life seems to have reached its lowest ebb, that semblance is by no means real. The hedgerows and coppices may look drear, but to an observant eye the promise of spring is already there. The hazel is bedecked with long, smooth tassels that will later break forth into pollen-bearing catkins, and there are many wild flowers which reserve their beauties for these dull days. Besides, there are many species of birds which are to be found with us only during this time, and they are well worth careful study.

And now, too, comes another diversion, which requires a quite unusual amount of alertness and patience, and this is hunting for the pupæ of butterflies and moths, for they are cunningly hidden—so much so that the beginner will reap but a poor harvest. If these be sought purely from the collector's point of view, to provide him with perfect specimens of the adult insects, more than half their value will be lost, for each presents food for thought that will last a lifetime. In the matter of their shape, their invest-

even hard frosts, till the mysterious growth-processes going on within are complete, when that shell will burst, and out of it will creep—a butterfly!

But not always will it prove true to type. For a persistent low temperature will bring about some subtle physiological change which will give rise to what the entomologist calls a "blind peacock"—that is to say, a creature shorn of all its glory; for the general coloration is dull, and as to the "eyes," they are but mere smudges. Here we have what answers to normal "seasonal coloration" shown by many tropical species. But that is another story. The swallow-tailed and cabbage-white butterflies, instead of hanging suspended by the tail alone, place across the body at the last moment a silken thread to form a supporting girdle. I have said that these chrysalides escape detection owing to their harmony with their inanimate surroundings. But there is a South American species of butterfly, *Mesosemia sylvina*, a relation of our Duke of Burgundy fritillary, but having no name in common speech, which has adopted a device that can, without exaggeration, be described as amazing—a word beloved by journalists, but which is sometimes justified. For here, at the time of pupation, the caterpillars group themselves together in little clusters of three or four at intervals along a stem of the food plant, so that, when pupation takes place, the chrysalides take the form of a series of leaf-buds.

But let me turn now to the caterpillars of moths. Commonly these, just before pupation, spin for themselves a silken shroud, as in the case of the silkworm moth. This caterpillar makes three separate cocoons—a thin and paper-like inner one, a tough middle one, and an outer covering, loose and fluffy. From the middle layer the commercial silk is obtained. This, in each cocoon, consists of a single thread of some fifteen hundred feet long.

Look at the picture of the cocoon of *Caligula simla* (Fig. 1). This is of a very different type: a delicate mesh-work of a dull-gold colour, made of liquid silk which, in hardening, has formed a lattice-work seemingly of horn. Within lies the chrysalis. The moth, in due time, escapes from the lower end, which is closed by stiff, bristle-like threads, which, while affording a free passage from within, yet forbid entrance from without.

In the Saturniid moths, as in the case of our Emperor moth and *Saturnia carpini* shown here (Fig. 3), this method of fortification is still more perfectly developed. This family includes some of the largest and most remarkable forms of the insect world: the North Austrian *Coscinocera hercules*, with its expanded wings and tail, covers an area of somewhere round about seventy square inches. In some members of this genus the cocoon is entirely closed, so that the emerging moth has to escape by cutting its way out by means of a special instrument seated at the base of the front wing. Some other moths,

as in the case of our puss-moth and some Saturniids, escape by emitting a corrosive fluid—caustic potash—which softens the prison walls sufficiently to enable the prisoner to push its way through. The caterpillars of the genus *Antheraea*, which furnish "Tussore" silk, form a cocoon which is attached to its support by a long stalk, as in the case of *Antheraea mylitta*, shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2). The surface of this cocoon has a relatively smooth and almost cork-like appearance.

Finally, mention must be made of the cocoon of a black-and-white West African moth, *Deilephila antinori*, which spins but a slender case, covered outside with little whitish balls, simulating the cocoons of parasites which feed upon the tissues of the helpless chrysalides of moths. Birds, discovering such infected cases, pass by without more ado, believing that nothing remains for them but empty husks. Thus, by simulating a parasitized cocoon, it secures immunity from attack. Here are instances enough—and it would have been possible to cite dozens more—to give point to one final comment. All these are to be regarded as illustrations of "instinctive behaviour."

Each of these caterpillars provides for its latter end "instinctively"—that is to say, without fore-knowledge of the end to be gained or previous experience. These complex

activities are performed but once in their lives. They can have had no parental instruction, nor any design to follow. Failure to perform them aright can have but one end, and that is death.



FIG. 1.—COVERED WITH BEAUTIFUL OPEN TRACERY FORMED OF LIQUID SILK HARDENED TO THE CONSISTENCY OF HORN: COCOONS OF *CALIGULA SIMLA*—ONE (ON LEFT) SHOWING THE CHRYSALIS WITHIN.

ments, their coloration, and their relation to their surroundings, they are all wonderful. And besides these varied aspects, there are problems of "behaviour" to be considered which should cause the psychologist furiously to think, which really he very seldom does—he so often only "thinks he thinks," as do so many of us who are not "psychologists."

There is more material here than I can possibly examine in the space that is mine, but a general survey is at least possible. No parlour conjurer, producing rabbits out of a hat, ever performed so wonderful a trick as does Nature when she produces a chrysalis out of a caterpillar! Take that of the gorgeous Peacock butterfly, for example. When full-fed—that is to say, at the end of its larval life, as may be seen in a captive specimen—it will be found to remain motionless for some hours, attached to the food-plant or the walls of its prison, and then suddenly will begin to wriggle, hanging by its hind pair of legs. Presently, out of the caterpillar skin will emerge an elongated shell, bifid at its free end, and armed with spines along what is really its under-surface. A few more wriggles and the skin drops, leaving this strange body attached by a number of special hooks to a silken web spun just before this transformation. This case soon hardens, and from its shape and coloration becomes invisible to all who do not know what to look for. Here it will hang, exposed to all weathers,

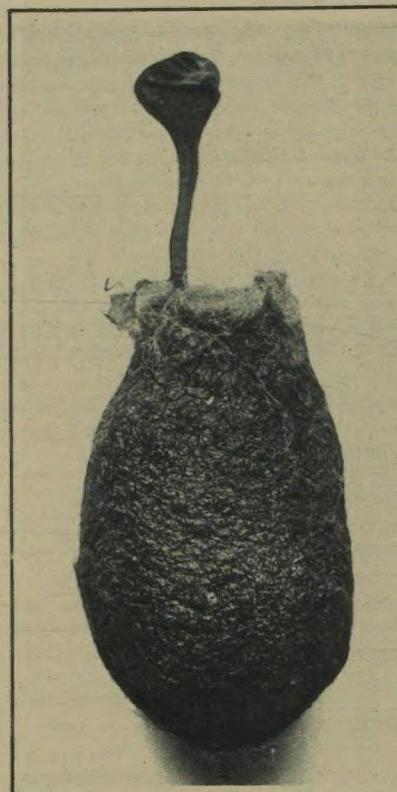


FIG. 2.—OF THE GENUS THAT SUPPLIES "TUSSORE" SILK: A COCOON OF THE *ANTHERAEA MYLITTA*, SUPPORTED BY A LONG STALK.

When more is known of the life-history of *Antheraea mylitta*, we may discover why it suspends its cocoon from a long stalk. The texture of the walls of this case is very dense, but the inner lining is of soft silk.

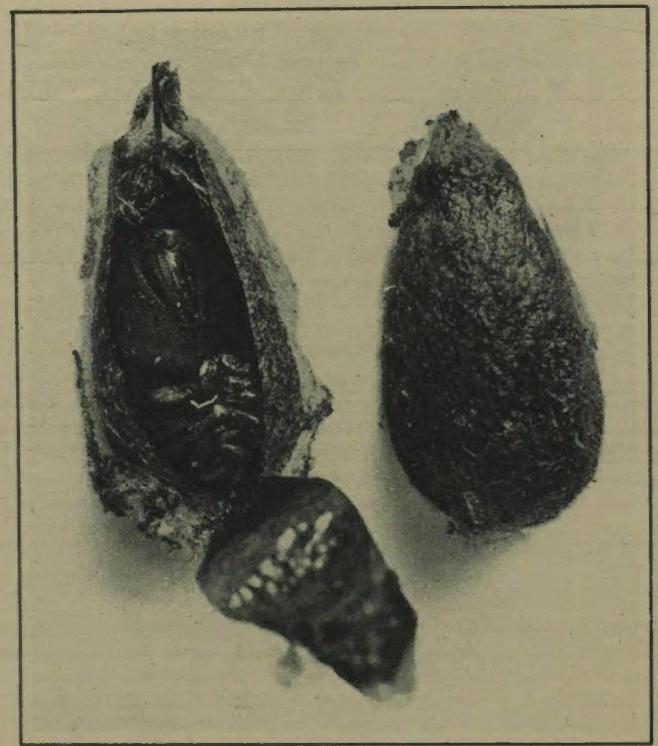
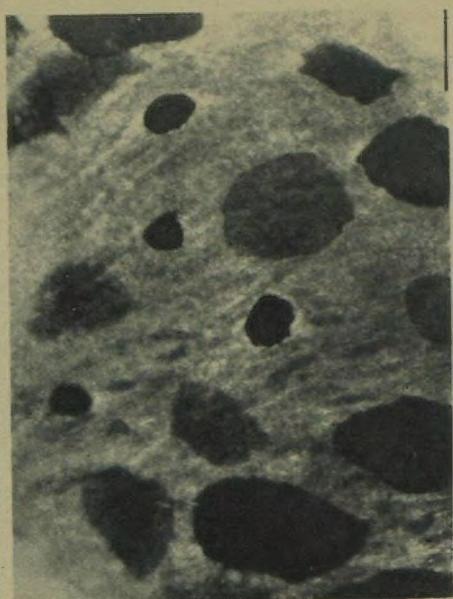


FIG. 3.—AN EXAMPLE OF "INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIOUR": COCOONS OF *SATURNIA CARPINI*, FROM WHICH THE MOTH ESCAPES BY EJECTING FLUID TO SOFTEN THE WALLS.

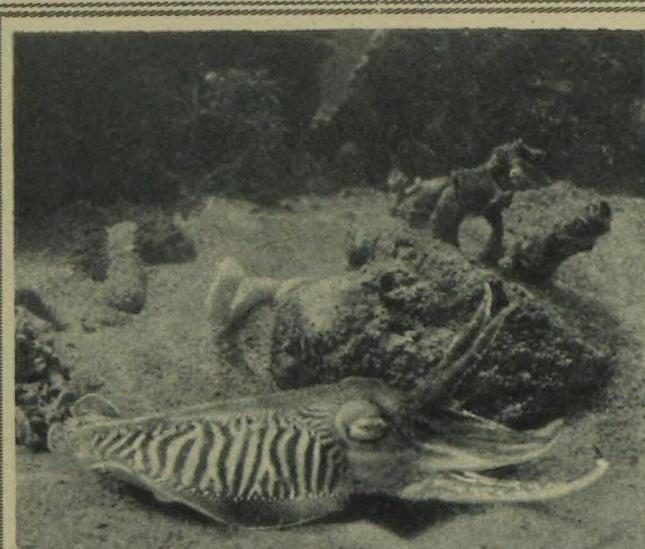
When *Saturnia carpini* is ready to emerge from its cocoon, it has to soften the walls of one end by ejecting fluid, caustic potash, and then push its way out. The pectinated or comb-like antennae are plainly seen folded down on the under-surface of this chrysalis in the cocoon which has been opened.

THE CUTTLEFISH AND ITS "SMOKE-SCREEN":

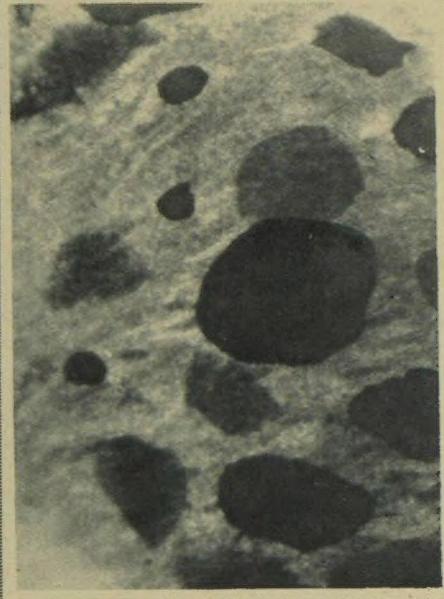
THE "CHAMELEON" OF THE SEA: A SPECIES NEW
TO THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM.



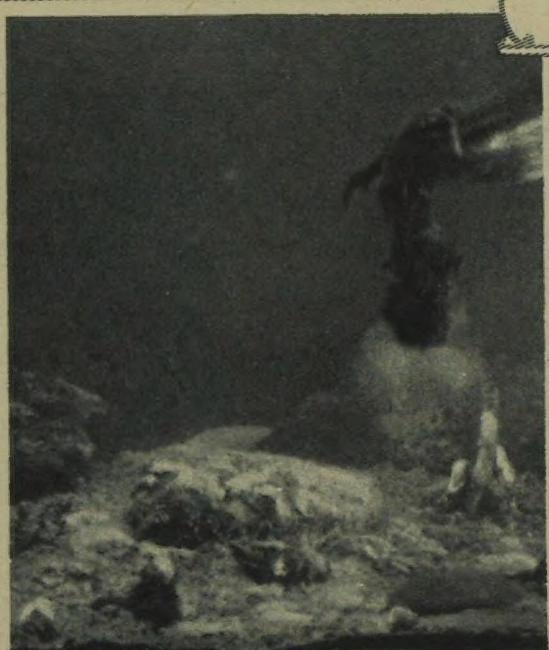
HOW THE CUTTLEFISH CHANGES COLOUR:
A SECTION OF SKIN (MUCH MAGNIFIED)
WITH COLOUR CELLS (CHROMATOPHORES)
EXPANDING AND CONTRACTING.



IN THE ZEBRA-LIKE COLOUR PHASE: A CUTTLEFISH UNDER
WATER, WITH ITS UNDULATING FRINGE, BIG EYES, AND TEN
TENTACLES, THE OUTER TWO VERY LONG FOR SEIZING PREY.



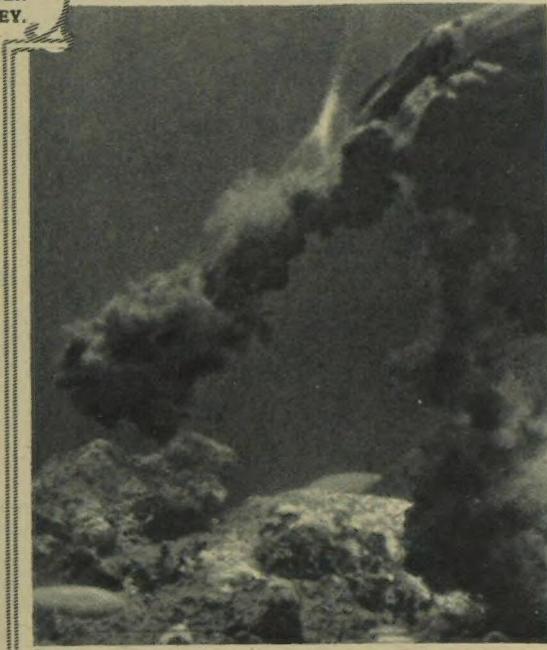
'THE CHAMELEON-LIKE COLOUR CHANGES OF
THE CUTTLEFISH: ANOTHER SECTION OF
SKIN (MUCH MAGNIFIED), SHOWING SOME
OF THE NUMEROUS CHROMATOPHORES.'



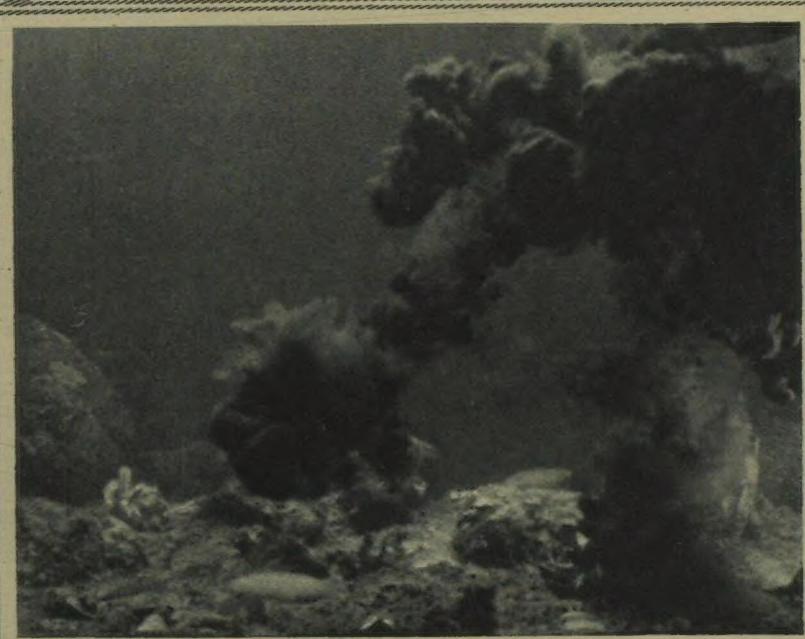
A CUTTLEFISH EMITTING ITS "SMOKE-SCREEN":
THE FIRST PHASE—INKY FLUID DISCHARGED FROM
A TUBULAR FUNNEL NEAR THE FRONT OF THE BODY.



THE SECOND PHASE OF THE "SMOKE-
SCREEN": THE INKY "CLOUD" BEGINNING
TO ENLARGE AND SPREAD IN THE WATER.



THE THIRD PHASE OF THE "SMOKE-SCREEN":
A FURTHER ENLARGEMENT OF THE CLOUD OF
INKY FLUID DISCHARGED BY THE CUTTLEFISH.



THE FOURTH PHASE OF THE EXPANDING "SMOKE-SCREEN": THE METHOD
BY WHICH THE CUTTLEFISH PROTECTS ITSELF FROM ENEMIES AND BECOMES
INVISIBLE.



THE "SMOKE-SCREEN" COMPLETE: THE CUTTLEFISH IN THE "MANTLE OF
INVISIBILITY" EJECTED FROM ITS INK-SAC (THE SOURCE OF SEPIA AS A
PIGMENT FOR ARTISTS).

These photographs are of especial interest, since a pair of cuttlefish have just been placed in the "Zoo" Aquarium—the first ever exhibited there. The cuttlefish has ten tentacles (as against eight of the octopus), the two outer ones being much longer than the rest and used for seizing prey. "The eyes," writes Dr. Ulrich Schultz, "look almost intelligent, and in their structure resemble those of human beings and higher animals. The cuttlefish has many powerful enemies, but few creatures possess better means of protection. First it can

change colour to identify itself with its surroundings. The secret lies in the skin. Thousands upon thousands of small colour cells, called 'chromatophores,' can expand or contract, thus causing a wonderful change of hue. But the most powerful weapon of defence the cuttlefish possesses is its ink-bag. When it perceives an enemy, it discharges brownish matter, which colours the sea for yards around, and enables it to escape." From this inkbag sepium is made. Cuttle bone is used for cage-birds and in tooth-powder.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIEVERSSEN-UFA.]

No Thieves in a Mist! "Backward" Dancers.

"TRIBAL DANCING AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT." By W. D. HAMBLY.*

"TO dance like a thief in a mist, nobody can find you," is not the way of "backward" man. His jumpings and gyrations, his posturings, his brandished club, his threatening spear and guardian shield are public and communal. The "decadent" pairing of our ball-rooms is not for him: his prancings are general joys, massed menaces, common prayers.

the actors spring up and fling the spear. This is supposed to slay the enemy, who is represented by a large tuft of grass, which is seized with the hand and cut with the battle-axe. The warriors retreat, each carrying over his shoulder the tuft of grass symbolising a head, and the ceremony is ended by a triumphant song and dance in which the women join."

"The Matabele war dance began with a march-past the king, who soon retired into his kraal with the witch-doctors to make medicine. Women and girls danced in front of the warriors, and when the king later joined the party, everyone was expected to join in, and the witch-doctors and their attendants ran about with thorn-sticks, beating all who through weariness or boredom were reluctant to do so. The stick was also applied to those who did not dance with the necessary vigour."

"The Itogapuks begin their war dance with a slow shuffling of feet and a swaying of their naked bodies, as they alternately advance and retreat, meanwhile sounding their shrill cries to an accompaniment of flutes and hollow gourds. The final act illustrates the abduction of women by the conquerors, a piece of symbolism taking us back to early days of marriage by capture. In the dance each warrior chooses a girl, and throwing her over his shoulder runs away with the screaming captive."

By way of contrast, certain North American Indians have, or had (Mr. Hambly's reference is dated 1841), dances "in aid of"!

"The kindness and hospitality of backward races," he remarks, "is a well-established fact which is illustrated by a dance given by the wealthiest and most aristocratic young men of the tribe. This function has for its object the benefit of a widow whose husband has recently been killed in tribal warfare. Performers are clad in breech-cloths made from quills of the eagle and raven, while for purposes of marking time each carries a rattle in his right hand, and the medicine man is close by beating a drum and joining in the song at the highest pitch of his voice. The widow sits near the door of her wigwam ready to receive the gifts which never fail to be rendered by spectators, whose sympathies are appealed to by the so-called 'beggar's dance,' in which the Great Spirit is invoked by song to make generous the hearts of all onlookers, who are assured that the supernatural powers will be kind to those who assist the helpless poor."

Among the Yao of Central Africa, young girls are "danced into womanhood." With the Anyanga, "men disguised as animals dance with the girls, who gyrate round figures of animals drawn in the sand."

"The 'Bondu' secret society belongs exclusively to women, and among the Mendi exerts considerable disciplinary power. . . . Headquarters are situated in the densest part of the bush, at a point known only to members of the society, and here girl novices undergo a period of initiation. Young girls are ornamented with bracelets of palm-leaf fibre, and their simple dresses of white cotton are freely decorated with small iron plates, which jingle merrily as the owners dance to the beating of drums and the twanging of a guitar. The faces of all performers are smeared with animal fat, and the 'devil' is clad in thick, black, fibrous matting, which gives the appearance of a shaggy animal. Huge masks of stained wood hide the identity of performers, and severe penalties are inflicted if a mistake in dancing and ritual is made."

In Korea, "the coffin bearers have to counterfeit jollity by singing and making drunken movements so that the coffin sways from side to side. Wailing concubines follow in sedan chairs, cracking pea-nuts and smoking pipes at intervals between the wailing"; while "the eldest son affects complete inability to walk and has to be supported on either side; he leans on a wooden staff if mourning a father, and on a bamboo staff for the death of his mother."

Added must be the doings of such as the Pueblo Indians, who still have a snake-dance suggestive of ancient Aztec ritual. "There was a festival

connected with the solar calendar of the Aztecs during which only bread and water were consumed, with intention of letting other food products rest. An image of Tlaloc was set up, and the worshippers performed a ceremonial dance clad in various animal costumes. One interesting feature of the ceremonies was the following: 'In front of the image of the god was a tank of water containing frogs and snakes. Each of a number of men called Mazateca tried to seize one of these animals in his mouth without using his hands, and, having succeeded, continued to dance with it in his teeth.'

So much for communal dancing. That was and remains the usual fashion, but there have always been specialists—soloists and troupes and exhibition dancers. The medicine man is necessarily one of these—he weaves his spells and concocts his "cures" for his own benefit, despite professions to the contrary, and, as a rule, he finds it more paying to work alone. The others are of all kinds—from the strolling mountebanks of Tibet to the dancing oarsmen and hammock-dancers of Sierra Leone, from the Nautch girls of India, the hired dancers of Burma, the posing geishas of Japan, to the whip dancers of the Sudan, who withstand the lash without sign of pain and cherish their honorific scars as did the German student-duellists.

Of the Sierra Leone experts something may be quoted. "Hammock dancing in Sierra Leone is indeed a perilous exhibition of the art, and it is no unusual thing for the performer to dance and drink himself into a state of hysteria before commencing. An ordinary grass hammock is stretched between two poles raised to a height of twenty or thirty feet above the ground. The orchestra in attendance produces a considerable volume of sounds, both vocal and instrumental, and when at last the performer has danced himself into a frenzy he quickly scales one of the high poles and begins a hazardous gymnastic dance in the hammock. Time after time he pretends to fall, then, quickly recovering his balance, hangs by one leg or rolls up in the hammock and makes it revolve. . . . The Mandingo of Sierra Leone have a peculiar habit of combining dancing with rowing. The oarsman places one leg on the bottom of the boat, while the other is raised to a seat. Paddles are vigorously plied, and at the same time a rapid leg motion is followed. At times the oarsmen lift themselves on the seat with both legs, and while still rowing each throws one foot backwards and upwards into the air, balancing on one foot and not relinquishing the oars."

For the rest, for much else of unusual interest, for discussion and description not only of dances, but of such vital accessories as costume and musical instruments, the reader must consult "Tribal Dancing." He will not be disappointed. If he has any regrets,



A PERILOUS EXHIBITION FOR WHICH A PERFORMER OFTEN PREPARES HIMSELF BY DANCING AND DRINKING HIMSELF INTO HYSTERIA: HAMMOCK-DANCING IN SIERRA LEONE.

This peculiar dance is described in the article.
Reproductions from "Tribal Dancing and Social Development," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby.

And they have infinitely more meaning than their civilised cousins many times removed. Mr. Hambly classifies. On the social side are the dances attending birth, introduction into tribal life, marriage, war, and the ceremonies of Secret Societies; on the magico-religious are those connected with the worship of deities, the sun, the moon, snakes, ancestors, and so on, and with initiation into priesthood; with food—hunting, fishing, agriculture, rain; with sickness—exorcism of demons; and with death—funeral dances to lay ghosts. Every step, every action, has its motive and its meaning, moral or unmoral, perhaps even immoral. Supplication and thanksgiving; placation, stimulation, symbolism, welcoming, mating-display, mimicry of bird and beast, the encouragement of the warrior spirit, the celebration of victory, all play their parts, and they result in the strangest, most macabre, of saltations, twistings and turnings, writhings and wrigglings, gestures and gambollings. Always, however, they are rhythmic, whether they be performed to the measured beat of hand against hand or upon thighs, to drum-tap, pipe, or rattle, or, as with the Coppermine River natives, to the tapping of tambourines and the flipping of finger-nails against upper incisors!

Queer fancies and "figures" follow as a matter of course.

"Blackmailing dances of New Guinea recorded by Hardy and Elkington appear to be related to the Secret Society dances of New Britain, for performers, hideously painted and grotesquely attired, visit by night the hut of the person from whom payment is to be extorted. On arrival the blackmailers commence a wild, fantastic whirl, accompanied by song in which threats are shrieked until the unfortunate victim consents to make a payment." A strictly unsocial affair!

"Dancing in connection with head-hunting is a practice extremely common among the Nagas in Assam, in Formosa and Borneo, also in the Philippines, and right through New Guinea, the Solomons, the New Hebrides, and Fiji. . . . In North America there does not appear to have been any collecting of heads, though it is probable that taking of scalps was a convenient modification of the head-hunting practice." In one dance, the Nagas, aping a fight, advance in extended order, "nothing being seen but a line of shields making rapid progress. When sufficiently near to an imaginary enemy

* "Tribal Dancing and Social Development." By W. D. Hambly, B.Sc. (Oxon), Anthropologist to the Wellcome Expedition, Sudan; Assistant Curator, African Ethnology, Field Museum, Chicago; Author of "The History of Tattooing," "Origins of Education among Primitive People." With a Preface by Charles Hose, Hon. Sc.D. (Cantab.). (H. F. and G. Witherby; 21s. net.)



A STRANGE DEATH-RITE OF SHOKAS OF TIBET: A GOAT LADED WITH THE "SOUL" AND THE CLOTHES OF A DECEASED MAN. "A goat laden with the clothes of the deceased was led into the throng, and, following a martial dance by three hundred men, sandal wood was burnt beneath the nostrils of the goat in order to tempt the soul of the deceased man to enter the animal." The goat was then fed to repletion and afterwards sacrificed."—[Photograph by Heinemann, Ltd.]

they will be that the book, fine collection as it is, is not longer, and that it is difficult now and again to determine whether the dance described has succumbed to "culture" or is extant—certain of the three hundred and fifty-four references are undated, and some date a good deal back.

E. H. G.

PICTURESQUE BALKAN ROYALTIES: YUGO-SLAVIA'S KING, QUEEN, AND PRINCE.



QUEEN MARIE OF YUGO-SLAVIA AS
A HORSEWOMAN: HER MAJESTY
MOUNTED FOR THE HUNTING FIELD



IN THE NATIONAL DRESS OF HER LATE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S
NATIVE LAND: QUEEN MARIE OF YUGO-SLAVIA IN THE
COSTUME OF A MONTENEGRIN PEASANT.



A ROYAL SPORTSWOMAN: QUEEN MARIE
OF YUGO-SLAVIA, WITH HER GUN,
AT A SHOOTING PARTY.



THE HEIR TO THE YUGO-SLAVIAN
THRONE IN NATIONAL DRESS:
THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE PETER.



IN THE PICTURESQUE COSTUME OF THE COUNTRY
WORN ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS: TYPES OF YUGO-
SLAVIAN WOMANHOOD.



EXAMPLES OF
COIFFURE AND
HEAD-DRESS IN THE
YUGO-SLAVIAN FASHION:
AN INTERESTING VILLAGE
GROUP.



ON HORSEBACK FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE
PETER OF YUGO-SLAVIA INITIATED INTO THE ART OF RIDING.

Balkan royalties certainly possess the art of looking picturesque, a quality that is very noticeable in the national costume of the country, which they often assume. This is particularly true of the young King and Queen of Yugo-Slavia and their little son. King Alexander I., son of the late King Peter, was born at Cettigne, the capital of Montenegro, which was his mother's native land, in 1888. His father died in 1921. In the following year King Alexander married, at Belgrade, Princess Marie, the second of the three daughters of the King and Queen of Rumania, and sister of the ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece and of Princess Ileana, who accompanied her mother, Queen Marie of Rumania, on her tour in the United States. The little Crown Prince Peter of Yugo-Slavia was born at Belgrade on September 6, 1923.



THE RULER OF YUGO-SLAVIA AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE: KING ALEXANDER
(CENTRE), WITH QUEEN MARIE, TALKING TO A PEASANT.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

John Hunter and Public Speaking. The Hunterian Society, which has lately been occupying itself with the question of "Doctors and the Press," of course commemorates the great John Hunter, the anniversary of whose birth, just under two centuries ago, is marked each year by the delivery of the Hunterian Oration. There is a certain irony in remembering Hunter by an oration, for he was so bad and nervous a speaker that, when first offered a chair, he declined "on account of insuperable embarrassments"; while, when at last he consented to lecture, he was forced to subdue his agitation with drugs. Even when he had become the greatest surgeon of his time, he remained an execrable speaker, never daring to lift his eyes from his manuscript. Other great men have been afflicted with nerves when called on to lecture. Mr. Conrad when addressing an audience was known to tremble like a leaf. And even accomplished orators have been nervous. Gladstone himself once confessed that he was always so before opening, though never in reply.

St. Paul's and the Coal Tax.

Sydney Smith, on a well-known occasion, seeing an infant friend of his stroking the shell of a turtle, in order "to please it," informed her and the world at large that she might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's in order to please the Dean and Chapter. Had he lived to-day he might have added that, if we did want to please the Dean and Chapter, we would perform the tender office described not for the dome of St. Paul's, but for the foundations. In the last few days there has been a renewal of earlier alarms about the condition of Wren's great fabric, and we are warned once more that the cathedral is in danger. The country has, indeed, heard much lately both of St. Paul's and of the coal industry. It may not be generally realised that the two are intimately related. In some sense the cathedral may be said to stand upon a coal foundation. When it was being set up, subscriptions were slow in coming in. The Government were therefore appealed to, and, with a liberality for a purely ecclesiastical design that would astonish us to-day if shown by Mr. Churchill, a large contribution was handed over from the proceeds of the coal tax. Whether this was the result of a delicate, if somewhat confused, sense of equity, based on the idea that there had never been the need for the new cathedral if there had been no Great Fire, there is no record to show.

"That Silly Pot of Flames." Our newest statuary has led to the reopening of the periodical inquest on London effigies, and I am prompted to suggest that while it is true that statues, like other forms of misfortune, never come singly, it would be well for us if, instead of bemoaning the statues that we have got, we counted the statues that we have not got. I have referred to Wren, who, as it is quite impossible for anyone acquainted with a certain biographical masterpiece to forget, once went "to dine with some men." Is it generally remembered to-day, I wonder, that when Wren designed the Monument he proposed to crown it, not with the flame of fire in "massive gilt" that became at once a part of the picture of Thames-side London, but with a huge statue of Charles II.? Charles behaved well enough in the matter of the Fire. He visited and relieved many homeless with a spectacular exhibition of good nature. He was as lavish of promises as all Stuarts learnt to be. And Wren was willing to glorify the benevolent sovereign no less than the royal patron. We discover him writing that "he hoped to find a man who would cast a statue of the King fifteen feet high for a thousand pounds." But Sir Christopher was overruled, and in the end London, instead of a statue to crown the monument of its Great Fire, obtained what the copious Horace Walpole contemptuously described as "that silly pot of flames."

Alfred the Great. The association of the Prince of Wales with literary men may serve to remind us that, in the past, there have been members of the Royal House who would be more than ready to respond

to the admirable American slogan, "Buy a Book." One of the first of such Princes was none other than King Alfred. Aser, in his chronicle, records how at Linford, or "Leonaford," he remained with the King for eight months, and that during the whole of that time he was called on each day to read to his royal master from whatsoever books "he had at hand." Aser goes on to tell us that, so far from the habit of reading being an unaccustomed exercise for the King, it was—to use Mr. Conybeare's rendering—"his most special wont, despite of every hindrance, mental or bodily, either to read books to himself or to listen to others reading, day or night." Aser was expected to work. "And though I often besought his leave to go home, yet could I no way obtain it." Release came only on Christmas Eve. Alfred presumably had by then exhausted the Christmas book list, and so, liberally rewarding his friend



The body of
Richard II
lying in state
in St. Paul's,
1400—

A December Budget.

Autumn sessions have become such ordinary things that we have forgotten the days of the pleasant, comfortable arrangement which brought Members together at the beginning of the London season and sent them away in August for a cheerful six months' holiday and in time for the grouse. But nowadays political sportsmen have not been allowed to forget that, with autumn, must come the return to the heavy toils of speech and the heavier toil of listening. The idea than an autumn or winter session was never known till these late years is, however, fallacious. If our modern statesmen sit in December it is merely to complete the work begun earlier in the year. We do not now find as marking the political occasions of that month what our excellent ancestors found in 1796—the introduction of a Budget. "On the 7th of December, Mr. Pitt proceeded to state to the House the probable expenditure of the ensuing year."

Pitt has been shown to us as a person of cold exterior; but a frigid manner only the better concealed a tender heart, as these words remind us: "His next and painful duty, he observed, would be to enumerate the taxes to defray the heavy burden of interest." It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Fox took eloquent and vigorous part in the debate, even though Mr. Fox was no financier. It was none other than he, indeed, who made the charming confession that, while he never understood why the funds

went up or why the funds went down, he always liked to see them go down, because he noticed that, when they did, it annoyed Mr. Pitt. The behaviour of the funds shortly afterwards was such as should have afforded Mr. Fox the happiest of Happy New Years.

Now is the Winter of Our—Sports.

The fortunate persons who are now completing arrangements for Switzerland will travel thither with what railway companies like to call "speed and comfort." Winter sports were unknown to the Englishman of the seventeenth century, who, when he ventured under the shadow of the Alps, did so to satisfy not a joyous impulse to throw himself headlong from great heights, but a hungry and sometimes morbid curiosity about the habits and customs of other nations. When Evelyn reached "a town called Briga," he noticed that "every door had nailed on the outside and next to the street a beare's Wolfe's or foxe's head and divers of them all three; a savage kind of sight."

But what more disturbed this poor traveller was the spectacle of the "horrid mountains on either hand." Mountains were always "horrid" to Englishmen (in, of course, the Miltonic sense of "hair-raising") till Wordsworth had taught them otherwise. When the eye of a traveller was lifted to Alpine summits it was not so much that his mind might be en-

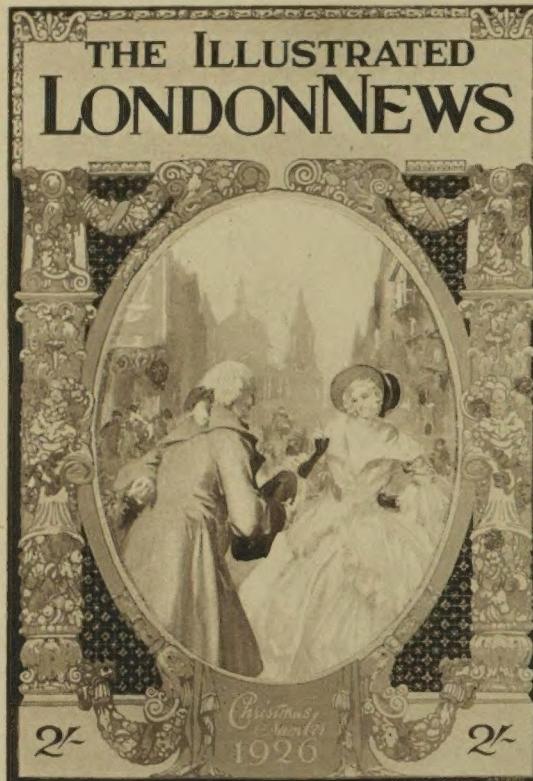


ROYAL MOTHERHOOD
Presented by the Queen's Friends and the Queen
Anne Boleyn
Anne Boleyn
Anne Boleyn

"ROYAL MOTHERHOOD"—THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER BABY: THE COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, WHICH IS NOW ON SALE.

The Presentation Plate of "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number is, as may be judged from our miniature reproduction, of very special interest. It was painted for this paper by that distinguished artist, Mr. John St. Helier Lander, whose fine picture of the Prince of Wales, also issued by us, will be remembered. The reproduction is in full colours.

chanted by a vision, or that his emotions should be exalted by the sight of such immensity, but that he should engage in some such mathematical exercise as the calculation of the precise height of the mountain before him. Baron Haller, so celebrated in the eighteenth century, was sufficiently at ease among these heights that he could praise as well as measure; while not so many years afterwards, so changed was the human attitude to mountains that men actually began to practise a refinement in the words they used to celebrate the splendour of the heights. There is a familiar story of Coleridge, with his eye upon a magnificent mountain panorama, taking to task a woman companion for using the wrong word to praise the scene. Coleridge is not here to-day; so I suppose that hundreds of delightful young Englishwomen will be discoverable, pausing for a moment from their not impossible skis, metaphorically to patronise these deserving hills with an "Aren't they too lovely for words!" Which, as it happens, they are.



THE PRESENT ISSUE OF THE PIONEER OF CHRISTMAS NUMBERS: THE COVER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1926.

In view of the publication this week of this year's Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News," it is worthy of record that our paper was the first to publish a Christmas Number. The current issue, which is now on sale, is of special interest, not only by reason of its Presentation Plate—a miniature reproduction of which is given on this page—but because it contains no fewer than thirty pages in colours; including "The Pageantry of Discovery," by Gustave Alaux, in colour-photogravure. There are also monochrome illustrations; and magnificent stories by Eleanor Farjeon, Robert Ramsey Grant, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Laurence Housman, and Elisabeth Kyle.

and reader, he allowed the good man to depart. And ever since authors have liked royalties.

Alfred the Great, Author.

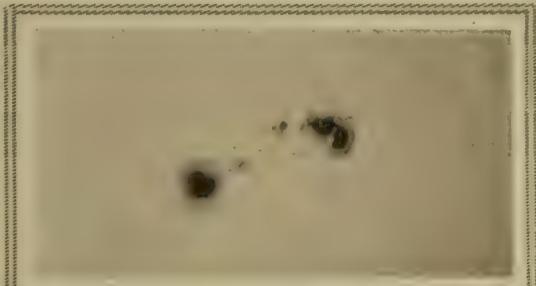
But Alfred was not merely a patron of authors; he was, of course, an author himself. He wrote vigorously, in his own tongue, of history, and of the Fathers, of law, and of the conduct of life. And, as Professor Sweet has pointed out, this royal author was no mere translator of the chronicles and wisdom of others; he gave a new and characteristic presentation of the things of which he had read. But if Alfred wrote well upon other themes, he wrote with a profound enthusiasm of the great adventure of "forth faring." He is not only one of the fathers of our literature, but the parent of that English maritime genius which was in due course to circumnavigate the globe, to tame distance, and to relate the furthest islands of the sea to a port in Britain. Alfred was our first Shakespeare and our first Hakluyt. He was the first man in whom the living genius of England was really made manifest. And upon whatever new adventure this country shall set out, if it can be said that she "forth fares" in her old and characteristic spirit, it can also be declared that she "forth fares" in the spirit of Alfred himself. If there is anything that will disprove the lugubrious prognostications of Dr. Spengler, it is that spirit of our first great Englishman, who sought always, "sam hit sy humor sam winter," to establish and confirm his people and nation.

THE CAUSE OF RECENT HURRICANES? SUN-SPOTS COINCIDENT WITH THEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 TO 7 AND 9 TAKEN BY F. QUÉNISSET FROM THE FLAMMARION OBSERVATORY AT JUVISY. NO. 8 TAKEN BY W. W. MORGAN, ASTRONOMER AT THE YERKES OBSERVATORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. (SUPPLIED BY SCIENCE SERVICE, WASHINGTON.)



1. PHOTOGRAPHED THE DAY BEFORE THE FLORIDA HURRICANE: A SUN-SPOT ON SEPTEMBER 16 AT 15 H. 33 M. (3.33 P.M.).



2. ENLARGED ON THE MORNING OF THE FLORIDA DISASTER: THE SAME SUN-SPOT AT 11 H. 8 M. (11.8 A.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 17.



3. AS IT WAS ON THE AFTERNOON THE HURRICANE STRUCK MIAMI: THE SUN-SPOT AT 16 H. 27 M. (4.27 P.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 17.



TERRE O

4. AS IT APPEARED AFTER MIAMI'S NIGHT OF TERROR: THE SAME SUN-SPOT AT 12 H 37 M. (12.37 P.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 18.



5. TWO DAYS BEFORE THE HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS AND JAMAICA: THE SUN-SPOT AT 13 H. 38 M. (1.38 P.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 19.



6. THE DAY BEFORE THE BAHAMAS AND JAMAICA HURRICANE: THE SAME SUN-SPOT AT 11 H. 56 M. (11.56 A.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 20.

THE relation between Sun-spots and terrestrial storms was discussed recently in an article by Gabrielle Camille-Flammarion. After recalling the series of hurricanes last September in Florida, Nebraska, Illinois, the Bahamas, Jamaica, San Pablo, Brazil, Hong-Kong, and Vera Cruz (followed by those in the Bermudas, Cuba, and the Philippines), she goes on to say: "At the same period that the elements brought death and ruin on earth, the Sun suddenly showed a furious recrudescence of activity. On September 13 a wonderful and gigantic group appeared on the eastern limb of the Sun 23 degrees North in latitude, composed of a couple [Continued in Box opposite.]



7. TWO DAYS BEFORE A TYPHOON IN BRAZIL THAT DESTROYED ITAMBE: THE SUN-SPOT AT 10 H. 13 M. (10.13 A.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 23.

Continued.

of enormous spots separated by dark specks. Borne along by the rotation of the Sun, this vast formation turned within sight of our globe, changing its aspect continuously till September 26, when it disappeared to continue its circuit on the invisible hemisphere. These two large spots covered a length of 160,000 kilometres (100,000 miles), more than twelve times greater than the diameter of the whole earth (12,742 kilometres), and their total surface equalled the four-hundredth part of the solar hemisphere. . . . At the Juvisy Observatory we followed this solar storm with the naked eye and also [Continued below.]



8. BELIEVED TO HAVE CAUSED A DISPLAY OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS WITH ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCES: SUN-SPOTS ON OCTOBER 13 — THE LARGEST OVER 50,000 MILES LONG AND VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.



9. ON THE DAY BEFORE THE FLORIDA HURRICANE: THE SUN'S DISK AT 15 H. 33 M. (3.33 P.M.) ON SEPTEMBER 16—SHOWING THE LARGER SPOTS SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 AND TWO SMALLER SPOTS TO THE LEFT.

Continued] photographically, and the pictures reproduced here show the rapid metamorphoses observed. They make us realise that in these centres of disturbance there are gyratory motions so fantastic that our most disastrous tornadoes are in comparison but mild zephyrs. The narrow strips of white thrown across the black shadow of the spots which can be seen on several of the photographs are, in fact, stupendous tongues of fire. The chief spot of the vanguard passed the central meridian of the Sun on September 19, and on the preceding day a violent magnetic storm was observed on our globe registered by the magnetograph at Meudon. The storm continued the whole of September 21. . . . Thus the Sun

during about a fortnight was the scene of terrible cyclones, while the earth was visited by numerous storms which spread ruin and death in their wake. Was it a simple coincidence or was there any connection between these various phenomena? A difficult question. The co-relation between the fluctuations of the solar activity, the variations of terrestrial magnetism, and the Aurora Borealis is incontestably established. But the same cannot be said concerning the meteorology of our planet. . . . Camille Flammarion concluded that years of maximum Sun-spots are hotter and more intensive, and those of minimum spots colder and less advanced, allowing for local meteorological causes."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN obituary is a sad thing to write, and it is with real regret—tempered with a certain relief—that I apply myself to that task in connection with the third volume of "THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD," by H. G. Wells (Ernest Benn; 7s. 6d. net). My feeling of relief does not mean that I rejoice at the demise of William Clissold. Far from it. I always found him interesting, even in his most expansive and discursive periods; but a reviewer's memory, through which floods of other people's ideas are continually pouring, tends to become a sort of sieve. If William Clissold had gone on talking for several more volumes I should have found it increasingly difficult to keep in mind a complete impression of his career and his philosophy.

In these days of hustle and snap, it is a great thing to have captured the public with a leisurely novel of ideas as long as "Ivanhoe" or "Vanity Fair," if not longer. I am still doubtful, however, whether it was advisable to blend a personal story with a political essay, or whether the two do not mutually baulk each other. When I was reading about William's love affairs, I was wanting to get on with his development of an ideal world republic, and when I was deep in his political dreams I was hankering after the next episode with Sirrie or Helen or Clementina. Are the two elements of the book really necessary to each other and interdependent?

It seems to me that William Clissold's personality and experiences have more bearing on one particular social question, that of sex relationships, than on his "open conspiracy" for the establishment of Cosmopolis by "big business men" through the agency of a world-wide police force, a liberal Press, and new methods of education. I see him very distinctly in his dealings with women, but as a director of a great industrial enterprise he is a somewhat shadowy figure. He does not appear to me to be a typical "big business man" or "captain of industry," and I am not at all sure he is right in imagining that many such men will assimilate his altruism, or combine to make an industrial paradise on earth, though they may possibly have the power. He deserves gratitude, however, for proving the futility of mob violence as a means of reform, and denouncing those who repeated the "red fool fury of the Seine" on the Neva and the Volga, and would like to repeat it on the Thames.

In the matter of education I fear that William Clissold did not always speak from experience, and that his picture of public-school and 'Varsity life is little more than a travesty. Against his satirical portrait of Walpole Stent, as typical of a public-school master, I would set as a truer model the late Mr. H. E. Luxmoore, of Eton. This satire, however, is only a minor phase in a very comprehensive survey of modern life. If the book does not offer an infallible social gospel, it remains a wonderful effort towards a saner organisation of human affairs. I regret, once more, that William Clissold has passed away. But brother Dickon—remember—is still alive; his "world" may be to come.

One "big business" man who thinks on world lines is the author of "MODERN INDUSTRIAL TENDENCIES," by Sir Charles W. Macara, Bt. (Manchester: Sherratt and Hughes). I remember that Sir Charles contributed an illuminating article on the cotton trade to a special number of this paper concerned with Manchester, and here he expands his "latest ideas and suggestions for helping forward the great work of reconstruction," both in that trade and industry generally, "not unmindful of the wider aspects of national and international progress." A close link between his book and that of Mr. Wells is that each contains an admiring memoir of David Lubin, the far-sighted American who, aided by the King of Italy, founded the International Institute of Agriculture.

A still more definite link occurs in "THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF SOCIALISM," by George W. Gough (Philip Allan; 3s. 6d. net). In a postscript to his preface the author forestalls any possible suggestion of imitation. "This book," he points out, "was not only written, but in type, before the publication of Mr. H. G. Wells's *World of William Clissold*. My account of the fallacy-breeding word 'system' is therefore quite independent of, though so closely similar to, the brilliant pages which he devotes to the same topic." For reasons of space, I must leave readers to hunt this parallel for themselves. Mr. Gough is a doughty foe of Socialism, and has done his cause good service by treating what can be a dry subject in a lively, colloquial style. His conclusion is in accord with the Clissoldian philosophy—"The arch-enemy of Socialism will be an intelligent, understanding, and human-hearted Capitalism."

Of kindred purpose, but ampler in scope, is "THE BREAKDOWN OF SOCIALISM," by Arthur Shadwell, M.A.,

M.D., LL.D. (Ernest Benn; 10s. 6d. net). This book, expanded from a series of articles in the *Times*, contains the results of the author's tour of inquiry on the Continent to study the post-war progress of Socialism. He visited Russia, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and Czechoslovakia. "I did not know," he says, "what I should find; that was why I went.... If I had found Socialism successful, I should certainly have said so.... Since no other attempt has been made anywhere to put the facts together, I offer mine, in good faith, as a contribution to contemporary history." Dr. Shadwell's "contribution" strikes me as extremely valuable and obviously animated by a sincere desire for truth. As to the future, he is as optimistic as William Clissold. "What is really happening to-day," he says, "is the shaping of a new compromise between the individual and the social elements in man.... In the new order... class differences will gradually melt away in the warmth of increasing association and the coalescence of interests."

With things as they might be, it is interesting to compare things as they are, described in a series called "The Modern World—a Survey of Historical Forces," edited by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. I have before me a recent addition to that series—"FRANCE," by Sisley Huddleston (Ernest Benn; 21s. net). It is a fat book, of over 600 pages, and it contains not only an excellent account of modern France

MONARCHY"

(1797-1848), by John M. S. Allison, Assistant Professor of History, Yale University; illustrated (Constable; 18s. net). This able and scholarly volume (to be followed by a sequel on Thiers' later career) is at once a memoir and a general study of an eventful period, based largely on unpublished documents. Professor Allison sustains throughout the dramatic interest of the narrative, and the thoroughness of his research is evidenced by a very full bibliography.

Perhaps the most dramatic incident to be recorded in his sequel is one described in "PARIS," by Sidney Dark; with drawings by Henry Rushbury, A.R.W.S. (Macmillan; 25s. net). "On February 26 (1871) the treaty that gave Germany Alsace and Lorraine and a war indemnity of five milliards of francs was signed in Versailles by five German plenipotentiaries and by Thiers, the little spare man of shrewd commonsense, and Jules Favre, the rather shaggy demagogue, who five months before had uttered the famous declaration, 'Pas un pouce de notre territoire, pas une pierre de nos fortresses!'" (Possibly this declaration was the archetype of a somewhat similar slogan—"Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day.")

The book from which I have culled the above quotation is delightful both on the literary and the pictorial side. Mr. Rushbury's fifty-six drawings are among the most satisfying architectural illustrations I have seen—clear, distinct, and realistic, without loss of atmosphere or the individuality of art. Mr. Sidney Dark possesses *verve* and humour. "My book," he says, "is nothing more than a series of personal impressions. As in *London*, I have met the ghosts who attract me, and, following my habit in the material world, I have avoided the ghosts who bore me." He is a little too modest here, for his "ghosts" represent a great deal of history and biography.

In the modern world one of the strongest and widest influences is that of the films. Mr. Huddleston does not apparently mention them in his book on France, though he has much to say of French drama and the older arts; but William Clissold was alive to their importance. "The public," he declares, "does not make the newspaper nor the cinema, but on the other hand, the press and the cinema do more and more make the public"; and again: "The press, the cinema theatre, broadcasting centres, book publishing and distributing organisations, are the citadels that dominate Cosmopolis. Until they are in the hands of creative revolution human progress is insecure."

Until recently film-producers were allowed to go their own sweet way practically unhindered. This newest and most potent of the arts should be taken seriously and subjected to salutary criticism, as in our own pages, and I therefore recommend to all and sundry a book that helps to satisfy this crying need—

"LET'S GO TO THE PICTURES," by Iris Barry; illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net). Its catchy title promises humour, but there is much more than mere fun and frolic within its covers. Miss Barry knows her subject through and through, and discusses every side of it with wit and acumen. She considers not only British and American films, but those of the Continent too—France, Italy, and Germany.

AN ARTIFICIAL ISLAND AS A RAILWAY STATION: THE SITE OF THE PORT NELSON TERMINUS OF THE NEW HUDSON BAY LINE, BUILT IN THE ESTUARY OF THE NELSON RIVER.



A RAILWAY TERMINUS IN A CANADIAN RIVER: PART OF THE ARTIFICIAL ISLAND SITE, AND THE VIADUCT TO THE SHORE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE. WHOSE SHADOW APPEARS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND.

When the time came to build a terminus for the new Hudson Bay Railway at Port Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River, it was found that the shores of the estuary did not lend themselves to the construction of quays. The river, though very wide, has only a narrow navigable channel, and along its low banks are stretches of mud. About 1700 yards from the shore is a sandbank, which the engineers strengthened by piles and sustaining walls, filling up the interior with material dredged from the river-bed. Thus they have constructed an artificial island on which the terminus will be built, connected with the mainland by the railway viaduct.

Photographs by the Aviation Service of the Canadian Ministry of National Defence.

and her colonial empire (the second largest in the world), but a sketch of French history, including the War, a thorough account of current politics and post-war problems, and numerous character-studies of public men. While the author's method is expository rather than argumentative, his chapter on French Socialism and Communism goes well with the observations of Dr. Shadwell in other countries. Mr. Huddleston knows and loves his France, from long experience, and my own small acquaintance with it enables me to endorse his admirable estimate of the French character.

There is a Clissold touch in a recent proposal by the great manufacturers of France (mentioned by Mr. Huddleston), "that Parliament should voluntarily renounce its initiative in finance and... hand over its powers to a carefully selected organisation of business men and experts." The earlier historical section has points of contact with an American historian's work, "THIERS AND THE FRENCH

Here the closure is applied, and I must leave for future debate various other attractive books which I had hoped to associate with the above group. Among them are: Don Luigi Sturzo's "ITALY AND FASCISMO" (Faber and Gwyer; 15s. net); Mr. Gilbert Frankau's "UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net); "A WINTER IN PARADISE," by Alan Parsons (Philpot; 7s. 6d. net); Miss Fay Compton's "ROSEMARY: SOME REMEMBRANCES" (Alston Rivers; 15s. net); "THE PASSING SHOW," by Henry Russell (Thornton Butterworth; 18s. net); Mr. Ivor Brown's "MASQUES AND PHASES" (Cobden Sanderson; 7s. 6d. net); and "THEATRE PRACTICE," by Stark Young (Charles Scribner's Sons; 7s. 6d. net). The first three are especially topical. Mr. Frankau's book is a diary of his tour in the United States. The "paradise" visited by Mr. Parsons, with his wife (Miss Viola Tree) and Lady Diana Cooper, was the region since devastated by hurricanes—Florida, Cuba, and the Bahamas.

C. E. B.

WHERE BOATS GO UNDERGROUND: THE WORLD'S LONGEST CANAL TUNNEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUSSET.



NEARLY FIVE MILES LONG AND ABSOLUTELY STRAIGHT: THE NEW CANAL TUNNEL UNDER THE ROVE HILLS CONNECTING THE RHONE CANAL WITH MARSEILLES—A REMARKABLE VISTA FROM A POINT NEAR THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE, SHOWING THE NORTHERN OPENING AS A SMALL SEMI-CIRCLE OF LIGHT.



ABOUT A QUARTER THE LENGTH THAT A CHANNEL TUNNEL WOULD BE, AND CONSTRUCTED AT A COST OF £12,500,000: THE GREAT ROVE CANAL TUNNEL—ANOTHER VIEW SHOWING THE TOP OF THE TOW-PATH AND THE DISTANT GLIMMER OF LIGHT AT THE NORTHERN END NEARLY FIVE MILES AWAY.

French engineers have just completed, after fifteen years, an enormous work which takes rank among the greatest engineering feats of man. It is known as the Rove Tunnel, carrying a waterway beneath the Rove hills near Marseilles, to connect that port with the Rhone Canal system. The Rove Tunnel, which is nearly five miles long (in an absolutely straight line) and 70 ft. broad, with a navigable width of 50 ft., is the longest canal tunnel in the world. It secures direct communication by water between Marseilles and the lake called the

Etang de Berre, and considerably shortens the distance, for water-borne traffic, from the centre of France to the southern port, besides allowing such traffic to reach Switzerland via Geneva and Alsace and Germany via Mulhouse. The cost of the new Rove Canal, begun in 1911, was estimated at £4,000,000, but actually amounted to £25,000,000, of which half was spent on the tunnel. It is interesting to compare these figures with the possible cost of a Channel Tunnel, which would be some four times as long.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN BURMA.

A BENEFICENT ACHIEVEMENT OF BRITISH RULE TO BE COMPLETED NEXT MONTH.

By MAJOR C. M. ENRIQUEZ, 2/20TH BURMA RIFLES.

Major Enriquez here draws attention to the magnificent work of Sir Harcourt Butler, Governor of Burma, in abolishing slavery there. He has already put an end to it, and to human sacrifice, in the Hukawng Valley, which, it may be noted, Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Commander-in-Chief in India, recently arranged to visit. Slaves are now to be freed in the "Triangle" district.

THE month of December will witness the eradication of slavery from Burma, or at least from the last area in which it survives on a considerable scale. This area is a remote and hilly tract of unadministered

jade-green depths of foliage. Here, amidst forests and hills, occur considerable spaces of cultivation, and many villages that are the home of the Kachins. Broadly speaking, these Kachins are not unlike those of administered territory with whom we have been in contact for thirty years, and who now enlist in considerable numbers in the ranks of the Indian Army. But, like so many other hill races in Burma, they are a primitive folk, and in unadministered backwaters like the "Triangle" they remain what their ancestors have been presumably for centuries. One presumes it, because two hundred years ago there were no Kachins in Burma. They are the latest wave, or rather, one of the latest waves, of an age-long migration which for two millenniums has peopled Burma with races of Mongolian origin.

The Kachins, then, are come to us straight from the bosom of Nature. Whence are they? And whither do they go? All we know is that they are not stationary. Far from it; for there is implanted in them a restlessness that urges them, after residing a few generations, to move south. Always south! In the case of the Kachins, the natural lines of advance down the Irrawaddy or down the spurs of the Chin Hills are already blocked by earlier arrivals, and they are being deflected south-east into the Shan States; so that in two generations it has come about that there are now more Kachins in the Northern Shan States than in any of the districts that were originally regarded as essentially Kachin. Movements which are presumed to have occurred centuries ago in other parts of the world may here be watched in actual process, and we may note the factors that influence them. The mountain ranges and the river valleys lead the wanderer south. There are open spaces which lure him on. (The total average population of the Shan States, towards which the Kachin migration is heading, is only twenty-three to the square mile!) Then there are the forests. Over open grassland a migration may move at full gallop towards the land of flesh-pots. But in the jungle nomads can only move conveniently a few at a time and on foot. The forests provide food and material. They cultivate temporarily, burning with all the carelessness of mere strangers; but as soon as they increase in numbers they must move on. Such, then, are the Kachins—keen hunters, wise in all the lore and learning of the jungle. In their wild state they are superstitious and grasping. Yet as a race they are young, and

The first influence is the Administrator, who has composed their feuds and ruled them by the application of their own wild and inconsequent codes. Secondly there is the missionary (R.C. or American Baptist), who has given them hospitals and schools, and has replaced with religion the childish and impossible superstitions of Animism. By nature, the Kachins possess a keen religious sense, which finds no scope for expression in the dark myths of *Nat*-worship and the fiddling with entrails and bones. There is no spirituality in this, and the introduction of Christianity has done an immense amount to soften and humanise the Kachins. And the missionary has



A CONTRAST TO HIS COMPATRIOT OF THE INDIAN ARMY (SHOWN ON THIS PAGE): A NORTHERN OR HKAHKU KACHIN WARRIOR, ARMED WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD.

The Kachins are a virile warlike race, who have fought their way into possession of a large tract of Upper Burma, extending from Assam to the Southern Shan States; pushing out Shans, Palaungs, Nagas, and other lesser tribes. When the British took Upper Burma, the Burmese at Bhamo were compelled to sleep in their boats, and all the surrounding tribes lived in mortal fear of a Kachin raid. They were enlisted in the Indian Army during the war, and served with credit in Kurdistan, and during the Moplah Rebellion. The 20th Burma Rifles are composed of one-half Kachins, and it is hoped that the "Triangle" may prove a valuable additional recruiting ground.

territory that lies at the head-waters of the Irrawaddy a few miles beyond the frontier town of Myitkyina. Myitkyina is the northern terminus of the Burma Railway. Some twenty miles above the town the Irrawaddy separates into two branches, called the Mali and N'mai Hka, and the country between these streams is popularly known as the "Triangle." The "Triangle" is one of those dark areas of Burma which are too wild and too remote to have yet received administration. Here, so long as they keep to themselves, the Kachin hill-folk have been permitted to retain their old tribal customs, and amongst these is slavery.

Both the rivers that bound the "Triangle" are turbulent. They flow down steep, narrow valleys, between walls of rock, or past miles of silent jungle. There is something very impressive about their passage. Here and there, these great tributaries meditate in jade-green depths, brooding in the velvet shadows of the forest, until at intervals they awake to hurl themselves passionately along a reach of rapids. At certain seasons the rapids may be used by boats and rafts; but in the height of the rains nothing can resist the fury, at any rate, of the N'mai. At last these impetuous rivers unite amidst a tangle of boulders, and flow on together as the Irrawaddy—that superb waterway that beyond the "Defile" and Bhamo is navigable for a thousand miles to the sea.

And the "Triangle"? That, too, slumbers in



A CONTRAST TO HIS COMPATRIOT WITH NATIVE WEAPONS (SHOWN ON THIS PAGE): A KACHIN SOLDIER OF THE KING, IN THE MOUNTAINOUS "TRIANGLE" OF UPPER BURMA.

This view of the unexplored mountain range to the east of the "Triangle," with peaks up to 13,000 ft., gives some idea of the terrible difficulties of travel in that region. The range is about 9000 ft. above the Nmai Hka River, which here flows at about 2500 ft. and is only nine miles distant. In the foreground is a Kachin soldier, who should be compared with his wild cousin with spear and shield.

given them letters. The Kachins brought no literature with them out of the unknown. Now Roman character has been adapted to their language. Today there are several printed books and a newspaper; and I suppose thousands of Kachin letters go through the post every year.

Lastly, as an influence, there is the Army officer. He has routed them out of their narrow world, turned them right, left, and about, and scrubbed them clean. He has carried them in ships to the deserts of Mesopotamia and the forests of Malay, and this not in a few cases, but in hundreds. One of the few human beings to climb Mount Kinabalu in Borneo is a Kachin—or was a Kachin, for, alas, Saü Nan is dead now.

But he will serve as an example of what may be made of the wild Kachin. Faithful and devoted he was; single-hearted, and with a simple faith in God that radiated his whole personality. In fair weather he was cheery and debonair; in foul, he was in the thick of the trouble, putting it straight. He was good, brave, kind, clean-hearted, incorruptible—and what finer qualities are there than these in humanity? For Saü Nan, the companion of many adventures from Bhamo to Borneo, I grieve as for a brother. Farewell, Saü Nan, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the Kingdom of thy Lord.

Such is the finished article, and such as Saü Nan may come from the solitary matrix of the "Triangle" that is now to be stirred up. The order has gone forth. By knots in creeper, by notches in bamboo, it is known unto the Chiefs that on Dec. 6 they are bidden to meet his Excellency the Governor, Sir Harcourt Butler, in durbar. After that, the process of emancipating slaves will begin.



LITTLE KNOWING THAT HE WILL SOON BE A FREE MAN: A TYPICAL OLD SLAVE IN THE "TRIANGLE," NORTHERN BURMA.

The broad-ended sword, called a *dak*, as seen in this photograph, is carried by all Kachins.

Photographs by Captain J. H. Green, F.R.G.S.

therefore very amenable; and the influences that have been at work upon them in British territory have produced extraordinary results. There is scarcely any one more likable than a cultivated Kachin.

(Continued on Page 107)

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF BURMESE SLAVERY: LIFE IN THE "TRIANGLE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN J. H. GREEN, F.R.G.S.



1.—ACCOMMODATING ABOUT EIGHTY PEOPLE: A KACHIN CHIEF'S HOUSE, OF A TYPE OFTEN MORE THAN A HUNDRED YARDS LONG.



2.—CONTAINING ASHES OF THE DEAD: A COLLECTION OF KACHIN COFFINS AWAITING THE CEREMONY OF " HIDING THE SPIRIT."



3.—WITH THE DEFENDANT (CENTRE) EMPHASISING EVERY POINT IN HIS ARGUMENT BY PLACING A SMALL STICK ON THE GROUND: A CASE BEING TRIED BY THE ELDERS OF A KACHIN VILLAGE ON THE UPPER NMAI HKA RIVER.



4.—TYPICAL OF THOSE ABOUT TO BE EMANCIPATED UNDER BRITISH RULE: A GROUP OF SLAVES IN A NORTHERN BURMESE VILLAGE, WEARING HEMPEN CLOTHES.



5.—CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE WHERE LIVE THE SLAVES SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (NO. 4): NGA LANG LA AND SOME OF HIS ELDERS.

As described in the article on page 1040, Sir Harcourt Butler, Governor of Burma, is arranging next month to abolish the last vestiges of Burmese slavery. Notes on the photographs state: (1) The chiefs build enormous houses, often over one hundred yards long. This house contained nineteen fireplaces, and accommodated about eighty people. The chief and his visitors live near the back entrance, and the old women, unmarried girls, and slaves in different compartments near the front porch. The smaller huts are granaries. (2) The Northern or Hkahku Kachins burn their dead, and place the cinders in coffins which are piled outside the village. The spirit is still present with the family until the *nat* priest sends

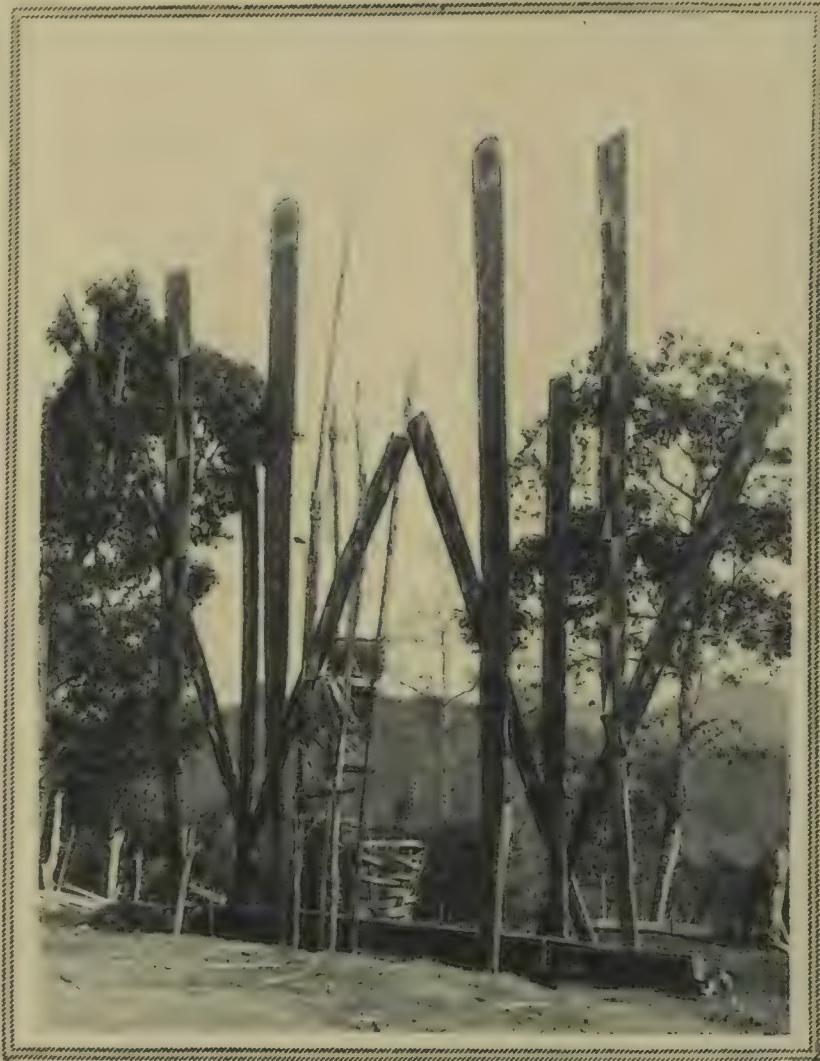
it to join its ancestors. This ceremony, called *Mang Magoi*, or "hiding the spirit," may not take place for many years. They wait for a very prosperous season, as it is necessary to have an enormous feast, and for the whole community to get gloriously drunk. Many spirits are then sent away at the same time. (3) The defendant places a small stick upon the ground to emphasise every point he makes. It is to be feared that the most influential man, or the man who gives the elders the most *sharu* or rice beer, generally wins the case. (4) The Kachins of the extreme north wear plain hempen clothes; further south these have been replaced by red and black striped skirts and coloured tartan puggarees.

IN A BURMESE "SLAVE" DISTRICT: FREE WOMEN; RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN J. H. GREEN, F.R.G.S.



1.—DISTINGUISHED FROM SLAVES BY THE WEARING OF REAL JEWELLERY, SUCH AS AMBER EAR ORNAMENTS: KACHIN FREE WOMEN.



2.—OF THE KIND TO BE USED AT THE SLAVERY EMANCIPATION DURBAR: RELIGIOUS DANCE POSTS FOR THE CENTRE OF A SACRED DANCE CALLED A MANAO.



3.—WITH A GROTESQUE TOP TO FRIGHTEN AWAY SPIRITS OF THE LIVING FROM THOSE OF THE DEAD: A KACHIN TOMB, OF A KIND POSSIBLY THE ARCHETYPE OF THE BURMESE PAGODA.



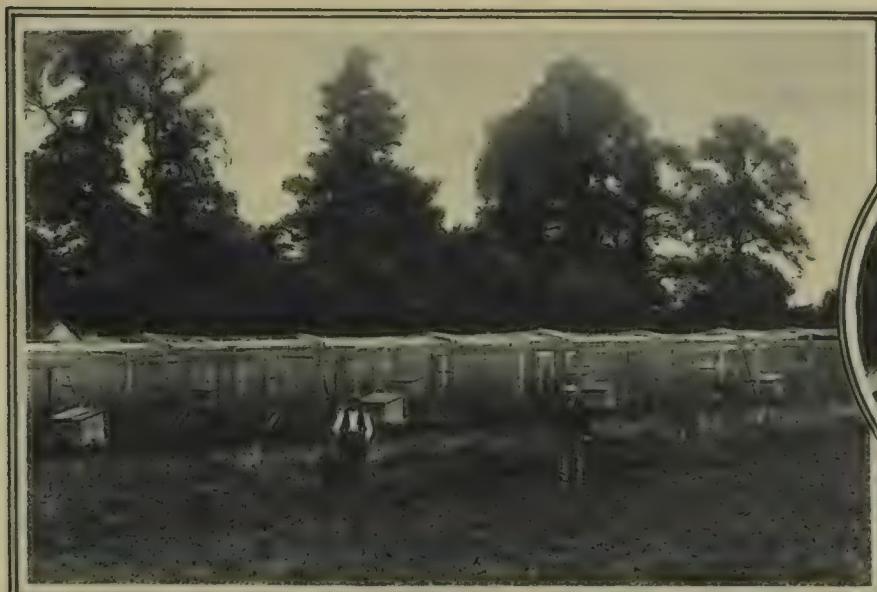
4.—IN A HEAD-DRESS ADORNED WITH HORBNILL AND PHEASANT FEATHERS AND WILD BOAR'S TUSKS: A KACHIN HIGH PRIEST IN FULL "CANONICALS," WITH A TIGER TOOTH ON THE SLING OF HIS SWORD.

The descriptions of these photographs, which illustrate the article on Burmese slave-emancipation (page 1040), are as follows: (1) Kachin free women from the south. Notice the rod of amber worn in one woman's ear. Slaves never have any real jewellery; they have to content themselves with necklaces made of jungle seeds. (2) The religious dance posts erected at a big sacred dance, called a *Manao*, are painted red and black. The dance takes place around the posts, and many hundreds join in. In December the "Triangle" Kachin

chiefs have been invited to attend a Government *Manao* at Myitkyina on the Upper Irrawaddy. The Governor of Burma, Sir Harcourt Butler, after exchanging presents with the chiefs, will explain his slave-emancipation policy, which was such a success in the Hukawng Valley last year. (3) A Kachin tomb. The peculiar grotesque wooden head-piece is intended to frighten the spirits of living people who may wish to join the spirit of the deceased on its journey to the spirit land. (4) A Kachin high priest. Notice the Kachin sword.

BRITAIN'S FUR INDUSTRY: SILVER FOXES—AS AT THE POULTRY SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



MR. R. W. HAWKER'S SILVER FOX FARM AT LITTLE BALDON, OXFORD: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WIRED PENS, EACH WITH A HUTCH FOR A PAIR OF FOXES.



FEEDING A SICK VIXEN: MR. R. W. HAWKER (ON THE RIGHT), WITH HIS ASSISTANT, INSIDE ONE OF THE PENS ON HIS SILVER FOX FARM IN OXFORDSHIRE.



USED ONLY FOR BREEDING, AND WORTH SEVERAL HUNDRED POUNDS: A HIGHLY VALUABLE PAIR OF TWO-YEAR-OLD SILVER FOXES (DOG AND VIXEN) ON MR. R. W. HAWKER'S FARM.



PREPARING AN EXHIBIT AT THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: MR. R. W. HAWKER (RIGHT) BRUSHING A SILVER FOX.



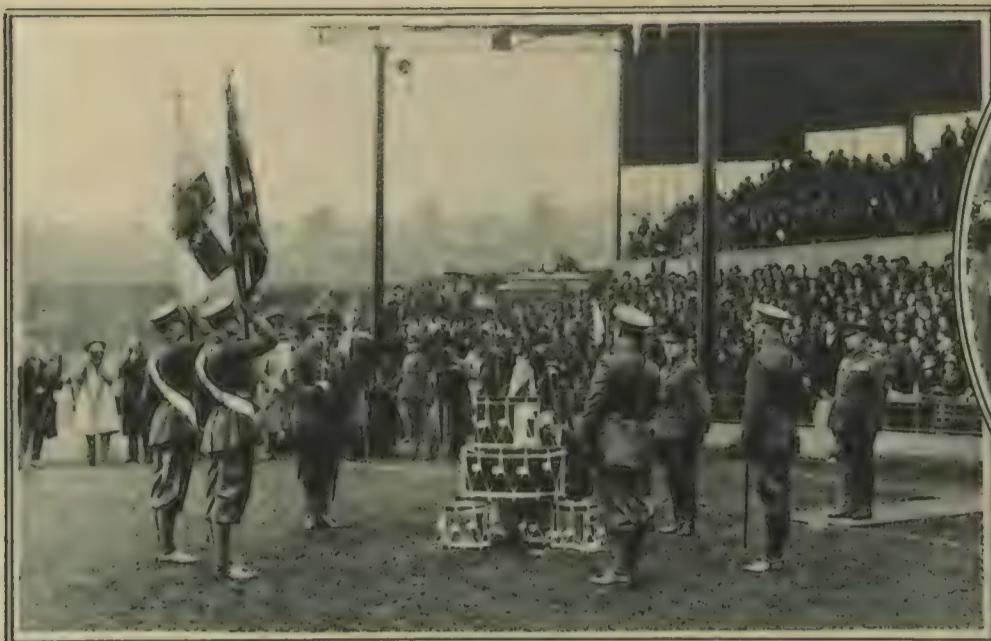
FINE SPECIMENS OF ANIMALS THAT FETCH ABOUT £100 A-PIECE, AND IN PAIRS FROM £200 TO £300: THREE OF THIS YEAR'S SILVER FOX CUBS ON MR. HAWKER'S FARM, SHOWING THEIR BEAUTIFUL FUR AT ITS BEST—A PHOTOGRAPH DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN OWING TO THEIR WILDNESS AND TIMIDITY.

Silver fox breeding is becoming an important British industry. The first exhibition of live silver foxes in this country was held recently in conjunction with the International Poultry Show at the Crystal Palace, and attracted keen interest. There were about seventy foxes on view, and some of them proved obstreperous when their turn came to be judged. It took three men to secure them, one fixing an iron clamp round the animal's neck, the second grasping its hind-legs, and the third tying up its mouth with twine to prevent it from biting the judge. A stud book is kept by the Silver Fox-Breeders' Association of Great Britain, and the pedigree of every silver fox born in this country is

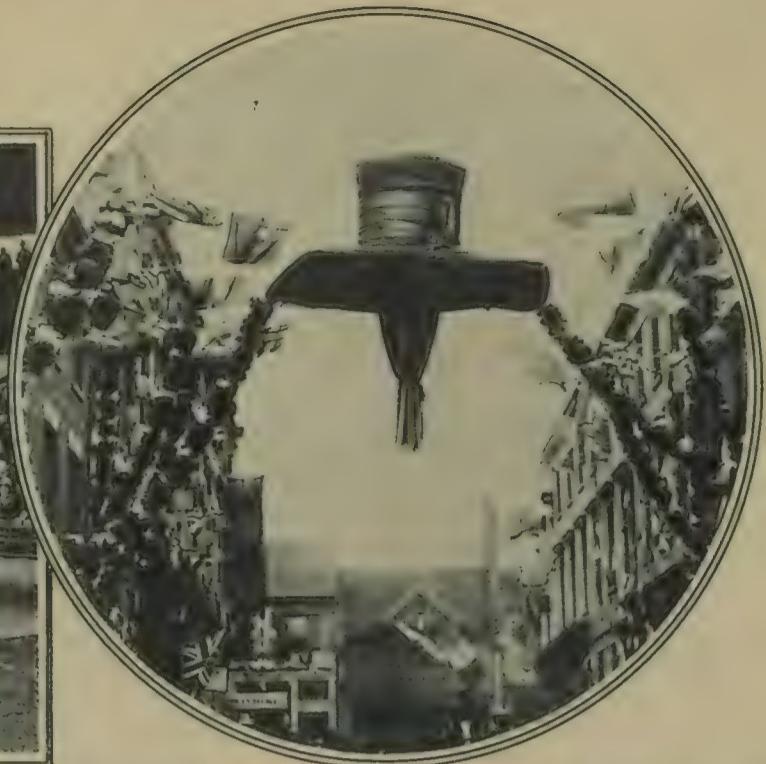
duly recorded. The silver fox is a Canadian animal, and the breeding industry originated in Prince Edward Island about thirty years ago. It has spread all over Canada and the United States, and was introduced into Britain in 1920. Most of the farms are in Scotland. The first one, at Stittenham, in Ross-shire, was illustrated in our issue of October 27, 1923. There are also some in England, including that in Oxfordshire illustrated above. Breeding stock is expensive. A good animal costs £100 or more, and a pair of first-year cubs from £200 to £300. But the profits are also high. A good vixen produces during her life at least twenty cubs, and fine skins fetch about £60 to £80 each.

EMPIRE OCCASIONS AND SOUVENIRS:

ROYAL AND VICEREGRAL VISITS.



HOME AFTER NINETEEN YEARS' FOREIGN SERVICE: THE 2ND BATTALION BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, GIVEN NEW COLOURS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES (THIRD FROM RIGHT) AT LUTON.



THE CENTRE OF THE HAT TRADE DECORATED IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: A HUGE STRAW HAT SLUNG ACROSS A STREET AT LUTON, DURING THE CIVIC JUBILEE.



PRESENTED TO SOUTH AFRICA BY THE CITY CORPORATION AT THE SUGGESTION OF THE KING: THE TRAVELLING WAGON USED BY PRESIDENT KRUGER DURING THE BOER WAR.



A KINDRED RELIC OF BYGONE SOUTH AFRICAN TRAVEL: AN OLD STAGE COACH THAT PLIED BETWEEN JOHANNESBURG AND KIMBERLEY, NOW IN THE HULL COMMERCIAL MUSEUM.



THE "FARMER" VICEROY HAS AN AEROPLANE FLIGHT DURING HIS INDIAN TOUR: LORD IRWIN (IN OVERCOAT) PREPARING TO ENTER THE MACHINE AT PESHAWAR.

The Prince of Wales visited Luton, the centre of the hat-making industry, on November 17, when the town celebrated its jubilee as a borough. It was gaily decorated, a great feature being huge straw hats suspended over the streets. On the football ground, before 15,000 people, the Prince presented new colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, just home from nineteen years' foreign service, including three years of the War. Silver drums were also presented to the regiment by the Lords Lieutenant of the two counties. The Prince went over several hat factories and the town's electricity works. On November 20 he watched the Maori "Rugger" players beat Blackheath on the Rectory Field, and shook hands with the teams. The Prime Minister



THE PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MAORI "RUGGER" TEAM: A ROYAL WELCOME BEFORE THE MATCH IN WHICH THEY DEFEATED BLACKHEATH. of New Zealand, Mr. J. G. Coates, was also present.—After the Freedom of the City had been conferred on the Dominion Premiers at the Guildhall, on November 19, the Lord Mayor offered to General Hertzog, as a gift to South Africa, President Kruger's old travelling wagon. It was given by Lord Kitchener to Lord Beairsted, who (as Sir Marcus Samuel) was Lord Mayor in 1902, and he gave it to the Corporation. It has been for some years on view at the Alexandra Palace.—During his extensive tour in India, Lord Irwin, the new Viceroy, has become known as the "Farmer" Viceroy, on account of the great interest he takes in agriculture and the life of the peasantry. He and Lady Irwin reached Peshawar on October 25, and he went for an aeroplane flight over the town.

ALL MÜRREN THREATENED AND A FOREST DESTROYED: THE £120,000 FIRE.

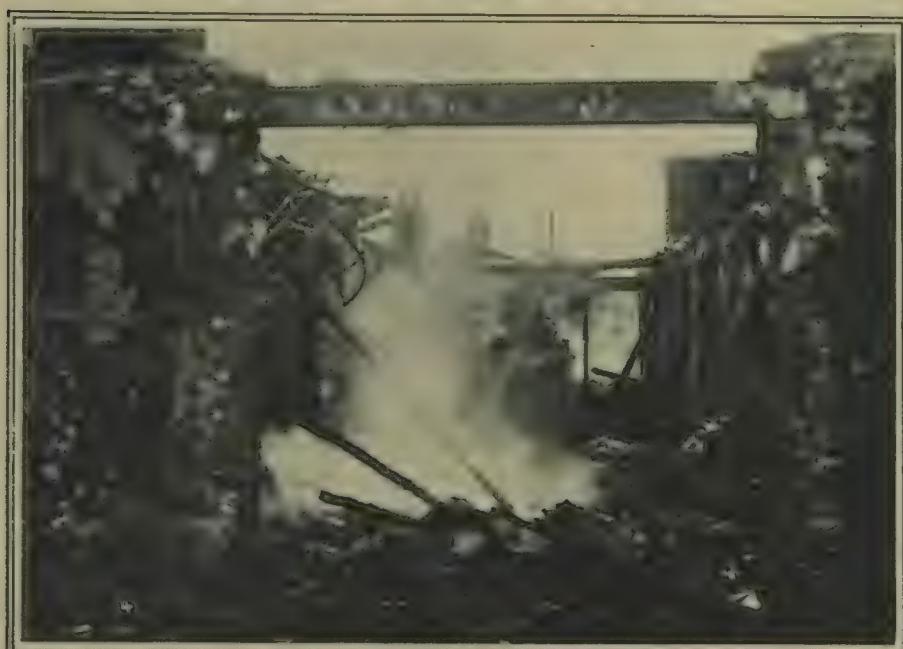
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, "TIMES," AND S. AND G.



ONE OF THE TWO HOTELS DESTROYED IN THE BIG FIRE AT MÜRREN: RUINS OF THE HOTEL EDELWEISS, A BUILDING WITH 42 ROOMS.



BEFORE THE FIRE: THE HOTEL DES ALPES AT MÜRREN, THE FAMOUS SWISS WINTER-SPORTS RESORT.



IN A STRUCTURE WHICH HAD 250 ROOMS: RUINS OF THE HOTEL DES ALPES AFTER THE BIG FIRE AT MÜRREN.



AFTER THE FIRE WHICH THREATENED THE WHOLE OF MÜRREN, AND DID DAMAGE TO THE EXTENT OF £120,000: THE BURNT-OUT HOTEL EDELWEISS.



AFTER THE FIRE AT MÜRREN: PART OF THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL DES ALPES.

A disastrous fire broke out in that well-known Swiss resort, Mürren, on the night of November 18, and threatened the whole district. The Hotel des Alpes, which had 250 rooms, and the Edelweiss Hotel, which had 42 rooms, were destroyed, with two houses and three barns; and two other hotels were much damaged. The total loss of property is estimated at £80,000, and another £40,000 must be

added for the destruction of the Fluh Forest, which was a mile and a-quarter long. The fire, which was fanned by a violent wind, was attacked by firemen, and troops were held in readiness to assist. Fortunately, snow fell and helped to put out the flames; and this was succeeded by heavy rain. The winter season is not likely to be effected very seriously, as there are other hotels.

RITUAL OF MOURNING IN THE SOUTH SEAS: SALUTING THE SENIOR WIDOW AT A PAPUAN CHIEF'S FUNERAL.

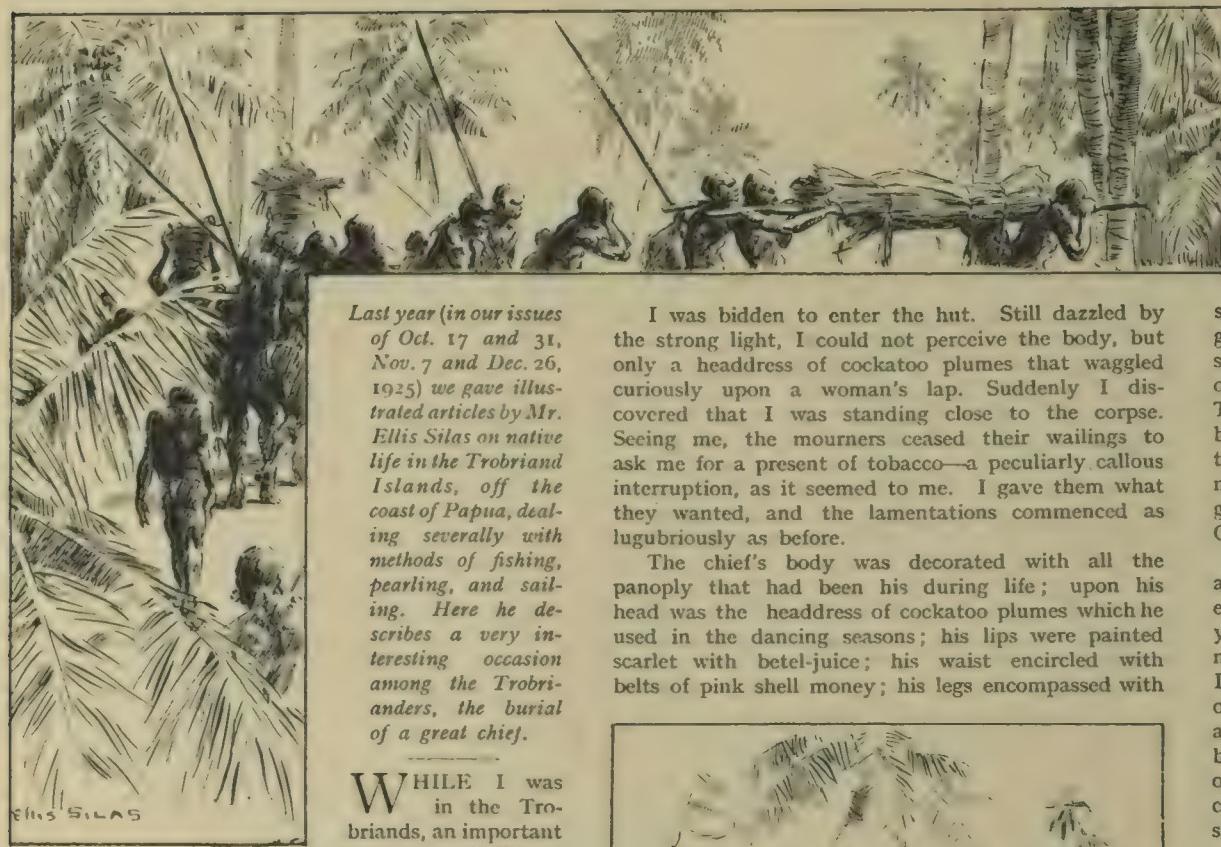
FROM THE DRAWING BY ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 1048.)



"THE MEN WENT STRAIGHT TO THE DEAD CHIEF'S HUT . . . THE WOMEN PLACED THEIR ARMS UPON THE SHOULDERS OF THE PRINCIPAL WIDOW": A TROBRIANDER BURIAL—SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE) THREE OTHER WIDOWS HOLDING THEIR LATE LORD'S LIME GOURD, BASKET, AND OTHER BELONGINGS, AND PERFORMING A SLOW DANCE.

The picturesque scene here illustrated shows the gathering of mourners at the burial of an important chief, named Wanot, in the Trobriand Islands, off the Papuan coast, as described by Mr. Ellis Silas in his article on page 1048. "The house of mourning," he writes, "faced the heat-drenched *baku*, the central ground of the village. Seated on the left of the *baku* (foreground in the drawing) were a great number of sobbing women and children. On the right (left background, above) were the men, weeping tempestuously, tears pouring down their cheeks. From the tracks which led into the village, processions of mourners, walking in single file, marched in from outlying villages, one man in each procession carrying a pole that was to form part of

the bier. The men went straight to the dead chief's hut, and with bowed heads remained standing outside the door. The women stood swaying from side to side, then in turn placed their arms on the shoulders of the principal widow. The five principal women mourners were his oldest widow and four others who had been his wives. (In the drawing one is hidden behind the leading widow, but her shadow is seen to the left.) These five stood in a row with their backs to the hut: they carried the chief's lime gourd, basket, palm mat, and other belongings. As each train of visitors arrived, these five women moved in a slow halting dance, with each step lifting a foot about eight inches." (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)



THE FUNERAL OF A TROBRIANDER CHIEF: BEARERS CARRYING THE BODY, WRAPPED IN PALM MATS, ON A STRETCHER.

To'uluwa, the supreme monarch of the Trobriands; therefore his death was an event of great tribal importance. Since he wielded considerable influence and power over his district, his passing meant a further disintegration of tribal life.

At his funeral ceremony I saw much that was of interest, the ordinary celebrations being supplemented by special rites because he was leaving no successor: his yam store, for instance, was to be allowed to fall into decay, and his fine ocean-going canoe was to be destroyed. The ceremony embraced the entire district over which he had ruled. Dismal sounds of lamentation drifted through the sultry air, rising and dying away, and coming again on the variable breeze. The dreary throb of a drum and mournful wailing on a conch-shell filled the scented atmosphere with a sound of misery and desolation. The house of mourning faced the heat-drenched *baku*, the central ground of the village. Seated on the left of the *baku* were a great number of sobbing women and children. Upon the right were the men, weeping tempestuously, tears pouring down their cheeks. From the tracks which led into the village, processions of mourners, walking in single file, marched in from outlying villages, one man in each procession carrying a pole that was to form part of the bier.

The men went straight to the dead chief's hut, and with bowed heads remained standing outside the door. The women in the procession stood swaying from side to side; then, in turn, placed their arms upon the shoulders of the chief's principal widow, who advanced to meet them. The five principal women mourners were his oldest widow and four others who had been his wives. These five stood in a row, with their backs to the hut; they carried the chief's lime gourd, his basket, his palm mat, and other of his belongings. The oldest widow stood a little in advance of the other four, holding in each hand a bunch of cassowary plumes which had been used by the dead man in the dances. As each train of visitors arrived, these five women moved in a slow, halting dance, with each step lifting a foot about eight inches from the ground. As each procession reached the hut, its members stood aside, while the principal mourners, continuing their weird dance, moved forward to meet the next train, and then walked round the hut wailing lugubriously.

When all the visitors were assembled, the widows seated themselves on the platform outside the hut. A young girl, wearing the shaven head and blackened body that signifies the deepest mourning, came forward, knelt on the ground, and moved on her knees towards the oldest widow, kissing her hand and remaining for a few moments with her head in the woman's lap.

Within the depths of the chief's hut strange shapes moved eerily. Apprehensive lest some gruesome ceremonial might be in progress, I peered in, but the glare of the sun prevented me from seeing clearly: I could but vaguely discern a row of women seated upon either side, and at the far end a woman was beating the dirge and blowing dolorously on a conch shell—a strange figure, looking as though cut out of black cardboard.

Last year (in our issues of Oct. 17 and 31, Nov. 7 and Dec. 26, 1925) we gave illustrated articles by Mr. Ellis Silas on native life in the Trobriand Islands, off the coast of Papua, dealing severally with methods of fishing, pearl-fishing, and sailing. Here he describes a very interesting occasion among the Trobrianders, the burial of a great chief.

WHILE I was in the Trobriands, an important chief, named Wanoi, died. With him, a line of great chiefs became extinct. He was closely related to

I was bidden to enter the hut. Still dazzled by the strong light, I could not perceive the body, but only a headdress of cockatoo plumes that wagged curiously upon a woman's lap. Suddenly I discovered that I was standing close to the corpse. Seeing me, the mourners ceased their wailings to ask me for a present of tobacco—a peculiarly callous interruption, as it seemed to me. I gave them what they wanted, and the lamentations commenced as lugubriously as before.

The chief's body was decorated with all the panoply that had been his during life; upon his head was the headdress of cockatoo plumes which he used in the dancing seasons; his lips were painted scarlet with betel-juice; his waist encircled with belts of pink shell money; his legs encompassed with



SURROUNDED WITH WOODEN STAKES DECORATED WITH COCKATOO PLUMES FROM THE HEAD-DRESS WORN BY THE DEAD CHIEF IN THE DANCES: THE GRAVE OF IYALUBA.

Iyaluba was a blood relative of Wanoi, the chief whose burial is described in the accompanying article. The cutting of the stakes set up round the grave entailed much labour, and they mark its importance. Over the top is a canopy of palm mats.

Drawings on this Page by Ellis Silas, F.R.G.S.

circlets of cowrie shells, while upon his arms were the much-prized arm-shells. The body lay horizontally upon the laps of four women, who rocked it while they wailed, one of the women holding the jaws closed. I made a mortuary gift of tobacco, which, in adherence to custom, I placed upon the dead man's chest, in order that he could convey the spirit of the tobacco to Topiteta, the keeper of the Trobriand nether world. The ladies requested me to be seated, but the crowded condition of the diminutive hut and the oppressive, nauseating odours of the stifling atmosphere became overpowering, and I hastily withdrew.

Whilst the mortuary feast was being prepared, three men entered the *baku*, and delivered an oration, the purport of the speech being that Wanoi was a great and good chief, that he wished to be buried in the village that he loved so well, but that the mandate had been issued by the all-powerful and supreme chief To'uluwa that Wanoi must be interred in Omarakana, the Trobrianders' place of



MOURNING HER INFANT SON: A TROBRIANDER WOMAN AT AN ORDINARY VILLAGE BURIAL-PLACE.

The burial-ground is usually on the edge of the track near the village, and the graves are arranged in rows. A croton bush is planted at head and foot of the graves. The woman depicted is mourning her infant son, who had just been buried. The term "going west" might also apply in the Trobriands, since the spirits of their dead go to the island of Tuma, which is to the west of the largest island of the Trobriand group.

A ROYAL FUNERAL

IN THE SOUTH SEAS:

The Passing of a Great Papuan Chief.

By ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S., Author of

"A Primitive Arcadia."

(See his Double-Page Drawing in this Number.)

sepulchre for their illustrious chiefs. With arresting gestures and flourishing of weapons, their deep, sonorous voices ringing through the village, the orators continued: "We do not wish it thus, but To'uluwa has so ordained, and his command must be obeyed. Listen you who are the great Taubada to that which we say: henceforth this village is no more! We will destroy the houses; remove our gardens, and sell our coco-palms to the white man! Oh, woe is to us! Oh, woe! woe!"

They had worked themselves up into a frenzy, and, flourishing their weapons, they made a dramatic exit, and the feast of baked taitu, coconuts, and yams commenced. When this was finished, the natives simultaneously recommenced their wailing. It was an amazing spectacle to see this vast crowd of normally cheerful people suddenly burst into tears and lamentations. Whilst some constructed the bier with the poles which had been brought from the other villages, some of the men gathered round the chief's hut, digging at the side, where it was presumed the chief had buried a much-valued stone axe-head; this was removed, and a coconut planted on the spot.

The crowd surged round the hut to an aperture which had been cut at the end opposite the door, where the bier was placed. It was covered with palm mats, a larger mat being held over the bier and up to the door, in order that the dead man should not be exposed to the light. The body, now divested of the regalia, was brought out head foremost, the bearers breaking through the end wall of the hut, which cracked and splintered, filling the air with clouds of choking dust, the bearers' exertions causing the corpse to shake grotesquely, as though silently protesting against the unseemly haste. The perspiring crowd pressed forward as the cortège appeared, scarcely giving the bearers room; as with lightning speed they bound up the body in palm mats. The bier was lifted on to the shoulders of the bearers, and Wanoi commenced his last long journey to the Land of his Gods.

The procession wound through the village, a long train of brown figures splashed with gold where the scattered sunlight fell upon it. They passed under the palm grove, whose arched leaves canopied the village like the roof of a great cathedral, echoing their lamentations. A few old crones, too decrepit to follow the cortège, crouched upon the ground, their monotonous death-song subsiding into a low moaning that mingled with the prattle of children at play.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALMAIN, HAINES, LAFAYETTE, SPEAGHT, CLAUDE HARRIS, PHOTOPRESS, BERMAN, AND BASSANO.

A PEER FOR EIGHT DAYS:
THE LATE (SEVENTH) EARL
OF CHICHESTER.FIRST BISHOP OF LEICESTER:
THE RT. REV. C. C.
B. BARDSLEY, D.D.WIDOW OF THE TENTH
DUKE: THE LATE DUCHESS
OF ST. ALBANS.THRICE A PEERESS:
THE LATE COUNTESS
OF YARBOROUGH.THE PUBLICATION OF "THE
WHISPERING GALLERY":
MR. HESKETH PEARSON.THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON CONFERRED ON THE PRIME MINISTERS OF NEW ZEALAND,
SOUTH AFRICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND: MR. COATES RECEIVING THE FREEDOM.AT THE OPENING OF THE RUMANIAN PARLIAMENT
ON NOVEMBER 15: THE KING OF RUMANIA,
WHOSE HEALTH IS CAUSING CONCERN.PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY AT GLASGOW
UNIVERSITY: THE LATE PROFESSOR
J. S. PHILLIMORE.WELL KNOWN AS A NOVELIST AND WRITER:
THE LATE MR. ALLEN UPWARD.TO BE G.O.C. IN EGYPT: LIEUT.-GENERAL
SIR E. P. STRICKLAND.

The sixth Earl of Chichester died on November 14, and was succeeded by his elder son, who was born in 1905. Owing to illness, the seventh Earl was unable to attend his father's funeral, and he himself died on November 22.—The Rt. Rev. Cyril Charles Bowman Bardsley, formerly Lord Bishop of Peterborough, and now Bishop of the new diocese of Leicester, is fifty-six. Before his appointment to Peterborough, in 1923, he was best known as Hon. Sec. of the Church Missionary Society.—The Duchess of St. Albans, who died on November 18, married the tenth Duke, as his second wife, in 1874.—The Countess of Yarborough, who died on November 17, was thrice a Peeress. She married Lord Yarborough in 1886, and in her own right held the Baronies of Conyers and Fauconberg.—The City Freedom was conferred upon the Prime Ministers of New

Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland, on November 19. Amongst those present were the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught (seen on the right of the photograph).—It is stated that the King of Rumania is better. Nevertheless, Queen Marie cut short her tour in order to return home to him.—Professor Phillimore succeeded Professor Gilbert Murray in the Chair of Greek at Glasgow in 1899, when he was only twenty-six. In 1906, he undertook the duties of the Latin Chair.—Mr. Allen Upward, who was found shot dead, was called to the English Bar in 1888, but deserted the law for politics and literary work. In 1901 he became British Resident in Northern Nigeria, a post he held for some six years.—Lieut-General Sir E. P. Strickland will succeed General Sir R. C. B. Haking on June 1, 1927.

NORTH v. SOUTH IN CHINA: A NEW TURN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



CONSCRIPTION OF FARMERS AS AMMUNITION-CARRIERS: WU PEI-FU INSPECTING RECRUTS, WHO AFTERWARDS SUFFERED HEAVY CASUALTIES.



WU PEI-FU'S BODYGUARD: A GROUP INCLUDING MEN IN "TIN HATS" (POSSIBLY OLD FRENCH WAR HELMETS) AND EXECUTIONERS WITH THEIR SWORDS OF OFFICE (ONE STANDING, RIGHT).



THE "ANTI-'RED'" WAR LORD OF MANCHURIA: MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN.



THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE LEARNT FROM FOREIGNERS, AND SOME DAY, PERHAPS, TO BE USED AGAINST THEM: A CONCEALED CHINESE GUN-PIT IN A FIELD.



DEFEATED AND IMPRISONED BY FENG YU-HSIANG, AND RELEASED BY CHANG TSO-LIN: EX-PRESIDENT TSAO KUN.



LEADER IN NORTH CHINA, AND CHANG TSO-LIN'S ALLY: WU PEI-FU



CHINESE ARTILLERY DISGUISED AMONG GRAVE-MOUNDS FOR CAMOUFLAGE: A SCENE SUGGESTING THAT THE OLD REVERENCE FOR THE DEAD IS A THING OF THE PAST.



THE SO-CALLED "CHRISTIAN" GENERAL: FENG YU-HSIANG, THE "RED" LEADER OF THE KUOMINTANG (NATIONAL ARMY).



TYPICAL SOLDIERS OF THE "CHRISTIAN" GENERAL: SOME OF FENG YU-HSIANG'S TROOPS MARCHING OUT OF A STATION TO OCCUPY A VILLAGE.

The civil war in China has recently assumed a new phase, and the military situation, hitherto in a state of flux, seems to be crystallising into a struggle between North and South that may end the present chaos. Writing on November 21 from Tientsin, just after the conference there between Chang Tso-lin, the War Lord of Manchuria, and leaders in Northern China, the "Morning Post" correspondent says: "A step has been taken to check the northward sweep of the Cantonese-'Red' army. Sun Chuan-fang (Governor of Shanghai), who has lost two provinces to the 'Reds,' and looked like losing a third, is to have



MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS IN CHINESE WARFARE: A WIRELESS OPERATOR ATTACHED TO THE FORCES OF WU PEI-FU, WITH HIS FIELD OUTFIT.

help.... As a result of the conference, Chang Tso-lin has been requested by Sun Chuan-fang and Yen Hsi-shan (the 'model' Governor of Shansi) to assume supreme command of all the anti-Red forces. Chang Tso-lin has accepted, and under his command the entire resources of all the Northern militarists will be unified and concentrated for a decisive struggle against the Cantonese and the Kuomintang (Feng Yu-hsiang's army.) Chang Hsueh-liang (son of Chang Tso-lin) states that the issue of the impending campaign will definitely decide who rules China. The Peking Cabinet is being ignored."

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXXIV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



The birds supply a suggestion for a design of ornaments for the fire-place, but before the sketch is complete—

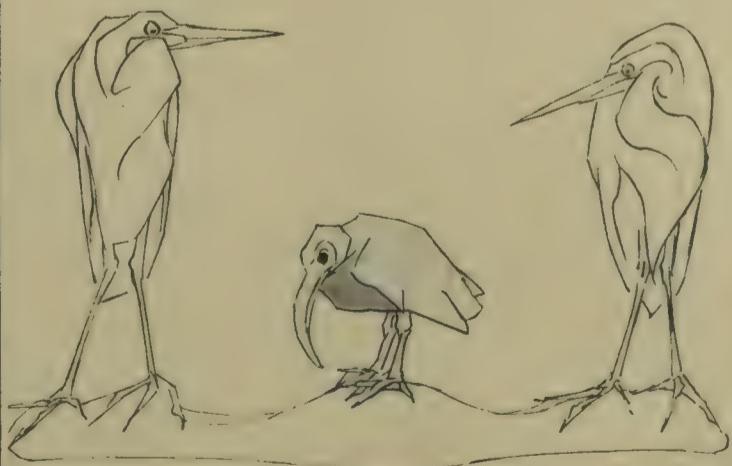
—the birds are rearranged, as by an unseen hand—



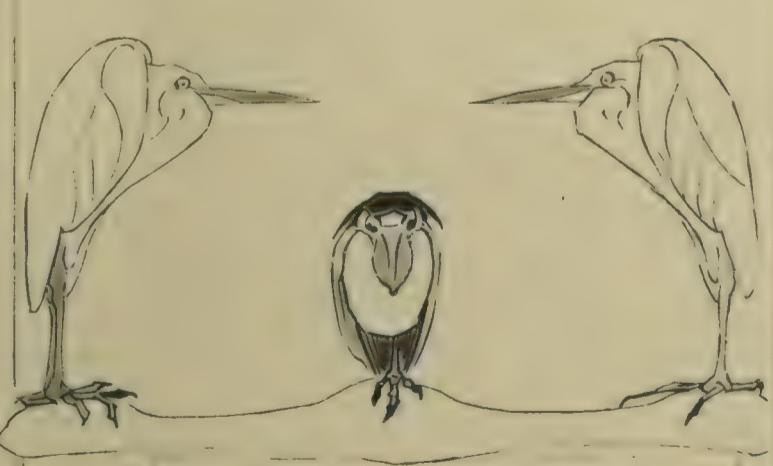
—and later swept to one side as by a maid dusting the mantleshelf—



—and carefully replaced.



Now the centre figure is spirited away, and an understudy reigns in its stead.



Ultimately the trio assume their original positions, and the design is completed. *1052*

ORNAMENTS FOR THE FIREPLACE: ELUSIVE

The waders perch on the various rock ledges like statuettes, and they appear to change places without noise or movement—they come and go mysteriously. A group of three attracted our attention: two great white Herons from Gambia and a Northern Boatbill from Mexico, formally arranged like ornaments on a mantelpiece. It pleased our fancy to make a note of it. Before the sketch was completed, our attention was diverted for a moment; resuming, we found that our models had

"SITTERS" IN THE DIVING BIRDS' HOUSE.

been rearranged, as by an unseen hand. Later again, on looking up, we found that our statues had been swept to one end, as by a maid dusting the shelf—and, later, carelessly replaced. Still loitering to finish our original design, we found that the Boatbill had been spirited away and a scarlet Ibis reigned in his stead. Petulant, we strode away, but one lingering look back revealed that the birds had resumed their original positions, and we completed the design of ornaments for the fireplace.

NEW TREASURES OF ANCIENT PHENICIAN ART:

By COURTESY OF M. CHARLES VIROLLEAUD, DIRECTOR



FIG. 1. SHOWING AEGEAN INFLUENCE, ESPECIALLY THAT OF CYPRUS : TARS FROM SOUTHERN PHENICIA (ABOUT THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 2. STILL INTACT AFTER SOME TIME : THREE AEGEAN POTTERY FROM SOUTHERN SYRIA (ABOUT THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 3. EVIDENTLY IMITATED FROM EGYPTIAN SCARABS : IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN PHENICIAN SEALS (CIRCA SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 4. INCLUDING THE SYMBOL OF TANT, THE CADUCEUS, AND A HORNED ALTAR : RELIEFS ON A CURIOUS TOMB IN THE REGION OF TYRE.



FIG. 5. AN INEXPERT HORSEMAN CLUTCHING HIS MOUNT'S EARS, AND AN ANIMAL-HEADED FIGURE : TERRACOTTA FIGURINES FROM NORTHERN SYRIA.



FIG. 6. IN A DRESS RESEMBLING A TAIL-COAT, WITH A BOW TIE : A TORSO OF MELKART FROM AMRIT, NORTHERN PHENICIA (CIRCA SIXTH CENTURY B.C.).

FIG. 7. APPARENTLY REPRESENTING RAMS, OR A RAM AND A SHEEP : TERRACOTTA FIGURINES FROM NORTHERN SYRIA.



FIG. 8. APPARENTLY REPRESENTING RAMS, OR A RAM AND A SHEEP : TERRACOTTA FIGURINES FROM NORTHERN SYRIA.

REMARKABLE POTTERY, SCULPTURE AND METAL-WORK DISCOVERED IN SYRIA.

OF ANTIQUITIES OF THE FRENCH HIGH COMMISSION IN SYRIA.



FIG. 9. FROM AMRIT, NORTHERN PHENICIA : A BEARDED HEAD (CIRCA SIXTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 10. ANOTHER FINE HEAD FROM AMRIT, ONE OF THE FRAGMENTS OF SCULPTURE (CIRCA SIXTH CENTURY B.C.).

DESCRIBING these very interesting discoveries, M. Charles Virolleaud writes: "The archaeological excavations and researches which have been undertaken since 1920 in the whole extent of Syria and Lebanon, for the Service of Antiquities of the French High Commission, have yielded particularly rich results this year, especially with regard to remote antiquity. In Southern Phoenicia, several archaic cemeteries (from the twentieth to the tenth centuries B.C.) have been explored. Many terra-cotta vases of local manufacture, but showing the influence of Aegean ceramic art, especially that of Cyprus, have been found in the tombs (Figs. 1 and 2). A number of seals have also been discovered, which are of the same type as those of Cyprus and similar to those of Cyprus in Palestine, and obviously an imitation of Egyptian scarabs (Fig. 3). Near the celebrated Mausoleum of Hizan (or Hizam) in the region of Tyre, a curious sepulchre was exhumed, the loculi of which are separated from each other by reliefs representing various symbols, such as the symbol of Tant, the caduceus, the horned altar, and another object which has not yet been identified (Fig. 4). At Tripoli was found a curious stone head of Bes, that Pygmy god of Egyptian origin who was greatly honoured in Western Asia, and of whom there

[Continued below.]

FIG. 11. FROM A ROYAL DWELLING OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. AT ROS-EL-AIN : A FINELY CARVED BAS-RELIEF OF AN OSTRICH IN BAS-RELIEF, FROM THE HOUSE OF KAPARA, ROS-EL-AIN (CIRCA THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 12. CARVED IN VOLCANIC STONE : A REALISTIC FIGURE OF AN OSTRICH IN BAS-RELIEF, FROM THE HOUSE OF KAPARA, ROS-EL-AIN (CIRCA THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 13. FROM THE HOUSE BUILT BY KAPARA IN THE HITTITE STYLE : A BAS-RELIEF OF A WINGED SPHINX-LIKE FIGURE (CIRCA THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 14. CRUDER IN STYLE THAN THE ANIMAL SCULPTURE : AN ARCHAIC BAS-RELIEF OF A HUMAN FIGURE (CIRCA THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 15. FAR MORE ARCHAIC THAN THE ANIMAL FIGURES : ANOTHER BAS-RELIEF FROM THE HOUSE AT ROS-EL-AIN (CIRCA THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).

many terra-cotta statuettes. In Northern Phoenicia, near the Temple of Amrit (the Marathus of the Roman period), hundreds of fragments of sculpture have been discovered belonging to limestone statuettes representing human beings and various divinities, especially Melkart, who is pictured standing, with right arm raised, and having on his shoulders a lion-skin, the paws of which were tied to his chest. As the sacred enclosure of the Temple of Amrit was carved in the rock, and as this rock was full of niches, it is probable that the statues which have just been so happily discovered had been placed in the niches about the sixth century B.C., and that, at the time of the destruction of paganism they had been broken and piled into a ditch near the sanctuary (Figs. 6, 9, and 10). From Northern Syria come various little terra-cotta figurines representing horsemen and quadrupeds (Figs. 7 and 8). The Syrian

Service of Antiquities has also taken photographs of the various bas-reliefs (Figs. 11 to 16) discovered in the excavations carried out before the war under the direction of Baron von Oppenheim, at Ros-el-Ain, on the upper Khabour. These slabs, which have never hitherto been illustrated, were carved from volcanic stone. They come from a dwelling which had been constructed towards the thirteenth century B.C. by a Prince named Kapara, in imitation of the Hittite palaces of Carchemish and Zendjizil. The provincial or archaic character of these sculptures strikes one immediately, especially in those which represent human beings. The animals, whether real or imaginary, are, generally speaking, treated in a much more skilful manner, and some of these bas-reliefs are quite fine, as, for instance, the one where a lion and a bull are seen struggling together" (Fig. 13).

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

SIR BARRY JACKSON TRANSLATES BEAUMARCHAIS.—MANUSCRIPTS AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

SIR BARRY JACKSON has added a little treasure to our library of international dramatic literature by his translation of Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro." Of all the French classic comedies it is one of the most difficult to remould into another language. It is full of facets peculiarly French; it is "full of good quotations" which trip lightly from the French tongue, but demand great dexterity in transposition in order not to become cumbersome and laboured. When the play was performed by the Renaissance Theatre (at the Court), I had not the book in hand, so could not tell whether the translator had in all cases exchanged pure gold for perfect sterling; but

stupendous part of Figaro. He was the Spaniard in all his verve, his picturesque gesticulation, his cunning, his acuteness, his ubiquity. At the *première* he was wholly in his element, and if, in his ardour to conquer his audience, he was now a little too prone to repeat the harlequin gestures, now too vociferous, the final impression was that he had performed the *tour de force*—that he was Figaro—a Figaro so French as well as Spanish that, had he spoken the original tongue, he would have well fitted in a French *ensemble*. From what I have read he has not received half the praise he deserved, but all the foreigners—and there were many—who witnessed this performance of the play were unanimous in their praise. Except to Seymour Hicks, I could point to no one among our actors who could equal, let alone surpass, Donald Calthrop in this character of chameleonic versatility.

It is the somewhat doubtful privilege of the scribe who is considered a "good sort" by his readers to be approached by all manner of requests which take up his time. In the case of the dramatic critic it is deemed, as it were, a collateral duty of his office to read plays of aspirants to dramatic glory. He is, generally, not asked whether he is willing to peruse the manuscripts. Oh, dear no! They are dumped on him; sometimes with a letter nicely worded in the form of appeal (with a little flattery thrown in); more often with a more or less laconic request indicating in veiled terms that: "As I do you the honour to read your articles, it is a matter of course that you should feel pleased to read my play." Now and again stamps or a franked envelope are enclosed, but more often than not the critic is out of pocket in every way—he loses his time and has to pay the postage. A well-known critic of a largely circulated paper dealt drastically with the question by sending to all the petitioners coming forward with uninvited plays the following circular—

X begs to acknowledge receipt of your MS. and will be pleased to peruse it; his fee is ten guineas for more than one act; two guineas for one act. These fees will be waived if the author can prove to the critic's satisfaction that he is unable to afford the above-named (or any) remuneration.

The result was simply miraculous. The flood was stemmed. Where for a long time he received at least a dozen plays a week, the arrivals of the unbidden guests suddenly became reduced to a minimum. He received in a year's time two fees of ten guineas, and not more than half-a-dozen applicants pleaded the *forma pauperis*. He also received a few abusive letters: "One would have thought that one who proclaims incessantly his love for the drama would consider it a duty of honour to assist the struggling dramatist." Evidently all these good people had not the slightest idea what it means to read a play with due attention and to form an opinion as to its acting possibilities. The job, conscientiously performed, demands two hours' "hard" reading, and at least another hour or so for consideration and expressing an opinion of some value to the would-be dramatist. In other words, the critic is expected to give as much time to the stranger whom "he may not know from Adam" as to the article for which he is duly remunerated by the editor.

And there are other considerations which may render play-reading a very irksome and laborious

task. Many budding playwrights have no idea how to present their work. Some send it in full of correction, interpolations, references, and annotations in abominable handwriting. Some send typewritten copies which by evident circulation have become soiled, mixed up, haphazardly pinned together. Some type their plays on both sides of the paper. Some send them rolled up or folded manywise, which renders the perusal an ordeal, as the reader has constantly to pause in order to flatten out the recalcitrant pages. Those who foist such untidy material on the critic (and the managers, all of whom could a tale of woe unfold) have no idea how it affects the judgment on their plays.

More than one play has been rejected for such reasons. Haddon Chambers, the late renowned dramatist, told me that he sent his first play—which made his name—"Captain Swift," to Sir Herbert Tree. Typewriting was unknown in England in those days, and the author's handwriting was "more artistic than legible." "Yet"—he added—"it was done in my best style, and I could not afford to go to one of the calligraphists of the time."

Tree, after a while, declared that he had tried to decipher the copy, but that the perusal had entailed such labour that he could not make up his mind. He indicated that it might be a very good play, but he could "not see it quite" from the script. Then Chambers persuaded the great manager to let him read the play *to him*. The request was granted, and, as Chambers was a most animated reader, the effect was such that "Captain Swift" was promptly accepted, and proved one of the great successes of the actor-manager's career.

My own experience of Shaw's first play, "Widowers' Houses," was also interesting. He sent it in odds and ends—truly beautifully written, for Shaw's writing is as distinct and picturesque as the etcher's needle; but, what with corrections and transpositions, and other quaint vagaries of the pages, it took me a couple of evenings to "get through" the manuscript and to "see clear." However, this was Shaw, and the game was worth the candle. When afterwards he presented me with the prompt-copy, this time as compact as it was a model of calligraphy, the reading was sheer joy. The manuscript, by its very nature, literally carried me away and onward in breathless speed.

Many authors of renown, realising the value of first impressions—print their plays before sending them to the managers for whom they are intended. This, I think, is the custom of Sir Arthur Pinero



THE ALL-IMPORTANT GAME OF POKER IN "QUEEN HIGH," AT THE QUEEN'S: GEORGE B. NETTLETON (MR. A. W. BASKCOMB), VANDERHOLT (MR. HADDON MASON), JIMMY (MR. FRANK MASTERS), AND BOGGS JOHNS (MR. JOE COYNE)—LEFT TO RIGHT.

In "Queen High" we are shown partners in a business firm who carry on—or rather, hinder—their trade by quarrelling. The family lawyer suggests that the trouble be decided by a game of poker. The winner is to be in absolute command of the loser. George B. Nettleton wins, and decrees that the loser, Boggs Johns, must act as his butler for one year.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

many a time, when the French phrase flared up in memory, the equivalent seemed as light-footed, as happily alliterated, as the original. Particularly, the great speech of Figaro in the last act—the longest speech in French drama, whose very delivery was a feat of oratory by Mr. Donald Calthrop—the speech which was one of the torches that set fire to the French Revolution—sounded, as nearly as possible, of equal power to that in the original. Modern it was in many of its sentiments, but the language was of classic measuredness and distinction. This fact alone testifies to the quality of Sir Barry's work. It will read as impressively as it sounded in the well-modulated voice of Mr. Calthrop.

As for the play—particularly at the Sunday performance—it was a feast of joy akin to a revelation. One wonders why this masterpiece—in the repertory of all Continental theatres—has never before been heard by the present generation in England, except in opera. It is high comedy in the finest sense of the word; its satire and raillery has lost none of its fragrance, despite the passing of nearly two centuries. Figaro, like Don Juan, is the will-o'-the-wisp-like charlatan of all ages, something between a clown and a philosopher. He is the incarnation of the French saying: "*Nul est héros pour son valet de chambre*"—and, if he himself was not quite a hero, he proved himself the superior of his master the Count (an excellent performance by Mr. Clark), whom he outwitted and befooled in the vein of Harlequin.

There were many happy impersonations in the Renaissance performance, produced by Mr. de Warfaz in the simple elegance of curtains and furniture, and in admirable fealty to tradition. The Suzanne of Miss Marda Vanne was truly adorable, as Gallic as an English girl could possibly be, with *espèglerie* in her eyes and smiles and diction; the Countess of Miss Dorothy Dix was the real lady of quality, grand in manner and attire; and Mr. George Howe, as Cherubino, generally played by a girl, was as juvenile and manly as the courtier as he was delightfully deceptive in girlish raiment.

But the pivot was Mr. Donald Calthrop in the



THE VILLAGE BEAUTY, THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHER, AND THE SWEET, NAIVE ORPHAN: EMMA (MISS VIOLA LYEL), RICHARD (MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE), AND LYDIA (MISS MURIEL HEWITT) IN "YELLOW SANDS." "Yellow Sands," Mr. Eden and Miss Adelaide Phillips's comedy of the West Country, has just been produced by Sir Barry Jackson, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who even present the critics with printed copies before production—an invaluable aid to those who have to write hot-foot after the *première*.

AN ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF MOLIÈRE: "THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.



THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN EXAMINES HIS NEW COAT: SECOND LACKEY (HUBERT LANGLEY), M. JOURDAIN (NIGEL PLAYFAIR), BAPTISTE (JAMES WHALE), AND A TAILOR (ARNOLD PILBEAM)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN AND HIS FAMILY: M. JOURDAIN (NIGEL PLAYFAIR), MME. JOURDAIN (MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER), NICOLE (MISS FLORENCE McHUGH), AND LUCILLE (MISS FAY YEATMAN)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



THE PARTY AT WHICH M. JOURDAIN GETS NONE OF HIS OWN DINNER: DORIMÈNE (VIOLET GRAHAM), SECOND LACKEY (HUBERT LANGLEY), DORANTE (WILLIAM STACK), M. JOURDAIN (NIGEL PLAYFAIR)—L. TO R.



CLEONTE MASQUERADES AS THE SON OF THE GRAND TURK: DORIMÈNE (MISS VIOLET GRAHAM), M. JOURDAIN (NIGEL PLAYFAIR), CLEONTE (CARLETON HOBBS)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



THE FAUN, THE SHEPHERDESS, AND THE SATYR OF THE BALLET: MISS PENELOPE SPENCER, MISS FRANCES JAMES, AND MR. MILES MALLESON—LEFT TO RIGHT.



THE CONSPIRATORS: COVILLE (GEORGE BISHOP), CLEONTE (CARLETON HOBBS), AND DORANTE (WILLIAM STACK) PLOTTING HOW TO TRICK M. JOURDAIN INTO CONSENTING TO THE MARRIAGE OF CLEONTE AND LUCILLE.

"The Would-Be Gentleman," adapted by F. Anstey from Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," is Mr. Nigel Playfair's latest production at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Mr. Playfair has already made this theatre famous as the home of his adorned and decorated productions of classic plays, and "The Would-Be Gentleman" is a suitable successor to "The Beggar's Opera," etc. The stage settings and the costumes are important features of the presentation; and Mr. Nigel Playfair plays the title rôle with his usual gusto. On our page we give some of the important moments in the play, including M. Jourdain examining his new suit, and the preposterous dinner-party given for Dorimène when the Would-Be Gentleman gets none

of his own good food. M. Jourdain is also shown as the Mamamouchi, introducing Dorimène to Cléonthe, disguised as the Son of the Grand Turk, and the conspirators are pictured hatching their plot to trick Jourdain into allowing the marriage of Cléonthe and Lucille. The ballet, in which Miss Penelope Spencer, Miss Frances James, and Mr. Miles Malleson appear, is the entertainment given by Jourdain in order to please Dorimène, and is one of the most popular features of the production. Mr. Miles Malleson doubles the parts of the Mufti and the Dancing Master, as well as appearing as the Satyr of the ballet. The scenery and dresses are by Mr. Norman Wilkinson.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE reception given by the Duke and Duchess of York at St. James's Palace in honour of the delegates to the Imperial Conference last week was a very brilliant and stately function. Among the eight hundred guests were the members of the Diplomatic Corps, Ministers and Members of Parliament, distinguished officers from the three services, the Presidents of learned societies, and men famous in art and literature. The men wore their decorations, and the women, many of whom wore gold or silver frocks, wore their tiaras and finest jewels, while the Indian Princes and their wives were resplendent in their robes, jewels, and wonderful head-dresses.

The whole suite of State rooms had been thrown open to the guests. They assembled in the Armoury, and passed in single file through the Tapestry Room, where they were received by the Duke and by the Duchess, who looked extremely well in a pink frock embroidered with diamanté. She wore a diamond tiara and a rope of pearls. The Prince of Wales, who had given a preliminary dinner party at which the Duke and Duchess of York had been present, with several of the Conference delegates and their wives, arrived at the reception after most of the guests had been received. Many other members of the Royal Family were present, including Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Marie Louise, with several of the younger royalties.

Lady Haig, who was before her marriage one of Queen Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour, and Lady Kenmare are the two ladies on the committee which has been appointed, with the approval of the King, to consider what form the visible memorial to Queen Alexandra is to take. Nearly all the money which is being so freely subscribed for the national memorial will be devoted to furthering the work that Queen Alexandra had most at heart. It will provide for the employment of a great many more Queen's district nurses to look after the sick poor in their own homes. But it is realised that her people will like to have some visible memorial of their beloved Queen, and this committee, which met for the first time last week, will discuss various suggestions. The only thing definitely decided is that the visible memorial will be put in some place in London where everyone can see it.



ON THE COMMITTEE TO DECIDE THE FORM OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MEMORIAL: LADY HAIG.
Photograph by Bassano.

ment of a great many more Queen's district nurses to look after the sick poor in their own homes. But it is realised that her people will like to have some visible memorial of their beloved Queen, and this committee, which met for the first time last week, will discuss various suggestions. The only thing definitely decided is that the visible memorial will be put in some place in London where everyone can see it.

The baby Princess Elizabeth would, no doubt, be greatly surprised to know that she is one of the Founders of that future pleasant and academic centre for women University graduates of all nations, Crosby Hall. The Duchess of York, when she visited Chelsea

to unveil the commemorative tablet on the new building, gave permission for one of the rooms in that hall of residence to be named after the wee Princess. This was the desire of a very generous donor who had the right to name a room, and who is delighted to know that the youngest of our royalties will henceforth be associated with the women graduates' great venture.

A number of prominent women were present at the Crosby Hall gathering last week when the Duchess of York unveiled the tablet, which has been set above the entrance to the new building, and commemorates the achievement of the British women graduates who purchased the ancient Hall. Among those who were presented to the Duchess was Miss Spurling, who has been appointed Warden of Crosby Hall, and who will take up her post there when the new hall of residence for international University women is opened in the spring. Miss Spurling, who was born and brought up in Oxford, where her father was head of one of the colleges, has been for the last six years Warden of the Ellis Lloyd Hall of Residence for Manchester University women. She speaks many languages and has travelled a great deal, and she is well qualified to be the head of a centre which will attract post-graduate students from the Universities of England, as well as from many foreign countries and from other parts of the Empire. Miss Spurling has never believed in too many rules and regulations for women students, and, as the residents at Crosby Hall will have passed through the student stage, she will let them have as much freedom as possible. They will come to London to work, and will attend post-graduate lectures or get experience in laboratories or study social movements; but Miss Spurling wants them to meet interesting people outside of academic circles. She hopes to bring famous people to lecture to them or to meet them at the entertainments which will be a feature of Crosby Hall's social life. Chelsea is to have a new and lively centre of intellectual interest.

The Dominion Premiers are confessing that they are feeling the heavy strain of the Conference work, with the additional press of public and social engagements, and that they would like nothing better than to sleep for a week when it is all over. Their wives are not spending long hours in committee-rooms, but

they are kept busy from morning till midnight, and yet cannot find time for half the things they want to do. Londoners are used to covering great distances in the course of the day, but to Colonial visitors London seems not so much a town as a country, and they grow very tired of their journeys, with all the delays and changes. They are beginning to look worn-out, and when they get home they will find it almost impossible to believe they could have done so much in the time.

Lady Clare Annesley, elder daughter of the beautiful Priscilla Countess Annesley, is a social reformer of a delightful but rather rare type. Holding very strong convictions, she is too kind-hearted to condemn people who do not agree with her. Even when she explains why she can no longer bear to eat meat, or hunt, or wear furs, or tolerate the idea of a bird being killed to trim her hats, she is anxious to make it clear that other people must judge these questions for themselves. She is sorry for the animals

who suffer, and nearly as sorry for the people who thoughtlessly contribute to their suffering. It was probably her strongly developed sense of pity more even than her ideas of justice that led her to join the Labour Party, by whom she was recently accepted as a Parliamentary candidate. It will be extremely interesting to see how she conducts her electoral campaign when the time comes, especially to see how she deals with hecklers. One would expect the heckler to feel rather embarrassed when he found how anxious she was not to hurt his feelings.

Lady Lindsay, the wife of the new British Ambassador at Berlin, has had some experience of life in an Embassy and the problems of the Diplomatic Corps, for she has just come from Constantinople, where her husband, Sir Ronald Lindsay, was in the first year of their marriage his Majesty's representative, and in the second, British Ambassador. But the problem awaiting her in Berlin was one that had stirred official society there to its depths. The question was—

which of the Ambassadors' wives should introduce her into the diplomatic circle, and take her to make her official calls on the other ladies. There is a nice and perilous etiquette in these observances, but no precedent apparently existed for the difficulty that arose in Berlin. The wife of the Russian Ambassador would, in the normal course of things, have undertaken the duties of chaperon; but as neither America, Holland, Sweden, nor Switzerland recognises the Soviet Government, she could not have accompanied Lady Lindsay in her calls at those Embassies. The problem was satisfactorily solved when Frau Karl von Schubert, the wife of the Under-Secretary in the German Foreign Office, was asked to undertake the duty. She began this week to accompany Lady Lindsay on her round of official visits. Frau von Schubert will come to London presently as Ambassador herself if, as expected, her husband is appointed to the German Embassy. He took a prominent part in the Locarno negotiations, and came to London last year for the signing of the Treaty.

Lady Lindsay, who was Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, of New York, married Sir Ronald Lindsay, son of the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford and brother of the present Earl, two years ago. In appearance she presents a marked contrast to our former Ambassador at Berlin, the stately Lady D'Abernon, for she is small and vivacious. Sir Ronald Lindsay, who was educated at Winchester, was Assistant Private Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Sir Edward Grey (now Viscount Grey of Fallodon) from 1908-1909, and in 1913 he was appointed Under-Secretary of Finance in Egypt, and Minister Plenipotentiary to Paris in 1920, after which he went to Constantinople.



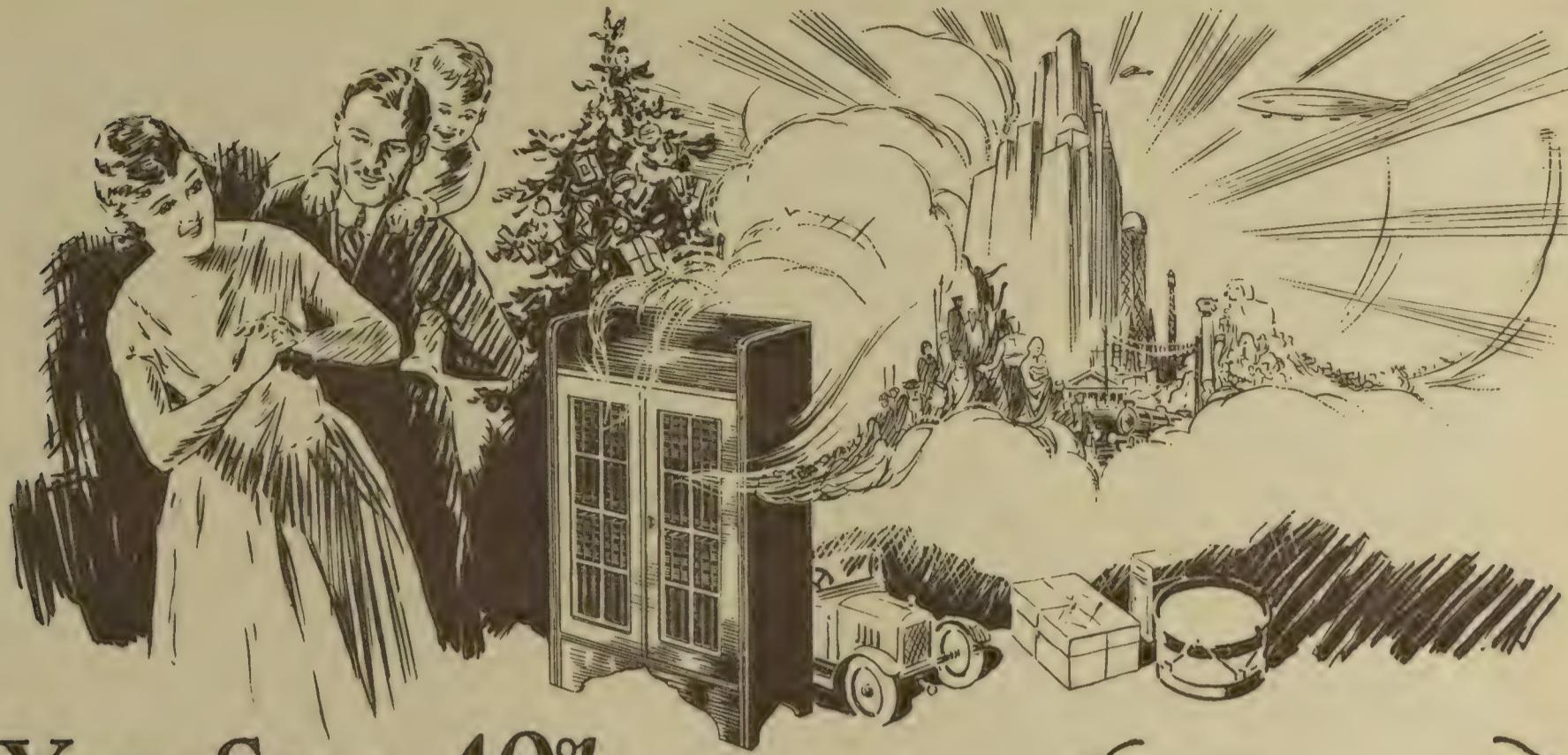
DAUGHTER OF PRISCILLA COUNTESS ANNESLEY, AND SOCIAL REFORMER: LADY CLARE ANNESLEY.
Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF COTTFENHAM:
MISS VENETIA TAYLOR.

The marriage between the Earl of Cottenham and Miss Venetia Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. V. Taylor, of North Aston Manor, Oxford, is to take place in January.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



You Save 40%

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, New Edition

The Greatest Gift of All!

FOR lasting pleasure, permanent usefulness and practical benefit, no other Christmas gift can be compared even for a moment with the New 13th Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Just imagine what it would mean to have in your home the very latest and most authoritative information on every subject in which you are, or may be, interested!

Consider, too, that this wealth of valuable information is presented by the world's foremost leaders in all the new and amazing developments which vitally concern the daily life of every man and woman in the world today!

You can save 40% if you act promptly

A small cash payment secures your set

To bring the price of this greatest of all Christmas gifts within easy reach of every home, this new Britannica has been published not only in the De Luxe Cambridge format (32 volumes), but also in the compact, convenient and economical NEW FORM (16 double volumes), at a saving of NEARLY HALF THE PRICE, and for a small initial payment YOUR set will be delivered AT ONCE!

Orders pouring in

The tremendous demand for this universally popular NEW FORM has resulted in such a flood of orders that all former sales records have already been far exceeded.

It has always been the policy of the Encyclopædia Britannica to print only as many copies of each new edition as a reasonable estimate of the probable demand might warrant.

In this way, there can be no loss on account of over-production and the cost to YOU is kept right down to a minimum.

But this New 13th Edition, in the now celebrated NEW FORM, has been chosen by buyers of all classes, *in preference* to the more expensive Cambridge Issue, and it will be necessary for YOU to act quickly if you wish to avoid disappointment.

The Britannica in the NEW FORM is complete and unabridged. It is printed from the same large-type plates as the famous Cambridge Issue, and the contents of both issues are identical, word for word, illustration for illustration.

A vital necessity

This latest and greatest edition of the world-famous Encyclopædia Britannica will complete your equipment for the full

understanding and enjoyment of the world you live in.

Here is the full record of world progress complete up to the very days in which you are living; a vast and inexhaustible source of living, first-hand knowledge; by far the most comprehensive survey of human activities ever published.

Can you imagine a more welcome gift to anyone than this?

The happy recipient of such a gift has at his finger ends a fascinating record of the new and startling advances in Science and Invention, in Art and Literature, in Business and Industry, in Politics and Social Service. A safe guide to still greater achievement in the eventful years to come.

Its value is priceless

Value for value, and shilling for shilling, this new Britannica is the best investment in the world today; the most useful gift that money can buy; the most profitable asset anyone can possess.

Its value is priceless; its benefits cannot be estimated in pounds, shillings and pence.... It gives its owner the last word in any serious discussion.... It is the last word in authority on every subject of importance.

Make sure that this priceless gift will be in YOUR home on Christmas morning.

There is just time before Christmas to get all the facts and make your decision. You need not risk a shilling.

for Mother

A source of joy and inspiration... new and practical information concerning her own problems and her many diversified interests... solid enjoyment for a long evening... help in furnishing the home... in educating the children, in character building, in stimulating interest, in the formation of good habits... help in understanding her neighbours' special interests, thus making her friendships infinitely more lasting and profitable...

for Father

A testing ground for all his talents and abilities... facts concerning everything in every field of endeavour... complete, compact, expert up-to-the-minute information that he can build on...

and the Children

Splendid coloured pictures of animals, birds, flowers, famous paintings, china and porcelain... diagrams and illustrations of aeroplanes, aircraft, architecture, wireless, films, races of men... life stories of heroes, kings, princes, presidents, explorers, artists... points on all kinds of games... help in preparing daily lessons for school... a sure foundation for building life's greatest possession, accurate knowledge.

This 80-Page Booklet **FREE**

Write for it Now—TODAY. It tells all about the new Britannica; describes the handsome Cambridge Issue; also the NEW FORM (40% saving); and explains our Easy Terms of Payment which enable ANYONE to purchase this incomparable Christmas Gift.



Fill in and post
the Coupon Now—
TODAY.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA CO., LTD.,
125 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Please send me, by return of post, your free 80-page Specimen Book of the new 1926 ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA (13th Edition). Also details of your Bargain Offer of the NEW FORM, together with full particulars of your easy terms of payment.

Name

Address

ILN46N

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

RICHARD STRAUSS IN LONDON.

In spite of the complaints on all sides that good music does not pay, and of rumours that the Queen's Hall may be turned into a cinema, and that Sir Thomas Beecham is going to America never to return, because music is not sufficiently appreciated in this country, the number of orchestral concerts, to say nothing of others, does not diminish, but has, in fact, increased.

The British Broadcasting Company has already been responsible for three "national" orchestral concerts at the Albert Hall, at the last of which Dr. Richard Strauss conducted a programme of his own compositions. Among them was the gigantic "Alpine Symphony," which had only once before been played in London. This elaborate work, which lasts three-quarters of an hour, is a sad example of wasted talents. Only a musician of extraordinary skill could have executed such a work. It is a sort of musical catalogue of Alpine views, but a catalogue printed by a firm of rather cheap printers, and illustrated with conventional views in the three-colour process. When I say extraordinary skill, I may seem to say something inconsistent with my description of the results; but music is a comparatively new art, and it is still slightly startling to discover that such elaborate scene-painting can be done in music so realistically. With the help of a rain and

thunder machine, bells, and a full orchestra, Strauss manages to depict an ascent of the Alps, and a storm and a sunset; but there is nothing unforeseen or unexpected in the emotion which this Alpine ascent awakens in us. In fact, we are not stirred to any emotion whatsoever, owing to the conventional, not

of the musical phrases and idioms that he has used before.

The other compositions included in this programme were his early "Don Juan" tone-poem, the Dance from "Salomé," and the "Festal Prelude," which was written for the opening of the new Vienna concert-hall in 1913. This last work had never before been played in this country, and, like most of these specially commissioned commemorative compositions, does nothing to increase its composer's reputation. It is unlikely that it will ever be heard in this country again. Strauss is, perhaps, the only example in the history of music of a composer of remarkable talents, even genius, who has deteriorated rather than progressed. The musical development of Strauss presents a very depressing picture. He began in the twenties with such an orchestral masterpiece as "Don Juan," which is full of creative vigour and musical invention. At about thirty he had written his finest orchestral work, "Till Eulenspiegel"; from that time on, he planned and executed a series of orchestral compositions from "Also Sprach Zarathustra" to the "Sinfonia Domestica," in which the moiety of inspiration was drowned in a welter of magniloquence, empty rhetoric, and bombast. Turning to the operatic form, he composed the only two veritable Grand Guignol operas, "Salomé" and "Electra," in which the auditor is treated

(Continued overleaf.)



PANELLED IN OLD PINE—FOR A WELL-KNOWN ENTERTAINER: A ROOM IN MISS GWEN FARRAR'S HOUSE AT CHELSEA.

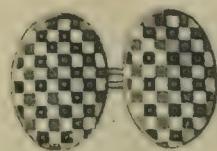
The room owes its charm to Messrs. Ernest Williams, Ltd., of 27, Davies Street, Berkeley Square. The principals of the firm are Messrs. Ernest Williams and Ronald Trew, and Prince Chermoyeff.

to say hackneyed, character of the music, which never strikes a fresh or new note. It is also reminiscent of Strauss's earlier work, containing many

to a chamber of musical horrors. The best that can be said of these two operas is that they do, occasionally, give us an authentic Grand Guignol thrill. This is

GIFT SUGGESTIONS from HARRODS

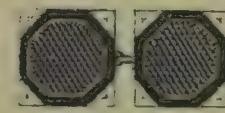
Harrods present some suggestions from the Jewellery Salon—Ground Floor.



Solid Gold Sleeve Links,
Enamelled Black and Green
check pattern.
£1 17 6 pair.



Ladies' Solid Gold Watch on Moiré Silk
Bracelet. Finely jewelled lever movement.
(W151/97) £6 6 0



New design Sleeve Links,
18-ct. Gold engine-turned
centres with fine Blue and
White Enamel border.
(J118/63) £5 0 0 pair.



Gentlemen's 18-ct.
Solid Gold Signet
Ring. Substantial
weight. (R450/30)
£3 7 6



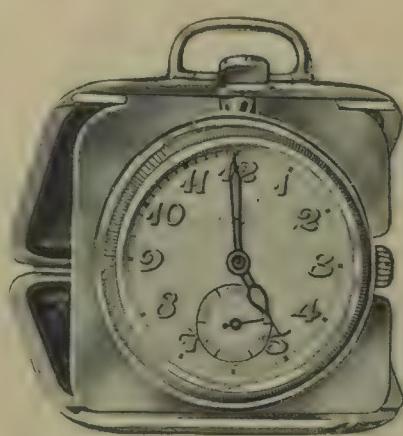
18-ct. Gold Signet
Ring, Platinum border,
for Ladies' wear.
(R199/35) £2 5 0



Fox Brooch, 15-ct. Solid
Gold. For hat or corsage
wear. (B120/16) £2 17 6



Solid Gold drop-
action Pencil.
Finely engine-
turned. (J250/65)
£1 18 6



Solid Silver Folding Watch. Just right
for those who travel. Engine lined case,
fine quality lever movement, luminous
dial. Exceptionally thin when folded
for use in pocket. (W100/1) £4 7 6



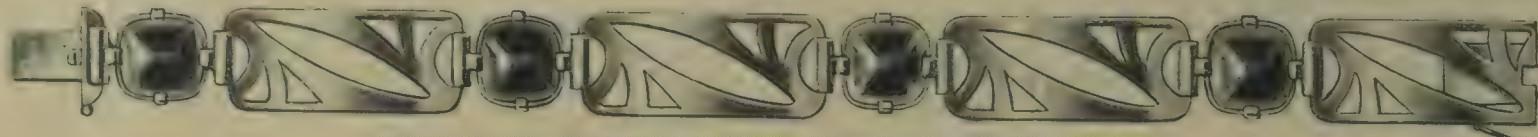
Platinum set Dia-
mond Arrow.
(B540/2). £8 10 0



Fine Black and White
Enamel, on 18-ct. Gold
Sleeve Links. (J118/60).
£5 10 0 pair.



Solid Gold and Dark Blue
Enamel Sleeve Links.
(J118/66) £1 17 6 pair



"Tango" Bracelet. Newest design. Solid Gold, set Green Cornelians. (J24/63) £10 0 0



HEARD AT THE CLUB

"But . . . I didn't ask for anything, George."

"Not in words, sir; but you looked that tired and done up, I guessed you'd be wanting a Worthington."

"George, you're a genius!"

Continued.
particularly true of "Electra," especially when an actress of power, such as Maria Olszewska, plays the part of Clytemnestra.

In "Der Rosenkavalier" he turned away from these horrors, and produced what is for two acts a masterpiece, and in the third act a bad mixture of tedious fooling and touching sentiment. Since then, the proportion of the meretricious and empty has grown greater, and most of his later works seem to show a state of utter destitution. If we ask ourselves for an explanation of a process which is the reverse of the normal—since nearly all musical genius has grown and developed with the development of the composer—it would not, I think, be assuming too much to put it down to the conditions under which Strauss has worked. We have here—for the first time in history, I think—an example of musical genius spoiled by a too early and too great success. It seems as if neglect and success are the Scylla and Charybdis of genius. The one is as unfavourable as the other; but, if anything, success is the more fatal.

Sufficient recognition and financial support to enable the artist to go on working with some measure of confidence in himself is undoubtedly essential, and Wagner, Mozart, and Beethoven all had that amount of success in their lifetime. But whether their growth was too fast for the public to keep up to them, and this accentuated their individuality and threw them back upon themselves, making them develop their own resources to the fullest extent, or whether they were neglected more by accident and by the nature of the times in which they lived, is perhaps arguable. What is certain is that Strauss has had an unbroken record of success, and that his success has not only been artistic, but financial. Whatever the explanation may be, it is certain that his genius has not developed, because there is no perceptible growth or development of the personality. The musical genius of a composer depends upon his inner life as much as upon his physical constitution, and we are quickly made aware in the works of the mature Strauss that there is more talent than content, that the gift of musical utterance is not accompanied by anything worth uttering. This absence of content characterises everything Strauss has written in recent years.

Mr. Bruno Walter accompanied that fine singer, Lotte Lehmann, in a recital at the Albert Hall recently,

and disappointed some of his admirers by his occasional arresting of the rhythm and lack of support. He is always inclined to extremely slow *tempo*, and at times he overdoes it, and the result is mere musical deliquescence. I much preferred the accompanying of Miss Paula Hegner at Elena Gerhardt's recital a few days later at the Queen's Hall. But Mr. Bruno Walter made amends by giving us a superb performance of a Haydn Symphony at the London Symphony Orchestra's concert on Nov. 15. Here we had vital, compelling rhythm, an exceptionally good ensemble, and wonderful phrasing. At this same concert a violinist new to London, Miss Alma Moodie, who is, I understand, an Australian, made a very good impression in Brahms's Violin Concerto, her intonation being notably pure. She, however, is a little crude in her phrasing, and needs to acquire more subtlety and refinement.

Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony was also performed on this occasion, and it has prompted me to reflect that we are perhaps in the habit of under-rating Tchaikovsky nowadays. One is often tempted to wish that a little exchanging of qualities could be done between composers. Tchaikovsky, who was the least worldly of men, could have done with a dose of Strauss's sanity, detachment, and equipoise, just as Richard Strauss would be all the better for a tincture of Tchaikovsky's impulsive self-forgetfulness. But what a wonderful melodist Tchaikovsky was! The tunes (and such tunes!) simply stream out of him. Again, like all the Russians, he was a superb master of orchestration and had an extraordinary range of expression at his finger-tips. Think of the Tchaikovsky of the "Casse-Noisette" Suite, the "Pathétique" Symphony, and the "1812" Overture. What a variety of expression and of invention! The power of creating the most exquisite detail and of making those massed sonorous effects has rarely existed in the same man. The "1812" Overture was written for a special occasion, just as Strauss's "Festal Prelude" was; but how immeasurably superior it is! Tchaikovsky managed to "bring it off" completely. Whatever you may think of the "1812" Overture purely as music, you cannot deny the unfailing and extraordinary effectiveness of it. It is a masterpiece of its kind.

Tchaikovsky also wrote many operas, which are never heard in this country, although they contain some beautiful music. He was a younger man than

Richard Strauss now is when he died; but he had not ceased to show signs of that power of development, the lack of which is the most serious defect in Strauss, and one that makes one doubtful of his future reputation, and of his ultimate position in the history of music.

W. J. TURNER.

The Stage Guild is giving its third annual supper party and cabaret at the New Claridge's Restaurant, on Thursday, Dec. 2, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Alexander, Lady Forbes-Robertson, Lady Wyndham, Mrs. Lendrum, the Earl of Cromer, the Earl of Lathom, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, Sir Barry V. Jackson, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge. Dancing will be from 9.30 p.m. to 3 a.m., supper at 11 p.m., and the All-Star Cabaret at midnight. The following artists have kindly consented to appear: Davy Burnaby, Peggy Beaty, Nelson Keys, Alice Delysia, Nick Lucas, Norah Blaney, Clifford Mollison, E. Scott-Gatty, and Alfred C. Reynolds (accompanist).

One of the most important balls of the autumn season will be the "Three B's Ball" at Claridge's on Dec. 15, under the patronage of Mrs. Stanley Baldwin. The festivity is in aid of Braille Books for the Blind, and is being held in order to raise funds for the National Library for the Blind. It is not generally realised that the sightless cannot afford to own their own books, owing not only to the high price of Braille, but because the volumes take up so much room. The library now has 10,000 volumes, and 7000 are added every year, but there is no space for more books so a new building is urgently needed, since ten thousand blind readers depend on the library for their literature. Mrs. Gordon Munro, one of the Premier's daughters, is the chairman of the Ball Committee, which includes such well-known members of the younger set in Society as Lady Mary Ashley Cooper, Miss Baldwin, Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, and Miss Marcella Duggan, the daughter of Lady Curzon. Among the attractions of the ball will be the distribution of many valuable prizes and the auction of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman's Test Match bat, which will be sold by Mr. Jack Buchanan, Mr. Chapman having given it for this purpose.



SALE, Dec. 3rd.—A "FAMILLE VERTE" PLATE, 10½ in. K'ANG-HSI.



SALE, Dec. 8th.—OIL PAINTING—"PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK"—John Hoppner, R.A.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY & CO., (Established 1744).

34-35, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Forthcoming sales by Auction, each Sale commencing at ONE o'clock precisely.—

Nov. 29th.—JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS, CHINESE DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS ON SILK, etc.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had.

Nov. 30th.—OLD ENGRAVINGS, including Views of London, sporting prints, etc.

Dec. 1st.—DRAWINGS AND PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS.

Dec. 2nd.—OLD ENGLISH GLASS, comprising the property of Major H. C. DENT, 2, Cliff Avenue, Cromer, and of Mrs. GEORGE JOSHUA, 39, Rutland Gate, S.W.

Dec. 3rd.—FINE CHINESE PORCELAIN, the property of Mrs. GEORGE JOSHUA. OLD ENGLISH walnut and mahogany FURNITURE; FINE TAPESTRIES, etc.

Illustrated Catalogues (4 plates), 2s.

Dec. 6th-9th.—PRINTED BOOKS.

Dec. 7th.—Valuable ENGRAVINGS BY OLD MASTERS, comprising an important collection of German and other Woodcuts of the XV. century. Illustrated Catalogues (3 plates), 1s. 6d.

Dec. 8th.—Valuable PICTURES and DRAWINGS, comprising Pictures of the early Italian School, the property of SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES, Bt. (sold by Direction of His Executors). ENGLISH PORTRAITS by G. Romney, J. Hoppner, Sir P. Lely, and others, including the property of Lt.-Col. G. B. CROFT LYONS, of LORD JOICEY, of ELIOTT SCARLETT CURREY, Esq., and of T. H. J. V. LANE, Esq. Illustrated Catalogues (8 plates), 3s. 6d.

Dec. 9th.—PORCELAIN, TEXTILES and ORIENTAL CARPETS.

Dec. 10th.—WORKS OF ART and OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

Dec. 13th-15th.—Valuable PRINTED BOOKS, FINE BINDINGS, ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, etc.

Illustrated Catalogues (7 plates), 3s. 6d.

Dec. 16th-17th.—Egyptian, Greek and Roman ANTIQUITIES.

Illustrated Catalogues (9 plates), 5s.

Dec. 21st-22nd.—AN IMPORTANT LIBRARY OF HEBREW BOOKS.

Sales on View at least two days prior. Catalogues may be had.



SALE, Dec. 16th-17th.—HEAD OF AN EGYPTIAN KING, 6 in. high. 26th Dynasty.



SALE, Dec. 8th.—OIL PAINTING—"DUCHESS OF RICHMOND and LENNOX."—Sir Peter Lely.



OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 10

"Mad as a Hatter"

AT the time of the Civil War there lived a Buckinghamshire hermit named Robert Crabbe, renowned as a fanatical vegetarian, at one time feeding on dock leaves and grass; as a doctor; author; mystic; and prophet. The Restoration and the coming of William the Third were prophesied by him.

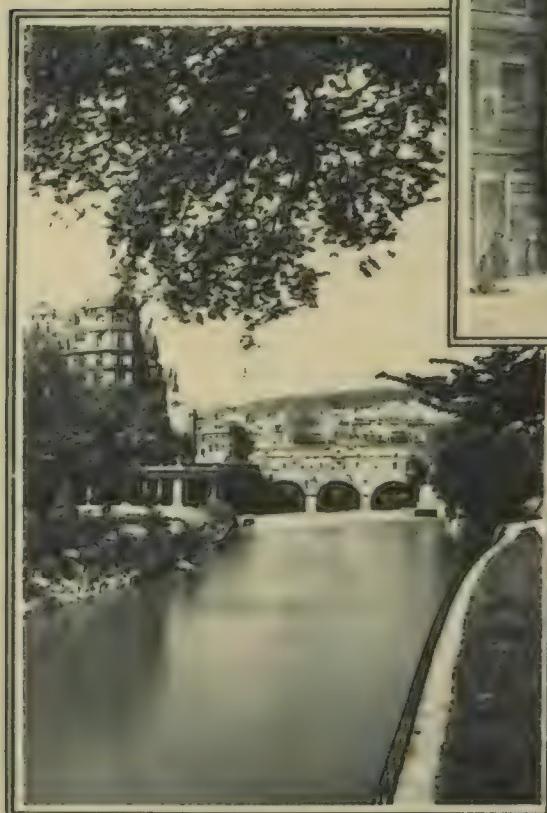
He became a prosperous "haberdasher of Hats" at Chesham and earned for himself the title of Mad Hatter because of his habit of praying behind the counter, and because, in 1651, he sold his shop and goods and distributed the money among the poor.

In later years the phrase was connected with Australian shepherds and hut-keepers whose lonely life impaired their mental faculties, and whose diversion was the making of cabbage-tree hats.

Born 1820—
Still going Strong!

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

GLIMPSES OF BATH :



A LOVELY CORNER OF THE AVON, SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE FAMOUS EMPIRE HOTEL AT BATH.

In the Days of Beau Nash. To talk of Bath without remembering the days of Beau Nash would be telling a story without the beginning. It is true that Queen Elizabeth and other royalties had visited the city long before his reign, but it was Beau Nash who established there in the eighteenth century a centre of rank and fashion whose fame attracted all Europe. Though the road to the west was beset by highwaymen, and a hundred mishaps threatened the coaches, yet nothing daunted the *beau mode* from its pilgrimage to this picturesque city. The news of the arrival of anyone of importance was not allowed to pass unnoticed, for by the orders of the "King of Bath" strangers were greeted first by the pealing of the Abbey bells and then at their lodgings by the city "waits," while last of all came the great Nash himself to offer a personal welcome. There was a solemn ritual to be observed about the day's pursuit of health and amusement. Usually, at an early hour, the visitors would repair to the Pump Room and drink the waters, afterwards being conveyed in their sedan-chairs to the pleasant Spring Gardens, where they walked, talked, and breakfasted, and were diverted by music, entertainments, and even dancing. Four o'clock was the general dinner hour, after which the Pump Room was again the popular rendezvous before separating for card-parties and the theatre.

The Pump Room Then and Now.

Time has not severed these romantic associations with the Pump Room at Bath. It is still furnished with many beautiful original Chippendale seats and chairs, while on the walls are portraits of eighteenth-century celebrities. In a semi-circular recess stands a statue of Beau Nash, and below the famous Tompion clock to which Dickens alludes in the pages of "Pickwick." There are even two of the old sedan-chairs also to be seen here. But, apart from these interesting souvenirs of olden days, the Pump Room



THE WORLD OF FASHION, IN THE DAYS OF BEAU NASH, CONGREGATING OUTSIDE THE GRAND PUMP-ROOM.

has a very real and vital use for our own generation. The radio-active waters drunk here are supplied direct from the King's Spring in the centre of the famous King's Bath, round the walls of which are numerous brass rings bearing the names of the donors, given as thank-offerings for the benefits gained from these healing waters. One of the most remarkable testimonials is that of Sir Francis Stonor, Kt., in 1624, who was cured from "gout and aches in the limbs . . . living many years after, well in health to the age of near ninety." In the Bathing Establishment, which adjoins the Grand Pump Room, there are many baths, including the Queen's Bath, the Old Royal Baths, and the new ones opened by Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres in 1916. Another new wing was opened in 1919, and the department of electrotherapy and orthopaedics added in 1921. The methods of treatment are extremely varied,



THE GREAT ROMAN BATH, WITH THE ORIGINAL PAVEMENTS AND SEMI-CIRCULAR RECESSES.

Interesting Antiquities.

Naturally, with such a history, Bath is full of interesting monuments and antiques. There are the Roman Baths, of which the Great Bath occupied a hall fully 110 feet long by 67 feet, and much of the original floor and the surrounding pavements are in a good state of preservation. In the adjoining Roman Museum are some magnificent architectural relics. Another place with an extremely interesting story is "The Octagon." Built in 1767, it was for over a hundred years one of the most fashionable churches. The most important families hired a pew as they would their rooms for the duration of their stay, and the most expensive places were like miniature rooms with fireplaces and easy chairs. Between service and sermon an interval was allowed, during which the footmen poked the fires and saw that their master and mistress were comfortable. The building, owing to its leasehold, was never consecrated, and, being finally closed for worship, was eventually acquired by Mallett and Son, the famous jewellers and antique-dealers, who have also a London branch

at 40, New Bond Street. To-day you may visit the old "Octagon" Church and adjoining rooms and view the beautiful collection of Old English furniture, old silver, jewels, and works of art from all over the world, acquired by this firm, who are also experts in the sphere of beautiful old panelings and the like, for interior decoration.

Briefly, everyone who is interested in relics of the past will find Bath a rich storehouse of treasures imbued with all the fineness and historic associations of this romantic city, of which Swinburne wrote—

Like a Queen Enchanted
that may not laugh
or weep,
Glad at heart and
guarded from change
and care like ours,
Girt about with beauty
by days and nights
that creep,
Soft as breathless ripples
that softly shoreward
sweep,
Lies the lovely city,
whose grace no grief
deflowers.



THE CIRCULAR ROMAN BATH, STILL IN A GOOD STATE OF PRESERVATION.

and the cures effected in all the many variations of gout and rheumatism are wonderful. Special attention has been given to the administration of the treatments. Lectures by members of the medical profession are constantly being given to the staff.



A BEAUTIFUL FIELD OF PRIZE DELPHINIUMS NEAR BATH: AT BLACKMORE AND LANGDON'S, TWERTON HILL NURSERY.

THE CITY OF BATH



By appointment to H.M. The Queen.

MALLETT and SON
THE OCTAGON
MILSOM STREET, BATH



A 17th-Century Oak-Panelled Room.

ANTIQUE & FINE ART DEALERS.
SPECIALISTS IN TUDOR, JACOBEAN
AND OTHER PERIOD INTERIORS.

Telephone:
148 BATH.

London Address:
40, NEW BOND ST.,
W.1

Christmas at BATH

All Bath is combining to give Christmas Visitors a Delightful Holiday

The Christmas Programme includes daily Concerts by the Pump Room Orchestra; Thés Dansants and Evening Dances; a Christmas Eve Cabaret; Ballet by Lydia Kyasht; "Pump Room Yule-nights," by the Citizen House Players, Leila Megane, Rispah Goodacre, Tudor Davies, Jan Smeterlin; the Glastonbury Players in Rutland Boughton's "Bethlehem"; a Noah's Ark Party; a Conducted Walk around Old Bath; Bathing Parties at the Swimming Baths; Pantomime at the Theatre Royal, and special programmes everywhere. The Bathing Establishment is open for those who wish to combine a Cure with a Holiday.

Write to John Hatton, Spa Director, BATH for particulars of Christmas Scheme for Accommodation and Entertainment and a copy of the Bath Christmas Book.

Bath is a member of the British Spa Federation. If you are a photographer, ask for particulars of the British Spas Photographic Competition. First Prize:—A Fortnight's Holiday at a British Spa with return Railway Fare.

EMPIRE HOTEL, BATH.

TELEGRAMS: "EMPIRE, BATH."

TELEPHONE: BATH 1227.

Visitors to Bath are cordially invited to inspect the unrivalled collections of Begonias, Delphiniums, Cyclamen, Gloxinias, Polyanthus, etc., grown at our Nurseries.

These specialities have been awarded the highest honours at all the important exhibitions, and are each, during their season, one of the most enjoyable features of a visit to the Queen City of the West.

CATALOGUES ARE SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

BLACKMORE & LANGDON, BATH.

Antique Furniture
at Moderate Prices.
Inspection and Inquiries Invited.
CHAS. ANGELL 34, Milsom Street,
BATH.

Douglas R. Bird

1, Wood Street, BATH.

Old Silver : Old Glass : Old Porcelain

(Member of the British Antique Dealers Association.)

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MOLIÈRE IN ENGLISH AT HAMMERSMITH.

Has Mr. Nigel Playfair taken too many liberties with Molière in his Anglicised production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Lyric, Hammersmith? Certainly the costumes which Mrs. Lovat Fraser has provided are fantastic to the point of oddity; certainly the comedy of citizen Jourdain's ludicrous efforts to ape his betters is soon smothered under the weight of an entertainment in which dancers and clowning predominate. But would Molière himself have frowned on either of these features of the Hammersmith "Would-Be Gentleman"? "Comedy-Ballet" was his own description of his play. Inspired as to theme by royalty and staged originally for the royal pleasure, with Lulli's music as accompaniment, it must have relied largely from the first on its charade side—the scenes of dressing-up and disguise, the dances and the buffoonery. Virtually the text is a glorified libretto, making way at the close for a ballet, and leaving the cozened hero still unconscious of the trickery of his associates. So let us be thankful for the jollity of the Playfair-Anstey version; its brightness and colour and frolics. And if Mr. Playfair as M. Jourdain acts more in the spirit of old English than of French comedy, why, perhaps that is inevitable. At any rate, this M. Jourdain is a figure of fun as he famishes at his own dinner-table; while Mr. Miles Malleson, the dancing-master, is delightful alike as the Satyr in the ballet and the Mufti who employs the bastinado; and Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Miss Florence McHugh, Mr. Carleton Hobbs, Mr. James Whale, and Mr. Gerald Ames are others who help with vivacious performances.

"VAUDEVILLE VANITIES."

"Vaudeville Vanities" is better than most of Mr. Archibald de Bear's revues, and to say that is to give praise indeed, for every playgoer knows how high is their standard. Its prettiest item is a little ballet entitled "A Venetian Wedding," which has enlisted the services of Mr. Louis Parker as author, Mr. Fraser Simson as composer, and an Irving of the new generation—Mr. Laurence Irving—as scenic artist. Pleasant as is Mr. Parker's story of the apprentice and his Colombine, agreeable as is the music, it is Mr. Irving's settings and costume effects that charm most of all, because they are out of the

ordinary. In the ballet, Miss Mimi Crawford dances with her customary gracefulness. There are some good songs for Mr. Bobby Howes; there are opportunities for Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, Miss Frances Doble, Mr. Hugh Dempster, and Miss Polly Ward; and the cheerful humour of Mr. J. H. Roberts is a tower of strength to the show.

"MY SON JOHN," AT THE SHAFESBURY.

It looks as if Mr. Billy Merson had made a successful start in management with the musical comedy,



THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON CONFERRED UPON THE PRIME MINISTERS OF NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH AFRICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND: ONE OF THE CASKETS.

The 18-ct. gold casket here illustrated is one of the three in which the copies of the Freedom were presented. All were designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

"My Son John," which now fills the Shaftesbury bill. For once in a way we have here a musical comedy in which the music is sung; Oscar Strauss and Vivian Ellis have provided a tuneful score, and winsome Miss Annie Croft, in the rôle of a typist having the time of her life on the Lido, gives full value to their melodies, helped by Mr. Reginald

Sharland and Miss Vera Pearce. For another thing we have a libretto—from Mr. Graham John—which, though rather baffling in the complications of its plot, has humour in it, and gives its comedians a chance. Mr. Merson is immensely droll as a private detective whose duties compel him to masquerade as an Albanian Prince, and Miss Betty Chester has a strong burlesque part. A little abbreviation should fit "My Son John" for a run.

Many of our readers will be interested to know that the eighty-fifth edition of "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage" for 1927, which marks its one-hundred-and-first year of publication, will be published about the middle of December by Burke's Peerage, Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. The price of the work is £5 5s.

An example of General Electric Company, Ltd., enterprise (Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2), is furnished by their having just mailed a new booklet descriptive of Osram lamps to over 1,000,000 users of electric light throughout this country and the Irish Free State. The booklet is entitled, "Your Guarantee of Better Home Lighting," and bears the seal of the G.E.C. It abounds with facts which cannot fail to interest those who are fortunate enough to receive a copy.

Winter sports camps at Engelberg for boys of thirteen to nineteen and girls of fourteen to nineteen, from public and private schools, under due supervision, have again been arranged, as in the past four or five winters, by the 'Varsities and Public Schools Camps, C.S.S.M. House, 3 and 5, Wigmore Street, London, W.1. The President is Bishop Taylor Smith; the Treasurer, Sir Andrew Wingate; and the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Hubbard, from whom full particulars may be obtained. The two parties will travel together, leaving Victoria on Dec. 29, and returning from Engelberg on Jan. 12. The girls' camp will be housed in the Hotel Edelweiss at Engelberg, and that for boys in the Hotel Schweizerhof, both hotels being exclusively reserved for the purpose. Engelberg is beautifully situated above the Lake of Lucerne, and affords excellent facilities for all kinds of winter sport. The object of the camps is to provide enjoyable holidays, and at the same time give practical help towards the development of character.

"The 100-M.P.H. Touring Car."



Mercédès

SUPERCHARGER

(Trade Mark)



COMMENTS BY MOTORING EXPERTS:

The Earl of Cardigan, writing on the 33/180 h.p. Mercédès Car in "Car & Golf," October 1926 issue, says:

"Any motorist of ordinary skill can handle it without anxiety. A visit to Brooklands proved that the claim of 100 m.p.h. is no empty boast. A lady drove the Car on the track at 92 m.p.h., with a margin of power in hand, whilst on the test hill we gathered speed steadily during the ascent—this from a mere crawl in second gear at the foot. In short, the Mercédès is a real pleasure to handle alike on the road and on the track."

Mr. S. F. Edge writes:

"Your people have certainly achieved a great thing in this Car. I think it a wonderful Car, and I do not mind who knows this."

Mr. John Prioleau, in "The Illustrated London News" of Nov. 6th, 1926:

"The engine at anything below six or seven hundred revolutions is to all intents and purposes inaudible. Vibration has been completely eliminated. The fact is that you have in this Car two distinct and separate machines. It is a literal fact that at fifty miles an hour you have the sensation of doing twenty-five."

The Motoring Correspondent to "The Times," writing in the issue of Nov. 9th, 1926:

"The 33/180 horse-power Mercédès is of astonishing power and speed; the power is well tamed and manageable, and the Car is like a fast touring Car with a second engine available at will. It has a supercharged unit with six cylinders of 94 and 150 mm. Throughout I found it quiet and well balanced. The chariot lies in rapid acceleration; the car appears to cut through the air."

SUPERCHARGER MODELS.

24/100 (23.8 h.p. R.A.C.) Chassis	£1,350
33/140 (32.9 h.p. R.A.C.) Long Chassis	£1,650
33/180 (32.9 h.p. R.A.C.) Short Sports Chassis	£1,800

ALL SIX-CYLINDER MODELS.

NON-SUPERCHARGER MODELS.

16/50 (15.7 h.p. R.A.C.)	{ Tourer	£725
21/60 (20.3 h.p. R.A.C.)	Saloon	£825
28/95 (40.9 h.p. R.A.C.)	Chassis	£800
	Chassis	£950

BRITISH MERCÉDES, LTD.

127-130, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telegrams: Cybrimer, Rand, London.

Telephone: Gerrard 8910.

EXPERTS IN RADIO ACOUSTICS SINCE 1908



'Not on your life, old man!'

IT'S not an atom of use getting on your hind legs to tell me of the thrills of an eight valve "super-het." Nice little row of fairy lights—what! That's all they mean to me.

Besides, I want peace in life. I get just as much fun out of two or three valves and much less trouble and expense.

I want ease of operation, marvellous compactness, ingenious design and guaranteed efficiency, and I'll bet a Brandes means all that.'

THE BRANDESSET III (3-valve set)

Designed for ease of operation, marvellous compactness and guaranteed efficiency. If good loud-speaker results are expected from a number of outlying stations, its performance in this direction is unequalled. It is neat and well finished in appearance, and the tuning operation is extremely simple. There are no exterior coils, access to the interior is achieved by lifting a hinged lid and all battery connections are plaited into one cable from the rear of the set. Grid bias and S.L.F. Condenser tuning. Fixed coils suit Daventry.

£8:10:0

(Exclusive of Marconi Royalty and Accessories)

Brandes

From any reputable Dealer.



BRANDES LIMITED, 296 REGENT STREET, W.1

Benger's Food in advancing years.



In the later years of life, Benger's Food is of greatest value to the hale and hearty, as well as the less robust, and the weakly.

The bodily requirements become less as the years advance. The need is now for food which is suitably light yet strength-giving and sustaining. These are the qualities of Benger's Food, and those who use it know how very palatable and appetising it is.

You prepare Benger's Food for use with fresh new milk. It is the one Food that can be made to suit personal digestive capacity. As a supper dish Benger's is unexcelled for ensuring a good night's rest.

For fuller information please write for Booklet, sent post free on application.

From a MEDICAL CONSULTANT:—

"I take this opportunity of telling you that an old lady nearly 90, the mother of one of my patients, has lived on nothing but Benger's Food for years and is perfectly wonderful in health."

BENGER'S Food
for INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.

TRADE MARK.

Sold in sealed Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
Prices — 1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.
NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 90 Beekman Street. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117 Pitt Street.
CAPE TOWN (A.A.): P.O. Box 573

"THE LANCET" describes it as

"Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."



FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI OR FULL LENGTH COUCH.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

The "BURLINGTON."

Automatic Adjustable Back.

Catalogue C7 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

168, St. Portland Street, LONDON, W.1.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

A NEW KIND OF CAR—THE 3-LITRE INVICTA.

IT is a rare event nowadays for anyone who has the opportunity of driving numbers of different cars at frequent intervals to be puzzled for very long in which category to place any particular car. At the end of, at the most, half-an-hour's running, the salient characteristics of design and performance

very swiftly it comes to rest. Three final gear-ratios, with corresponding intermediate ratios, are supplied on request, the highest being 3.6 to 1 and the lowest 4.5 to 1. The car I tried was fitted with the former, and it was for that reason that I was the more impressed with its general flexibility.

This Invicta is a remarkable car to drive. I have tried to show what an unusual combination it offers of sports and touring qualities, but nothing that one could print will give any idea of the way in which these two are blended. The acceleration, on any gear, is outstandingly good, and, coupled with the excellently easy gear change, gives the driver proper control over the car. At one

disappointed with the hand-applied set, controlled by a central lever which is too short, and does not give you enough leverage. I understand that this can be altered on request. The suspension is good, without being remarkable, over the general speed average of the car. The half-elliptic springs are controlled by a form of shock-absorber which is at its best at high speeds, but has a tendency to stiffen the suspension until you have passed the forty-mile-an-hour mark.

As the car impressed me so remarkably with its unobtrusive performance (placing it easily amongst the first six fastest cars I know), I feel that it is only fair to add the two remaining criticisms I have to make against it. I do not care for the type of steering, which is special and proprietary, but I do happen to know that a great many people prefer it to any other. It is more or less a question of taste. The second criticism I have to make is against the balance of the engine. Practically no vibration is felt on floor-boards or wheel-rim up to just over fifty miles an hour on top speed, and none from about fifty-eight miles an hour onwards to the limit; but between those two figures there is a decided period. As this is most felt at approximately fifty-five miles an hour,



ROVERS IN NEW ZEALAND, WHERE THEY ARE BECOMING INCREASINGLY POPULAR:
A GROUP OF 9-20-H.P. ROVER CARS AT AUCKLAND.

are generally fairly obvious, and one mentally classes the car under consideration pretty accurately.

The Invicta, the latest model of which I have recently tried, is a car which I have found the most difficult of all to classify. Some of its features are those of a dozen other cars. It has a six-cylinder, three-litre engine. It has a very high turn of speed and quite unusual acceleration. It runs pleasantly—as pleasantly as any car I have driven. Never, even when you are pushing the speed-indicator needle over the sixty miles an hour mark, do you think for a moment of the horrible word "sports." The engine runs with very little noise up to any reasonably high speed, and at low speeds it is as quiet as any man could possibly wish it to be.

So far as I can gather, the Invicta I tried is neither a "sports" car nor a sedate touring car, but it manages to be both in a way which is really rather impressive. You have the quite undoubted speed which you generally associate with notoriously fast cars, and you have at the same time docile manners and gentle behaviour.

Here are a few details of this unusual car. The engine, which is of a modified proprietary model, has a bore and stroke of 72.5 mm. by 120 mm., the cubic capacity being just under the three litres, and the annual tax £20. The cooling is by pump circulation, combined with a thermostat, and there is a fan fitted which is only meant for use in exceptionally hot weather. Twin S.U. carburettors are used, assisted for starting purposes by an ingenious separate initial gas-maker which is controlled from the instrument-board. The whole unit is very tidily carried out, everything of importance being thoroughly accessible.

The four-speed gearbox is combined with the clutch-case and engine, and the gears are controlled from the side in the orthodox gate. The clutch is of the single dry-plate order of light weight—so light, indeed, that for the first few moments after I took over the wheel I had to remember how

moment, when I was doing about forty-five miles an hour on top, I was requested by the demonstrator to see what she would do on third speed, and to begin at once, and I slipped back from top into third at forty-five miles an hour with no more difficulty than I should have slipped from third into top at the same speed. Within what seemed to be two or three seconds the speed indicator was showing sixty miles an hour, while the engine was merely humming softly to itself.

This will suffice, I think, without touching on the question of the claimed maximum speed of something like eighty-five miles an hour, to give you an idea of how excellent a performer is the Invicta. The four-wheel set of brakes are good, but I was

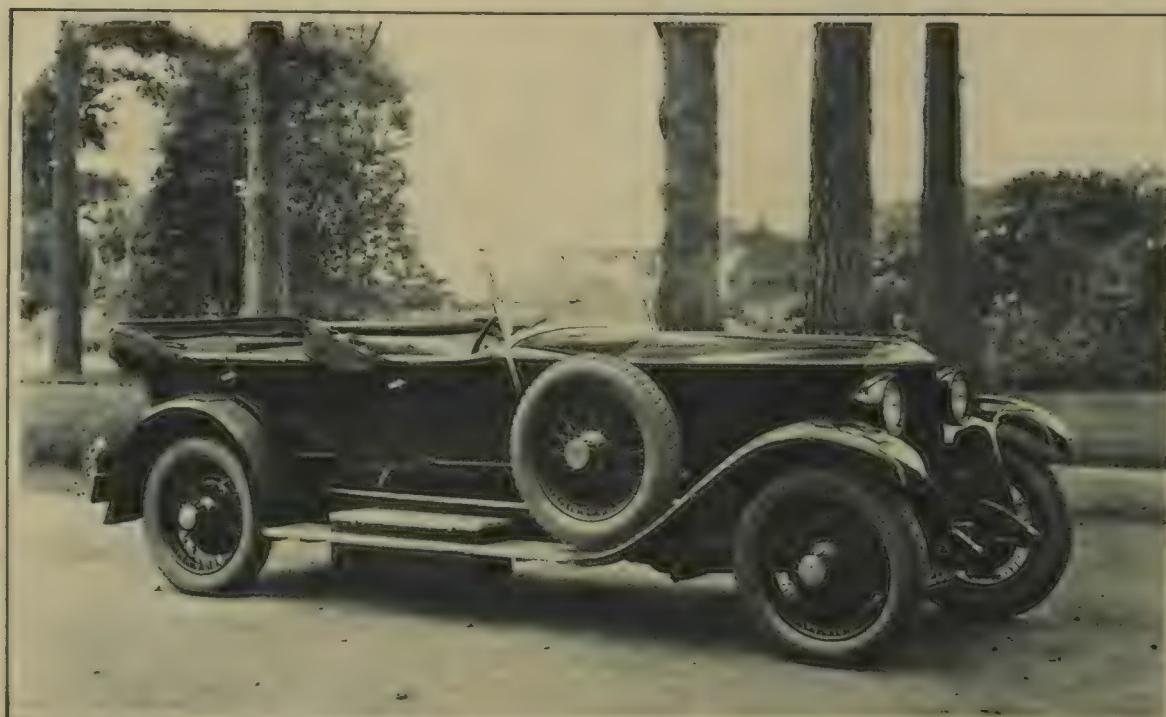
it is not really of very great importance, but I am bound to remark that it exists.

The general equipment of the car, especially of the dashboard, is remarkably good, and includes, besides the usual instruments, a dashboard thermometer, a plug for inspection lamp, a combined cigar-lighter and inspection lamp on a spring-loaded reel, which allows the lighter or the lamp to be handed about at one's ease in the back compartment; and taps to control the autovac tank, the main fuel tank, and the auxiliary tank, which is most sensibly hung in front of the dashboard as a spare supply holder. I do not think I have ever seen a better dashboard.

The open four-seater I tried has a very pleasing appearance, and, without having any sports look, suggests at once that it will probably go very fast. But it is, above all, a touring car which happens to be fast, rather than a sporting car which happens to be comfortable. The price of the short chassis is £685.



IN THE PICTURESQUE OLD COTSWOLD TOWN OF BURFORD: A 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE.



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE INVICTA DOUBLE TWO-SEATER, SEATING FIVE OR SIX.

The illustration shows an Invicta Double Two-Seater, seating five or six, by Cadogan Motors, Ltd., Dilke Street, Chelsea. The wheel arches and wings on this body are suitable for 31-in. wheels. The body price is £285.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



A bout at Bertrand's, Hanover Square.

THE SABRE CLUB

Over two decades ago the famous 'Maestro' Masiello invaded our shores with his system of Italian sabre-play and like the Romans of old returned to his native land leaving behind his brilliant disciple Giuseppe Magrini to carry on the instruction of the Britons in the art of the cutting weapon.

Magrini's teaching caused a furore in Service and Civilian fencing circles and to consolidate the interest and enthusiasm he had created, the Italian Master conceived the idea of forming 'The Sabre Club.' Although he did not live to see the realisation of his ideal, the project materialised and 'The Sabre Club' came into existence in 1911 under the presidency of Major-General A. H. Henniker, C.B., sponsored by the leading 'sabreurs' of that time.

To-day at its present headquarters in Hanover Square the cult of the cutting weapon flourishes bravely, the 'Club' having spread its aegis over practically every devotee of the sabre. Of latter years its scope has been extended with a particular eye on the younger generation, and splendid results have been achieved by the visits of its teams to the various Public Schools.

To be present at the 'Club' night or at the regular five-a-side sabre matches is to witness fencing at its spectacular best.

The Art may undergo many changes but the shadow of Magrini will ever remain as an inspiring memory.

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.



By Appointment.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1627

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT. By OSBERT SITWELL. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

Victorian, used as a term of disparagement, has been done to death; it is characteristic of Osbert Sitwell that he hardly touches it. His human waste products of the nineteenth century are expressed by a less threadbare irony. The rich old maids, the penniless daughters of the improvident clergy, the seaside invalids and retired Colonels are passed in review with a mettlesome humour. He occasionally bolts into farce, but not often. The satire of "Before the Bombardment" is, for the most part, sufficiently under control. It is alert, fantastic, and pungent. The preface says the story is concerned with an English seaside town in the opening years of the nineteenth century; and to understand how far that period has retreated from us, it is only necessary to find a fashion-plate of twenty years ago and match it against a Cretan wall-painting in the Ashmolean. "The distant, mysterious inhabitants of that lost world are infinitely nearer to us in their clothes, and probably in their outlook, than our lost parents." On this assumption Mr. Sitwell proceeds to construct the sad history of the Companion. The result will both startle and delight the public.

THE EMERGENCY MAN. By EDMUND CANDLER. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

There is a purpose behind Edmund Candler's books. Now that he has gone, people are turning back to "Siri Ram" and "Abdication," to realise how luminous were his stories of the contacts and divergencies between East and West. "The Emergency Man" is a collection of stories. They lack something of the fiery concentration of his novels. They are, one may guess, less the finished article than pages from the note-books of an adventurous intelligence. The technique is sometimes faulty. Yet all the tales are moving, and they are adroit with pictorial emphasis. The best is not an Asiatic story, though it illustrates superstitions common to primitive races, brown or white. It is a story of the lingering belief of witchcraft in the Basque country. Père Griot, who tells it, one night in the Eastern Ghats, interpolates his delightful irrelevancies; and Mr. Candler is the good Father's sympathetic interpreter. "The Emergency Man" heightens our regret for the untimely end of Edmund Candler.

JOHN-BARBARA. By Kathleen O'Brien. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

In "John-Barbara" you have the spectacle of an introspective personality at work. For that is what it amounts to, this careful record of the experiences of Naomi Lister alone in London. The mood in which she creates John-Barbara, an imaginary companion, is phantasy pure and simple. In human society, Naomi is consciously clever and charming. She is taken to the bosom of a happy party of younger people, who admire her very much. You see that she finds compensation for her narrow circumstances in their admiration. She is a thirty-ish woman, who has lost her lover, and fallen into the poverty of a clerkship in a City office. She discovers and smiles at the humorous side of the office, and the bed-sitting-room, and again you sense that below the surface she is embracing her own bright, brave spirit. Whether Kathleen O'Brien meant it that way or not, it is these sub-conscious activities that make "John-Barbara" a striking book. It will interest women, and it introduces a promising new writer to the public.

THE BEATING WING. By E. GUY SCHOFIELD. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)

"The Beating Wing" has been written at white heat. Prejudiced, exaggerated, crude, are words you may with reason apply to it; but there is a quality in it that compels you to read it with attention. It does not face broad economic issues, and it is intensely subjective. It is a tract for the times. The tale it tells is the tragedy of factory workers under a despotic owner. Labour is good, kind, and generous. Capital is contrasted as callous and spendthrift, grinding the faces of the poor. The motive is a plea for moderate Socialism. The love interest running through it is tender and pathetic. Lights and shades are not to be found in Guy Schofield, and for all his effort at balance he fails to perceive it is possible that one class of Englishmen are not all angels and another class entirely worthless. His story will set you thinking—which is, of course, Mr. Schofield's intention. Sincerity is apt to develop a style of its own, and "The Beating Wing" is trenchantly sincere.

THE MOVING HOUSE OF FOSCALDO. By CHARLES CHADWICK. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

The mechanical side of the Foscaldo affair is a very pretty piece of ingenuity. The literary deftness of Charles Chadwick and the imagination that has

equipped him with an intricate plot make a pleasing combination. "The Moving House of Foscaldo" is a mystery story. It does not despise the scholarly touch, and knows how to apply it lightly to popular uses. It digs in the rich material of French history, material too little explored by our novelists. With this, it is quite modern, and furnished with the latest powers of the French detective. Gabas, the apache, is drawn to the heroic scale, a super-apache. That is done for excellent reasons that the story reveals in its own good time. It would not, perhaps, have been the worse for closer construction, and the author errs on the generous side with his descriptions; but "The Moving House of Foscaldo" is fresh and picturesque fiction.

JOHN'S PENELOPE. By BARONESS ALBERT D'ANETHAN. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

There is a very good opening to "John's Penelope"; it would be hard to find a better. It is the scene at a marriage service where the bride says "No" instead of "Yes." We have all speculated on what would happen if that social bombshell were dropped in a fashionable London church, and now we know, because Baroness Albert d'Anethan gives us the complete story. Of course, it postulates something in the bride that the Baroness excuses, if she does not altogether overlook. Close observers will discover a certain self-absorption in the fair Penelope, and suspect her of being not quite as agreeable as we are asked to believe. The tug-of-war between her egotism and her John's stupidity is a hard tussle. Penelope and her friends have the freedom of diplomatic circles, and they are involved in the great Japanese earthquake, which gives the Baroness the opportunity for dramatic removals necessary to wind up a romantic novel. "John's Penelope" will be popular at the libraries.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

WITHERBY.

Sierra Leone in History and Tradition. By F. W. Butt-Thompson. (15s. net.)
The Diamond Trail: Among the Little-Known Bahian Diamond Fields. By Hugh Pearson. (12s. 6d. net.)

CECIL PALMER.

Broken Waters. By James Murray. (7s. 6d. net.)

MILLS AND BOON.

Daffodil Alley. By Sophie Cole. (7s. 6d. net.)
The Devil's Jest. By Elizabeth Carfrae. (7s. 6d. net.)
The Four Winds. By Sinclair Gluck. (7s. 6d. net.)

ALPINE SPORTS, LIMITED.

Chairman—SIR HENRY LUNN.

The following Hotels are reserved exclusively for the Winter Season: BERGUN, Kurhaus, MALOJA, Palace; MURREN, Palace des Alpes, Regina, Eiger, etc.; MORGINS, Grand Hotel; PONTRESINA, Schloss, Park; SILS MARIA, Barbian; WENGEN, Belvedere. Plans of Hotels from Secretary, Dept. P.Y., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, W.C. 1.

Standard VACUUM SWEEPER for XMAS

Thousands of women have turned their backs on toil—some sweeping and cleaning—yet their homes are cleaner than ever! There are no crumbs or threads on their dining-room carpet; no hidden dirt in the easy chairs; no dusty patches in the folds of heavy curtains. And in the hall there's not a sign of in-trodden dirt. Bedroom floors and hangings, too, are spotless. These women use a "Standard" Vacuum Sweeper—the easiest and most simple to operate. It glides along; there's no fatigue; no stooping; no kneeling. And its many useful attachments reach out to all the usually inaccessible places. There's no climbing on chairs or standing on steps. It will clean the whole house in effortless fashion.

Send for FREE BOOKLET—"The Home of Leisure," or if preferable we will arrange a FREE DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME.

Standard Telephones and Cables Limited
(Formerly Western Electric)
Connaught House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2
Phone: Central 7345 (10 lines)
Branches: Glasgow, Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Dublin.

FREE GIFT.
This Suction Mop, for lino and polished floors, is given free with every complete "Standard" Vacuum Sweeper.

THIS Christmas give Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

Pens from 12/-, Pencils from 3/-.
See the new Ripple Rubber Pens,
and the Ripple Rubber Pencils with
expanding tip and Rigid Lead.

Of Stationers and Jewellers.
Write for "The Pen Book" Free from
L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.,
Kingsway, London, W.C.



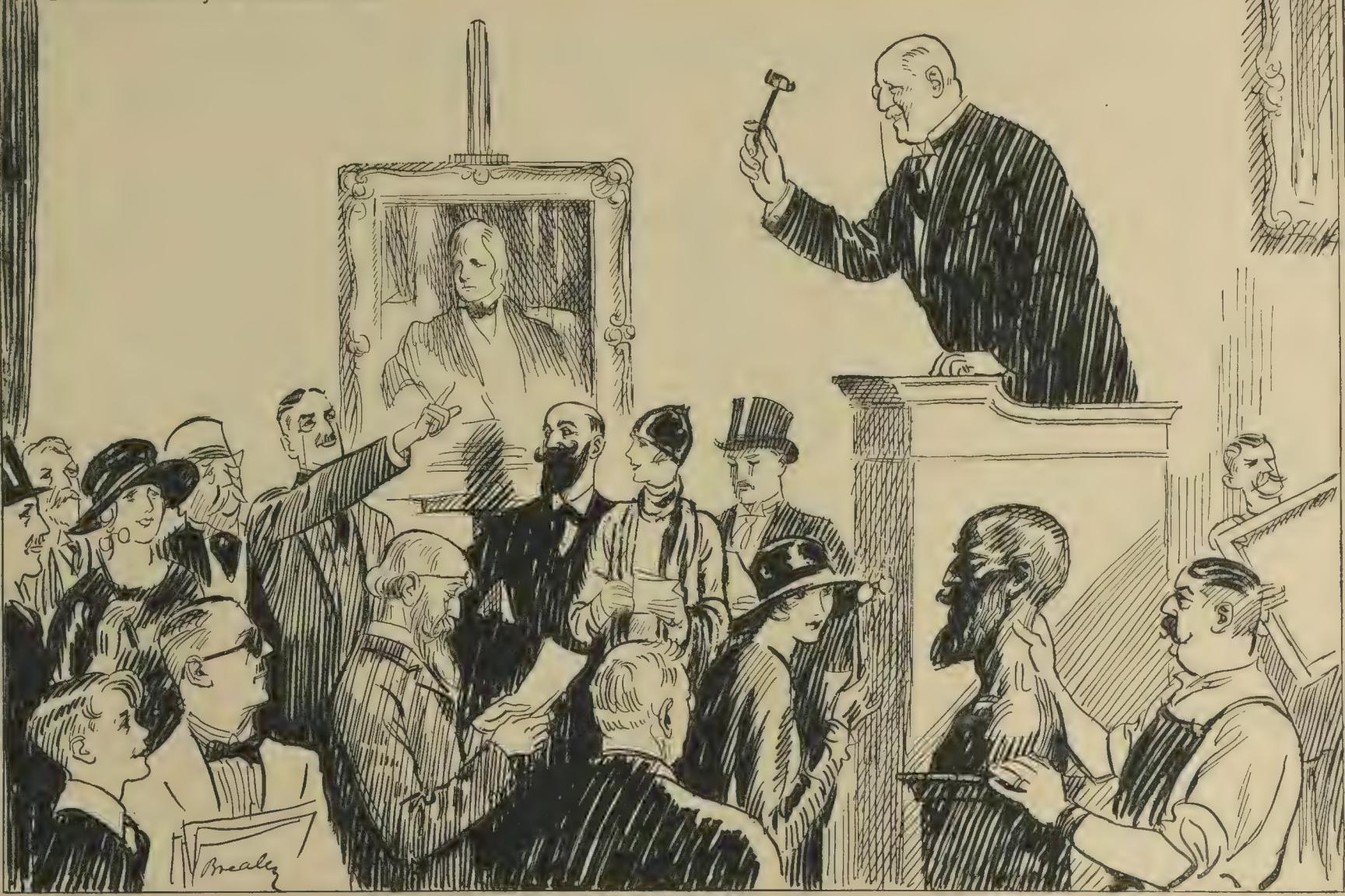
Waving at Home Hindes Hair Wavers

STAMP COLLECTORS

POSTAGE STAMPS: 565 Different, many of which rare ones, such as 1/- provisional Albania, 9 magnificent Persian Coronation, 6 complete Crete, 25 rare Central America, etc., 4/- only. Large current Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request. Selection sent on application.

BELA SEKULA, SONNENHOF, LUCERNE (Switzerland)

REAL HARRIS and LEWIS
TWEED: HIGH CLASS MATERIAL, AND
ARISTOCRAT OF ALL SPORTSWEAR,
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS.
SUIT-LENGTHS CUT TO ORDER.
James St. Tweed Depot, 289, Stornoway SCOTLAND.
Patterns and Prices on request stating shades desired.

The Adventures of the Mustard Club

An Auction at the Mustard Club

The Baron de Beef (a picture of Sir Walter Scott is shown): "Now, gentlemen, how much for this? A picture by Eatty of Sir Walter Scott, a former president of the Mustard Club. Sir Walter used to eat bread-and-butter sandwiches spread with mustard, not only because they were cheap, he being a Scotsman, but because they were good and kept him in fettle for his enormous output of novels. Shall we say 100 guineas—ten—fifteen? Going at one hundred and fifteen guineas" (the hammer falls). Bought by Lord Bacon.)

"Lot No. 190. A bust of Signor Spaghetti in yellow bronze by Pepstein. Much better nourished than most of Mr. Pepstein's models. Unlike many of the pieces by this famous sculptor, the model does not suffer from indigestion, but enjoys a happy state of health, no doubt due to his liberal use of Mustard." (Bought by Mr. Jaguar to be presented to Hyde Park.)

"Lot No. 191. 'Chef—Mixing Mustard,' by Sir William Porken, R.A. What shall we say for this famous study in Essential Oils? Three hundred guineas? Come now—the spoon work has been greatly admired! Four hundred? Thank you." (Mr. Beetun, for the Worshipful Society of Master Cooks.)

"That concludes the sale, gentlemen. The proceeds will be employed in the public interest to encourage the regular use of Mustard and thus to improve the National digestion."

RULES of the MUSTARD CLUB

1. Every member shall on all proper occasions eat Mustard to improve his appetite and strengthen his digestion.
2. Every member when physically exhausted or threatened with a cold, shall take refuge in a Mustard Bath.
3. Every member shall once at least during every meal make the secret sign of the Mustard Club by placing the mustard-pot six inches from his neighbour's plate.
4. Every member who asks for a sandwich and finds that it contains no Mustard shall publicly refuse to eat same.
5. Every member shall see that the Mustard is freshly made, and no member shall tip a waiter who forgets to put Mustard on the table.
6. Each member shall instruct his children to "keep that schoolboy digestion" by forming the habit of eating Mustard.

JOIN THE MUSTARD CLUB!

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

THE SPECTACULAR FILM.

THERE is a tendency amongst the "earnest students of the Kinema" to belittle the spectacular film. They profess to see in it merely a disconcerting manifestation of wealth, just so many vast sums of dollars—there are generally dollars behind a super-film—translated into the terms of the screen, and represented by thousands of supers, tons of stucco and concrete, piles of priceless costumes, and an unlimited supply of such beasts as should be required by the individual producer. These earnest students seem to behold the achievements made possible by superlative financial backing through a haze of gold, and it annoys them very much. Of course it does. But why not make an effort to brush the veil aside and enjoy oneself? I am struck with the number of people who preface all appreciation with the unspoken words: "Oh, yes, all very well, but—!" thus losing much beauty and much relaxation from the sober commonplace of a workaday world.

Doubtless, this fastidious and slightly precious attitude of mind towards the spectacular film is greatly fostered by an unhappy form of publicity which insists on the moneys spent in launching some particular film. Such details are matters of interest for the backers and investors, not for the filmgoer. They cannot and do not enhance the effect or the popularity of any film, and they certainly can undermine its appeal. For there are more earnest students of the film about than is generally believed, and their fastidiousness is much offended by such blatancy, which is a pity. On the other hand, the good folk who are not earnest, but just want to enjoy themselves, are never brought into the kinema by the knowledge that the film they are to see cost a fortune. I cannot remember being told on any occasion to go and see a production because of the money value it represents, nor have I heard an opinion coloured by the fact that the picture under discussion was terribly expensive. I am, however, quite prepared to admit that many exhibitors believe their patrons to be such hopeless victims of the worship of Mammon that a bad picture will seem good if it be only sufficiently gilded by publicity. Many bad pictures

seem good to many eyes, but exhibitors are wrong in thinking that a fore-knowledge of what the picture cost is an influencing factor.

Shorn of this unfortunate halo of money, is there not something splendid, something exhilarating in such scenes as the chariot race in "Ben-Hur," or the great tussle between the Triremes and the Pirates in the same production?

The screen is the legitimate home of spectacle, and if the producer can keep a firm grip not only of his material, but also of his own ambition, let him use all the rope allowed him. Personally, I think the *clou* of "Ben-Hur" an amazing achievement, and I frankly admit that I was drawn by its realism right into the sporting event of Antioch. I was one with the crowd in that great, solidly constructed arena, gaping with all the rest at the fine array of chariots, each with its team of four, thrilling with all the rest to that wide sweep of straining horse-flesh and the careening chariots rounding the hairpin bend. Yet I had the advantage in that I could watch that Olympic struggle from every angle, get close to its passions and its meaning—for this one and that merely a trial of skill and speed, for others a deadly duel in which revenge and hatred wielded a whip of thorns. I care not at all whether Mr. Niblo sat in a tower directing by wireless, nor whether he had forty cameras or one hundred and forty. But I am very glad he had all he needed to achieve such remarkable results. Only one of all his many cameras outran discretion, and that was the one that "shot" the oncoming chariots from a hole in the ground, apparently, thus giving the effect of flying steeds that might well have belonged to Apollo, the Sun god, but never to the earthbound charioteers of Antioch. But, surely, every enthusiast may be permitted one mistake.

A graver error on Mr. Niblo's part, and one into which many producers of spectacular films are apt to fall, is the lack of balance between the human side of the story and the purely spectacular scenes. The fate of Ben-Hur as an individual, his loves, his hates, his sufferings, dwindle to a thing of small importance compared with the two great and, to a certain degree, impersonal conflicts of the story. Worse than that, much of the intervening traffic is devitalised because the scenario is obviously working up to some great *scène-à-faire*, and the story is not

strong enough to hold its own. One feels, far too often, that the plot has been devised or adapted because of its big spectacular moments, instead of such moments being a collateral issue of the story. Such an accusation could not be levelled against "Ben-Hur," in which the episodes of the galleys and of the arena are essential; but in this case it would seem as if the producer had concentrated almost exclusively on the high lights of his scenario; against their brilliancy the rest fades to a rather dull level.

Having found his ideal "scenario," the producer encounters another difficulty, that of finding the ideal actors. It is astonishing how easily even admirable artists can become submerged by the big billows of spectacle, or, as the Americans call them, the "suspense scenes." This same suspense generally emanates from the situation itself, not from the hero's or heroine's position in that situation, unless that hero or heroine possess a personality so arresting that it o'ersteps the highest peaks of sensational turmoil. Such artists are few and far between. America can boast a supremely vital artist in Douglas Fairbanks; Germany has the great Emil Jannings; France a lesser-known artist—at least, to us—Jean Angelo, who stood out head and shoulders above a seething mob in a piratical affair, based on the life of one Surcouf, a corsair. Ramon Novarro does extremely well as the Prince of Hur, but in the hand-to-hand mêlés on board the noble Roman trireme, our breathless interest has little time to waste on the Jewish slave in the hold; and in the chariot race a clever trick has supplied him with the only team of white steeds in order to catch our eye. Here Mr. Bushman, who plays Ben-Hur's Roman adversary, rises to greater heights in a semblance of such furious hatred that it does leap out at us now and then above the thunder of the race. Were I a producer of spectacular films, I should underline the name of Francis Bushman.

Admitted, then, that the perfect spectacular film is rare and difficult of achievement, that is no reason to dismiss it as "popular stuff" or undervalue its meaning. To roll back the centuries, to bring the wide spaces of the earth to the screen, and to spur our customary jog-trot with tremendous movement, tremendous conflict (even if we only share in it mentally), these are things worth doing.

Season 1926-27.
10 minutes from Monte Carlo.

Hotel d' Orient
and Angleterre.

Central.

In large Sunny Garden—full South. Modern. Spacious. One of Mentone's Finest Hotels. Sixty Suites, all Self-contained. Motor Car. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance.

Well-known Best-class English Family Hotel.

Fascinating Sea and Mountain Resort.

Endless Attractions.

Casino, Opera, etc. Best International Tennis. Golf. Enchanting Excursions. Finest Climate. Superior Hotels — see Situations.

For all Particulars apply to their respective Managers.



Hotel Astoria.

Latest Installations. Splendid situation. Superb Sea Views. Close to Promenade. Extremely comfortable. Firstclass Restaurant.

Ch. Durlinger, M. Prop.

Menton & Midi—Sea Front Central.

Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water (H. & C.). Suites re-decorated. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front. Modern Comforts. Restaurant.

M. Proprietor: G. de Smet.

Atlantic & Malte.

Central.

Very Comfortable, yet Moderate. 100 South Rooms. Running Water. 30 Baths. Centre of Town in Pleasant Garden.

Balmoral Hotel—Sea Front Central.

Enlarged and Renovated during Summer, 1923. Running Water (H. & C.) in all bed and dressing-rooms. Private Bath Rooms (self-contained). Dining Room facing Sea Front. Garden. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Rauon, M. Prop.

Hotel des Anglais.

Open all the year.

Sea Front—Full South—Sunny Garden. Entirely Renovated. Every Room has Running Water (Hot and Cold). 50 Private Bath Rooms.

Restaurant. Tennis. Garage.

Regina—Sea Front.

Central.

Running Water throughout. Private Bath-Rooms. Sunny Garden facing Sea front. Attractive Public Rooms. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Ulrich, M. Prop.

Hotel National.

Rather Elevated.

Long a Noted First-Class Family Hotel. All Modern Comforts. Excellent Cooking. Fine Garden and Views.

Motor Service to and from Casino and Trains.

Hotel Annonciata
AND RESTAURANT, MENTON,
French Riviera.

Highest and Sunniest Situation. 750 ft. alt.
Funicular free to Residents.

Louvre.

Central.

Adjoining Public Gardens through great Palm Avenue.

Close to Casino. Entirely renovated. Full South. Spacious. Modern Renowned Cuisine. Tennis. Terms Moderate.

Royal & Westminster.

Sea Front.

Up-to-date Family Hotel. Large Garden. Full South.

M. Prop. J. B. Hagen.

Hotel Beau-Rivage.

SEA FRONT, GARAVAN BAY.

Very attractive Modern Hotel with all latest improvements.

M. Prop. J. Trepp.

Des Ambassadeurs.

Central.

Renowned Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water. Many Private Bath Rooms. Every Room with Balcony. Full South. Garden situated in the pleasantest part of Mentone. Excellent Cooking. Moderate terms.

A. Sigrist, M. Proprietor.

Opened October 1st.

40 minutes from Nice.

Hotel de Venise.

Central.

This famous English Hotel, greatly enlarged in 1924, has now 200 South Rooms. 75 Baths. Noted Cuisine. Large, Sunny Garden.

Hotel Méditerranée.

Quite Central.

In Large, Quiet Garden.

Re-decorated. Many Suites all self-contained. Up-to-date Hotel. Superior Cuisine.

Terms Moderate.

Hotel du Parc.

Central

Facing Casino & Public Gardens. Suites Full South. Modern Family Hotel. All comforts.

TERMS MODERATE.

Britannia & Beau Site

Sea Front

Old Established English Family Hotels, situated in Garavan Bay. Full South, facing sea and surrounded by a large Sunny Garden. 100 Rooms with Running Water. Central Heating. Tennis. Garage. Auto Bus. G. H. Sewell.

Cecil—Sea Front.

Sunny & Sheltered.

GARAVAN BAY.

Small, up-to-date.

The very best, yet moderate.

LIGHT or DARK ?



A good tip next time you have a thirst: You name the brand, and let your thirst name the colour. Name Barclay's Lager, and—light or dark—you'll be on the drink that never fails. All-British! Real Lager! Always true to form!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark . . . The Drink for every kind of Thirst

RADIO NOTES.

IT is well known that sounds of every description, no matter what their source, are transmitted to the human ear by waves in the air, and the problem of producing a perfect loud-speaker consists of devising an apparatus that will set up sound-waves in the atmosphere that are in all respects a faithful reproduction of those set up by the original source of the sound.

An instrument that will accomplish this is the "R.K." loud-speaker—the invention of Mr. Chester Rice and Mr. Edward Kellogg, and manufactured by the British Thomson Houston Company—which reproduces speech and music so faithfully that it is almost impossible to distinguish between the reproduction and the original.

The "R.K." loud-speaker misses nothing and distorts nothing. It brings out fully and faithfully every note of the original, the lower tones and the very high tones, and preserves the light and shade, and the perfect balance of all the tones of the original rendering.

For the purpose of setting in motion the waves in the air by which the sound is conveyed to our ears, a plain paper cone is made use of. The cone is so supported and actuated that it moves as a whole in a surrounding baffle-plate, this baffle-plate preventing loss of radiation of sound through circulation of air, the method of support and actuation rendering it free to respond to impulses of any frequency or intensity. The natural frequency of vibration of the cone is very low in the audible sound range, so that it does not distort the sounds that it reproduces.

The equipment, as the B.T.H. Company manufactures it for wireless purposes, consists of the loud-speaker, complete with its amplifier, and utilises B.T.H. valves especially designed for the purpose. In homes or other buildings fitted for electric light, no accumulator or dry cells are required to energise these valves, as the set is arranged to take

its electrical supply from the mains by means of the usual flexible cord and plug, made to fit the standard lamp-holder or wall-socket.

The "R.K." loud-speaker will operate on either alternating or direct current, and in this form can be used with practically any existing receiving-set of good quality, having one stage of low-frequency amplification that is free from distortion.

Among other interesting applications of this instrument may be mentioned the Panatrophe, an instrument in which the indentations of an ordinary gramophone record are converted into electrical impulses and reproduced as sound by the "R.K." loud-speaker with results that are undoubtedly a great advance in the gramophone art. Other applications, such as Public Address Systems, Band Repeaters, and the Talking Film, are being actively developed, and for all of these the Rice Kellogg loud-speaker possesses inherent advantages over any other form that exists to-day.

A decidedly novel departure in the construction of radio sets is displayed in the Langham "Diamond Clear" receiver, which is enclosed in a cabinet not of mahogany or oak, as customary, but in a case of plate-glass through which all of the component parts and their neat wiring may be seen clearly. Front, back, ends, and the top—all are of glass neatly clamped and bolted together, and mounted on a base of polished ebonite and mahogany.

The up-to-date circuit used in the apparatus makes the set highly selective, and the various broadcasting stations may be separated and tuned-in with the greatest ease. The Langham receiver is made in four models, employing from two to five valves respectively. It is interesting to note that the two-valve model gives as good and clear reproduction as does the five-valve model—the additional valves of the latter serving only to increase the range. The two-valve set costs £21 5s., and is a first-class instrument for the reception of the local station and Daventry; but in certain localities, and

under good conditions, a number of other stations may be brought in at good strength on the loud-speaker. The five-valve model (two high-frequency detector, and two low-frequency valves) is highly selective, and is capable of receiving all British and Continental stations on the loud-speaker. At ten miles from the nearest broadcasting the set will operate at loud-speaker strength without any aerial or earth connections.

In addition to the models mentioned above, "Langham Radio" also produce a four-valve portable receiver, completely self-contained (including the loud-speaker) in attaché-case style. With this portable set, costing thirty guineas, any local station and Daventry also may be received anywhere in England on the loud-speaker.

Everyone should note that Tuesday, Nov. 30, is the opening day of the Christmas Market, Spring Garden Galleries, Admiralty Arch, S.W., which is the chief feature of "Our Week" in aid of the Extension Appeal Fund for the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, as, apart from helping the good cause, it will also be an opportunity for purchasing all kinds of useful and ornamental Christmas presents. During the three days the Market is open various entertainments will be provided. On the first day Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mrs. Nigel Playfair are organising one variety show, and Mr. Frederick Randal a second. On the second day short concerts are being arranged by Mrs. Hopkinson and Major Fletcher Moulton. Princess Arthur of Connaught is to perform the opening ceremony at 3 p.m. on Nov. 30. Another important feature of "Our Week" in aid of the Extension Fund is the Ball on Dec. 2, at 12, Carlton House Terrace, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness. Tickets are obtainable from the Appeal Secretary, Lady Acworth, E.G.A. Hospital, 144, Euston Road, N.W., or the Secretary, Spring Gardens Galleries, Admiralty Arch, S.W.1.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



By Appointment

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Softens Hard Water.
Invaluable for LAUNDRY and Domestic Purposes.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito and other Insect Bites.
Cleans Plate, Jewellery, and Carpets.
Price 1/4 per Bottle.

SCRUBB'S MEDICATED TOILET PAPER
of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

Blended, distilled and
bottled in Scotland by
**CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.,
DISTILLERS, LEITH.**

There's no use talking - TASTE IT !

Mackinlay's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Also **MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.**
12/6

13/6



HAVANA CIGARS

IF

LA CORONA

CORONA

**IS NOT ON THE BAND
IT IS NOT A GENUINE**

AVOID SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

The Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories, Ltd.

The Enemy of URIC ACID

KUTNOW'S POWDER

Effervescent Saline

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout etc.

A BRIGHT WINTER SPA

Vernet-les-Bains is situated at an altitude of 2,150 feet and is well protected from winds; it possesses a sunny, mild and dry climate.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

Average Winter temperature 50° F.

VERNET-LES-BAINS
THE PARADISE OF THE PYRENEES

Treatment at all seasons for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Bronchitis, Nervous & General Weakness, Anæmia, Convalescence, Up-to-Date Baths in direct communication with first-class Hotels. Casino, Orchestra, Tennis, etc. English Church and Club, Excursions, Trout Fishing. Illustrated English brochure from Management, Etablissement Thermal, VERNET-LES-BAINS (Pyr. Or.), FRANCE; or from the Office, Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, S.W., and all Tourist Agencies.

Established 1785.

By
appointment

The one house in the United Kingdom that supplies exclusively Men's outfitting requirements—all under one roof.

TAILORING
—
HOSIERY
—
HATS
—
OVERCOATS
—
BOOTS
—
TRAVEL
GOODS



Gieves

LIMITED

21 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
EDINBURGH. 120 PRINCES ST.
PLYMOUTH. 63 GEORGE ST.
LIVERPOOL. 14 LORD ST.

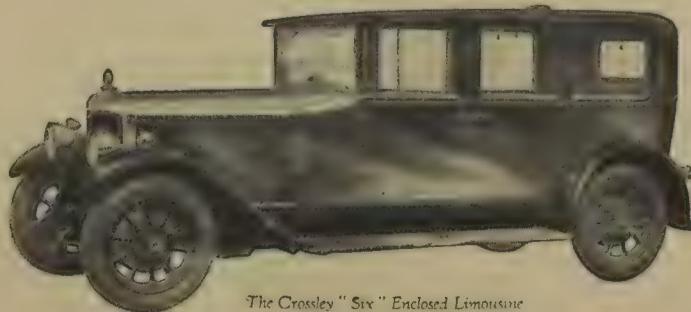
The 18/50 H.P. *Crossley* SIX

"REFINED, smooth - running and silent, with a brilliant road performance." This sums up owners' opinions of the 18/50 h.p. Crossley Six. A delightful car to drive, responding to every mood. From 3 to 60 m.p.h. on top with perfect smoothness and absence of vibration. Effortless steering. Perfect four-wheel brakes.

Full equipment. Ample room for five. Distinctive, beautifully finished coach-work. Designed, built and tested to take its place as the Ideal British Six.

5-seater Touring Car	£675
Fabric Saloon	- £720
Enclosed Limousine	£875
Enclosed Landauette	£895

Ask also for
details of the
14 h.p.
Crossley
from
£350



The Crossley "Six" Enclosed Limousine

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER
London Showrooms and Export Dept., 40-41, Conduit St., W.1

Ask please for "Three Threes"



I'm a Golfer

I notice that serious players always smoke "Three Threes." They realise that the steadiness of their nerves depends on the purity and mildness of their cigarettes. I agree with them.

STATE EXPRESS

333

Plain or Cork Tipped

CIGARETTES

20 for 1/-

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN BURMA.

(Continued from Page 1040.)

The methods by which slavery has been eradicated from various parts of the British Empire would make a romantic story, and I believe a book relating to such problems in Africa is to be expected. Where a system is deeply planted in the institutions of a country it is obviously difficult to uproot it without causing social dislocation. Slaves, especially if they have been kindly treated, often have a strong objection to being emancipated, particularly if they are old and have neither the health nor the means to support themselves.

In Borneo, where slavery of a cruel kind had to be faced by Raja Brooke's Government in Sarawak, the problem was dealt with very cleverly without any unpopular legislation. Simply, the status and rights of slaves were unostentatiously improved, while at the same time the obligations and responsibilities of owners were made increasingly troublesome. In a short while, slave-owning became an expensive nuisance and died out.

A similar policy seems to have succeeded in Burma in the slave-holding district of Putao, which was taken over in 1914. In the Hukawng, a much wilder area, another method was used, and it is to be adopted in the "Triangle" too. Here the country has never been entered by Europeans, except by Young in 1902, and by Captain Green, of the Burma Rifles, in 1926. First, the country will be entered by small columns. A register of slaves will be prepared, which will become a sort of "Domesday Book." Slave-owners will be liberally compensated, and will not be ungenerously treated in the haggle that they will institute. Release certificates will then be issued to all slaves, and those who continue to reside in the country will receive their emancipation as a free gift from the British Government. This will prevent a general exodus, which is to be feared where half or two-thirds of the population are in a state of slavery. Such was the procedure in Hukawng, and presumably it will be the same in the "Triangle"; but it is hoped that a mule road will be cut through the heart of the country, so that movement will be encouraged, which will prevent the area from relapsing again into the seclusion it has so jealously guarded.

That, briefly, is the work about to be undertaken in Upper Burma this Christmas, and it is a good work, a great work, a Christian work. Sir Harcourt Butler is to be congratulated upon bringing it about. The measure will be carried out by Mr. Barnard, and if he

is successful the emancipation of the "Triangle" will pass off without incident. But it is precisely when delicate operations like this are skilfully managed by the tact and devotion of frontier officers that the writing of a page of our Imperial History is apt to be overlooked.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J. WALTER RUSSELL (City of London Chess Club).—We offer both yourself and Mr. Herbert Jacobs our sincere apologies for the unaccountable liberties unconsciously taken with your names in our last issue.

P. J. WOOD (Wakefield).—Thanks for your problem, which we have every expectation of finding up to your usual standard of quality.

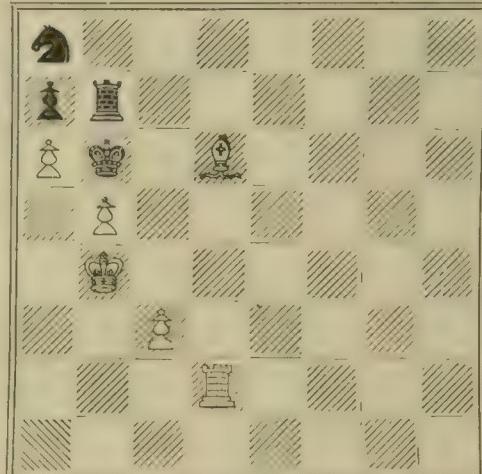
JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—In your comments on No. 3989 you do not appear to give full value either to Black's defensive resources with his Bishop, or the adroitness with which White encounters them; but these are points on which critics always differ.

J. B. BERESFORD (Chapel-en-le-Frith).—Your proposed solution of No. 3990 is met by 1. — P to Kt 6th, after which there is no mate next move.

CARL G. BROWN (Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama).—Both your problems are under consideration. They are just on the border line of acceptability, if correct, but we will make use of them if we can.

PROBLEM NO. 3992.—BY PHILIP MARTIN.

BLACK.



CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3988 received from H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), George F. Heath (Spokane, Washington), J. E. Houseman (Chicoutimi), Charles Willing (Philadelphia, Pa.), and Horace E. McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3989 from V. G. Walron (Haslingden), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and Charles Willing (Philadelphia); of No. 3990 from V. G. Walron (Haslingden), J. Barrett (Deganwy), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. W.

Scott (Elgin), J. T. Bridge (Colchester), W. Kirkman (Hereford), J. C. Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), J. W. Smedley (Oldham), W. H. Terry (Cricklewood), Senex (Darwen), R. P. Nicholson (Crayke), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), and R. B. N. (Tewkesbury); and of No. 3991 from L. W. Cafeteria (Farndon), J. Barry Brown (Naas), J. Hunter (Leicester), J. B. Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frith), C. B. S. (Canterbury), C. H. Watson (Masham), S. Caldwell (Hove), A. Edmiston (Worsley), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and J. P. S. (Cricklewood).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3990.—BY CHARLES H. BATTEY.

WHITE
1. Q to K 5th
2. Mates accordingly.

Although the position is crowded, the solution is almost self-evident, and presents itself to a very casual inspection. The pins and interferences, however, are interesting, and Black's defence against checks by P to Q Kt 6th, is worthy of note. The great difficulty has been to prevent dual and triple mates, which accounts to a large extent for the ungainliness of the position.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Chicago in the Western Championship Tournament, between Messrs. PHILLIPS and WIGHT, to which the first brilliancy prize was awarded.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 4th
3. B to Kt 5th P to B 3rd
4. P to B 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to K 3rd
6. P to K 4th P takes P
7. Kt takes P B to K 2nd
8. B takes Kt Kt takes B
9. Kt takes Kt (ch) B takes Kt
10. B to Q 3rd Q to R 4th

In the whole range of the openings we know of no move so fertile in disaster as this. Unless the Q is to go to K R 4th, she has no function where she stands, and once she is shut out from that resource, the time wasted in extricating her usually makes the end easily predictable.

11. Castles Castles
12. Q to B 2nd P to K R 3rd
13. K R to K sq B to Q 2nd
14. Kt to K 5th K R to Q sq

Completing the mischief of his tenth move. Q to Q sq was essential.

15. Kt to K 4th B to K 2nd
16. R to K 5th Q to B 2nd
17. Q to K 2nd P to K B 4th
18. R takes K P

Taking prompt advantage of

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
Black's last reply, who probably overlooked its immediate consequences.

18. B to Q 3rd
19. B to B 4th K to R sq
20. R takes B

A pretty supplement to his previous play, cleverly maintaining the pressure of the attack by a slight sacrifice of material.

21. Kt to K 5th B to K 3rd
22. Kt to Kt 6 (ch) K to R 2nd
23. B takes B K takes Kt
24. P to K Kt 4th K to R 2nd
25. P takes P Q to B 5th
26. K to R sq R to K B sq
27. R to K Kt sq Q R to K sq
28. R to Kt 4th P to B 8th (ch)
29. K to Kt 2nd P to K R 4th
30. R to Kt 3rd P to K Kt 3rd
31. P takes P (ch) K to Kt 2nd
32. Q to K 5th (ch) R to B 3rd
33. Q to B 7th (ch) Resigns.

The last portion of the game has been splendidly handled by White, and presents a combination of vigour with elegance, that fully justified its choice by Mr. F. I. Marshall for the first place in the brilliancy competition.

Dr. Tartakower took the first, and Mr. F. D. Yates the second, prize in the International Tournament at Ghent, which did not, however, attract a large or representative gathering of chess masters,

A second edition of that excellent little book, "Chess Sacrifices and Traps," by Alfred Emery (F. Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.2; 2s. 6d.), having been called for, the author has taken the opportunity not only of thoroughly revising the text, but of adding fresh material drawn from up-to-date revivals. A selection of brilliant games from the most recent tournaments forms the bulk of its matter, and special prominence is given to the numerous delightfully sacrificial combinations by which Alekhine has made his name famous during the last few years. A place should be found for so charming a gleanings in every chess-lover's library.



Its cost complete with 3 Burndept Super Valves and coils £18

Head Offices and Factory:
BLACKHEATH LONDON, S.E.3

Ethophone-3

A THREE-VALVE BROADCAST RECEIVER

BURNDEPT

WIRELESS LIMITED

Send for full particulars of this interesting model, or ask your dealer to demonstrate it.

London Offices and Showrooms:
15, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.2

AGENTS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

Ready November 30.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

The Sketch

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

WILL BE THE
LIGHTEST & BRIGHTEST
OF ALL THE
CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

Drawings in Colour

BY

CATON WOODVILLE
JOHN HASSALL
DUDLEY HARDY

W. D. ALMOND
G. L. STAMPA
LEWIS BAUMER

and others.

Complete Stories

BY

HAROLD BEGGIE
KEBLE HOWARD
THOMAS COBB

KATHARINE TYNAN
ESTELLE BURNETT
ROY HORNIMAN

and others.

NO REPRINTS.

ORDER TO-DAY.

The Sketch

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS "SKETCH."

THIS FASCINATING COLOURED PLATE

PRESERVED WITH

The Sketch Christmas Number.



SWEET CAPTIVITY.—By Delapore Downing.

Reduced Facsimile of the Beautiful Coloured Plate Presented with the "Sketch" Christmas Number.

The Illustrated London News

Christmas Number



"WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD."

"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew."

FROM THE DRAWING BY MISS C. G. TEMPLE. VERSES QUOTED FROM "POEMS OF CHILDHOOD," BY EUGENE FIELD.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD, LTD.

EXCLUSIVE FURS

Intending purchasers of furs are strongly advised to inspect our stock before coming to a decision. Practically every garment we offer for sale is worked on the premises by our own highly skilled furriers from carefully selected skins. By handling the skins in the raw we detect and reject all inferior pelts and at the same time eliminate all intermediate profits, and therefore claim with the utmost confidence that the values we offer are absolutely unbeatable. The shapes illustrated are typical examples of the many handsome and becoming models we have now in stock.



*Fur
Catalogue
Post Free.*

A DISTINCTIVE MODEL FUR WRAP, worked from fine quality bright, soft-pealed close-curled Persian lamb skins, with inserted bands of dyed Russian fox with handsome collar of natural silver fox ; lined cerise and gold tinsel satin.

Price 225 gns.

In golden nutria and sable dyed fox - - - 125 gns.
In seal dyed musquash and silver fox - - - 135 gns.
In moleskin and natural black (silver) fox - - - 98 gns.

A SMART FUR COAT, worked on attractive lines from selected dead leaf dyed Russian squirrel skins, lined striped satin beauté.

Price 115 gns.

In natural grey squirrel, from - - - - - 79 gns.
In mink dyed squirrel - - - - - 98 gns.
In natural moleskin - - - - - 29 gns.
In seal dyed musquash - - - - - 59 gns.

A HANDSOME FUR COAT, worked from selected seal dyed musquash skins, with new roll collar in natural beaver. A very attractive and becoming model, lined rich crêpe-de-Chine.

Price 98 gns.

In seal dyed musquash, trimmed sable dyed squirrel - - - - - 79 gns.
In seal dyed musquash - - - - - 69 gns.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET & WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W. 1

Austin CARS

THE THINGS THAT ARE CHRISTMAS

are the things every self-respecting orthodox Yuletide card depicts—crisp, "scrunchy" snow, clear nights that euphonise the voices of even the least musical of carollers, a keen-cut moon that bids you polish up your skates, for they will certainly be needed on the morrow. These are the conditions you hope for, and an Austin will help you to enjoy

them to the full. Yet, play the weather never so false, you will find unfailing comfort in your Austin—with reliability in performance and economy in service that will give you the warmest and most lasting satisfaction. There are 20 h.p., 12 h.p. and 7 h.p., models for every purse and purpose. Send for full details and list of 1927 prices.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 479-483, OXFORD STREET, W.1. (Near Marble Arch.)

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.
World-wide Appreciation.

Celestion

A glorious instrument which contains everything necessary for immediate and realistic radio-reception. The touch of a single knob—and—one actually feels present in the Studio itself.

Celestion instruments and Yuletide will always be closely allied, inasmuch as both instil a feeling of wonderful happiness, which must be experienced to be appreciated.

Celestion has created a sensation in the musical world.



Celestion Radio Receiver.

Celestion
World
Message:

CELESTION

Peace
and
Goodwill.
Regd.

If you appreciate real music, hear the Celestion.

As a Stradivarius Violin excels among all stringed instruments, so the Celestion Radiophone reigns supreme as an individual instrument of outstanding merit.

Guaranteed 12 months.

Please apply for particulars.

Patentees and Manufacturers:

Celestion Radio Co.,
29-37, High St., Hampton Wick,
Kingston-on-Thames, England.

Phone: Kingston 2474. Grams:
"Celestion, Kingston."

London Showroom:
21, Villiers Street, Strand, W.C.2
Phone: Gerrard 0397.



Celestion Radiophone.



A Distinctive Label
on a
Century-old Bottle.



CLUBLAND WHITE

The Finest Port Procurable.

Follow the lead of the best judges of Port—
Drink CLUBLAND WHITE.

Fully branded and registered in 1883.

The very spirit of
Christmas is in

Mackintosh's 'Carnival'

ASSORTMENT
DE LUXE

16

Varieties
of
Toffee &
Chocolates
etc.



and the
**Spirit of Remembrance
is in**

Mackintosh's 'ROSEMARY' Chocolates



"Rosemary—
That's for Remembrance."—
Shakespeare.

Every confectioner has a splendid range of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe and high-class Chocolates in various sizes of charming Gift Boxes.

Made by

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD.,
Toffee Town, Halifax, England.



No matter how much you may lecture: youthful impatience will evade, if possible, the irksome business of drying.

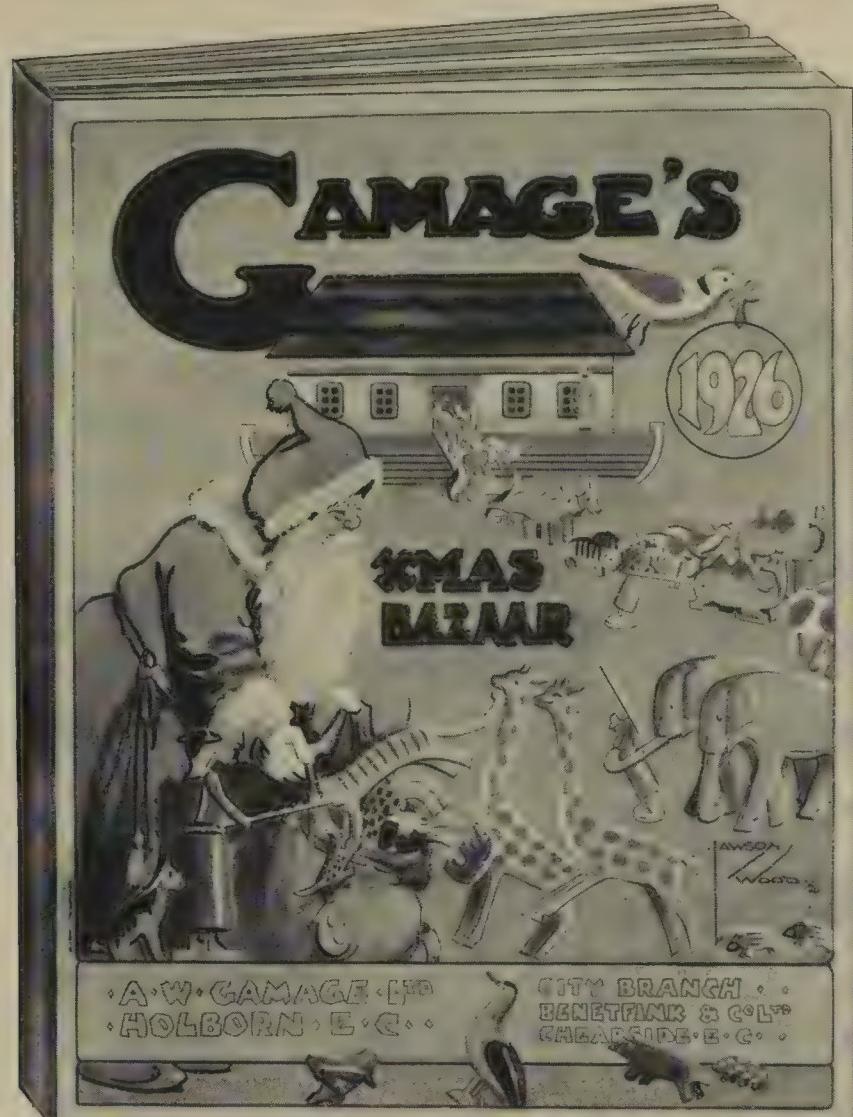
It is much better to have Osman Towels, which dry so gently, so quickly, and with so little effort that, wonder upon wonder, a necessary duty is turned almost into a pleasure.



See the small red "Osman" tab on each.

If you like Osman Towels, ask your draper for OSMAN SHEETS and PILLOW CASES.

Made by BARLOW & JONES, Ltd.,
Bolton and Manchester.



The World's Best Xmas Gift Annual.

160 Pages of Sheer Delight for the Young Folks. Gorgeous Cover in 15 Colours. XMAS GIFTS for all ages. Prizes for the Juveniles.

Applications pouring in. Be in Time. Send 1/- to
A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1

YOUNG'S MOUNTAIN DEW
QUALITY FIRST

has been the motto of the firm since 1797. The motto is particularly exemplified in Young's Mountain Dew, which possesses a distinctive aroma, style and mellowness which have secured it a leading position in every market throughout the world.

EDWARD YOUNG & CO., Ltd.
GLASGOW LIVERPOOL LONDON

Glenugie Distillery Head Export Office:
Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. 62, Mark Lane, London.

Quality First Since 1797

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, Ltd.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c. Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C. 4.

IRON FENCING

CATALOGUE FREE.

TENNIS FENCING, KENNEL RAILING, GARDEN IRONWORK BARBED & SOLID WIRE ETC., ETC.

BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS LTD. WOLVERHAMPTON & CANNON ST. LONDON E.C.

J. C. VICKERY

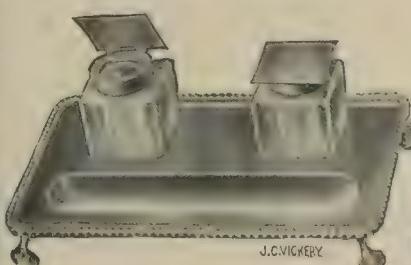
145-147 Regent St. London W.1

For XMAS GIFTS

in charming variety, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, Bags, &c., you are cordially invited to call and see Vickery's collection or Catalogue sent on request.

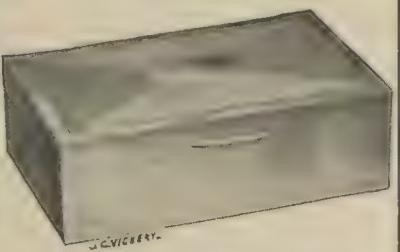


K 363



K 826 Solid Sterling Silver Double Inkstand.

7 in. long only £4 17 6
Same length, 1 Bottle £4 10 0



K 345 Engine-Turned Solid Silver Cigarette Boxes.

4½ in. long £4 10 0 6 in. long £5 12 6
7 in. long £7 5 0



K 828 Solid Sterling Silver Three-piece Condiment Set in Case.

£4 12 6
Ditto, with Two Salt Cellars, Two Muffin-
ers, and One Mustard Pot £7 2 6

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Chivers' Olde English is a Marmalade of distinction. It is made of the choicest Seville oranges and refined sugar only, by a special process which preserves to the full the valuable tonic properties and appetising flavour of the fruit.

Chivers' Mincemeat

Made from selected ingredients in accordance with a famous recipe, it keeps up the old tradition of home-made perfection.

Chivers' Plum Puddings

An English delicacy that is worthy of the spirit of English Christmas. Everything about it is of the highest quality.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

The Illustrated London News Christmas Number

1926

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

COVER DESIGN. A Painting by GORDON NICOLL.

A Christmas episode of the days of white wigs and crinolines; the scene, Ludgate Hill, and the characters, a lover (with mistletoe) and his lady.

PRESENTATION PLATE.

A portrait of the Duchess of York with her baby, entitled, "Royal Motherhood." This picture was specially done for *The Illustrated London News* by John St. Helier Lander.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD. A Drawing by MISS C. G. TEMPLE.

An illustration by Miss Temple of one of Eugene Field's well-known child-poems, published by John Lane in a volume entitled "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field.

WELCOME, GOOD PEOPLE, TO OUR CHRISTMAS FEAST! A Painting by E. WALLCOUSINS.

A picture of a mediæval banquet, with a title which symbolises the message we send our readers, in offering them this Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES FOR CHRISTMAS. Two Pages in Colours by FELIX DE GRAY.

Mr. Felix de Gray has given us some illustrations to familiar fairy tales in previous Christmas Numbers. This year he has turned his attention to some lesser-known legends of Russia, which he has pictured in a most decorative manner.

SOME DANISH FAIRY TALES FOR CHRISTMASTIDE. Two Pages in Colours by FELIX DE GRAY.

Here Mr. de Gray gives us some illustrations to stories by the ever-popular Hans Andersen.

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTH AFRICA: A CONTRAST TO ENGLAND. From Water-Colours by C. E. TURNER.

Two pictures which give a striking contrast of the South African and English Christmas—the larger one showing a happy party picnicking and bathing in the golden sunshine, and the smaller one an impression of the bleak and wintry weather of an English December.

DORMER BELLS. A Story by ELEANOR FARJEON. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER.

"But so surely as bells fail to ring the people in to church, so surely shall all the souls of Dormer parish perish in fire everlasting." The story tells of how the Poor Parson of Dormer gave away the bells for the return of his son's soul, and in what strange manner the people of Dormer were saved.

THE CASTLE OF OUR DREAMS. A Drawing by S. H. SIME.

A characteristic drawing by that well-known imaginative artist, S. H. Sime, entitled "Chateaurien."

"AFTER ALL, I DON'T THINK I WILL." A Picture in Colours by M. WHEELER.

A mischievous little snowballer thinks twice before making a victim of the kind-looking old gentleman who is carrying a quantity of Christmas presents!

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY. A Full-Page in Two Colours by M. WHEELER.

A decorative drawing of a Pierrot in a wintry scene, carrying an armful of masks.

BROTHER FRANCIS PREACHES TO THE BIRDS. A Salon Picture by PAUL MARIE SIBRA.

This picture—"Frère François Prèche aux Oiseaux," by Paul Sibra—was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1926. Dorothy Margaret Stuart has written a little poem (printed beneath our reproduction) on the legend of St. Francis of Assisi, who, it is said, used to gather the birds and preach to them.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. Paintings by E. OSMOND.

This is a set of four paintings by E. Osmond, reproduced in colour, illustrating incidents from that famous old mediæval love story, "Aucassin and Nicolette."

A DAINTY ROGUE IN PORCELAIN. A Full-Page Colour-Plate from a Painting by ALBERT H. COLLINS, R.I.

This picture of a crinolined lady, by Albert H. Collins, R.I., was exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1926.

THE PALM-TREE IN THE CRYSTAL. A Story by ROBERT RAMSEY GRANT. Illustrations by GEORGE BARBIER.

A love story of an eighteenth-century French marquise, who consulted the crystal of a sorceress. The well-known French artist, M. George Barbier, has illustrated the tale with beautiful colour plates.

ROBIN AND THE DRAGON. A Story by DOROTHY M. STUART. Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

The poems and stories of Dorothy Margaret Stuart are well known to our readers. The story of "Robin and the Dragon" is an incident in the Wars of the Roses, and tells how little Robin, the baker's apprentice, helps a fugitive Yorkist knight to escape from his Lancastrian pursuers.

THE PAGEANT OF DISCOVERY. Four Pages in Colour-Photogravure. Paintings by GUSTAVE ALAUX.

M. Gustave Alaux here gives us, in colour-plates, some illustrations of great voyages of discovery. Three of them show famous incidents in the careers of those great navigators, Christopher Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, and Captain Cook. The other one represents the traditional landing of the Norse Vikings in Greenland.

FRIVOLITY. A Drawing by GORDON NICOLL.

A picture of gay festivities of bygone days, accompanied by appropriate verses from the pen of William Jewell.

A LITTLE LEGEND OF EGYPT. A Reproduction in Colours of a Painting by ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

The legend is told in a little poem entitled, "The Scarab in the Pharaoh's Ring." Mr. Arthur H. Buckland's delightful picture of a "blue-winged elf" holding converse with a beetle was exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1926.

THE ASS'S MOUTH. A Story by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Illustrated in Colours by W. HEATH ROBINSON.

A story telling of the adventures of Simpleman and his ass, who were bewitched by a fairy. Mr. Heath Robinson's drawings form a colour border.

MAETERLINCK'S DOG : HIS STORY. Colour Drawings by CECIL ALDIN. Verses by JOE WALKER.

Here are six pictures in colours by Cecil Aldin, reproduced from "My Dog," by Maurice Maeterlinck. They depict incidents in the life of "Pelleas," a bull-dog, about whom Mr. Joe Walker has written some attractive verses.

A FAMOUS CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOK HERO. A Painting by ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.

We are all familiar with the story of "Gulliver's Travels," and here is a realistic picture by André Devambez of Gulliver capturing the Blefuscus Fleet for the Emperor of Lilliput.

LONDON DEER AND THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER. A Drawing by GILBERT HOLIDAY.

During snowy weather, the food for the deer in Bushey Park is sent out in a cart, and the deer of their own accord line up in single file, headed by the monarch of the herd, to receive their "rations."

THE YELLOW FROCK. A Story by ELISABETH KYLE. Illustrated.

A pathetic little story about an English girl studying music in Brussels who rejects love for the sake of ambition, and is balked of both.

A CHRISTMAS VISION. A Colour Reproduction from a Painting by MISS K. BLACKMORE.

This exquisite colour fantasy in a Maeterlinck vein, entitled "Cradle Time," by Miss K. Blackmore, was exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists, 1926.

REHEARSING A SHADOW SHOW FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY: THE WOLF FROM "RED RIDING HOOD." A Colour Reproduction from a Pastel by MISS CUMBRAE STEWART.

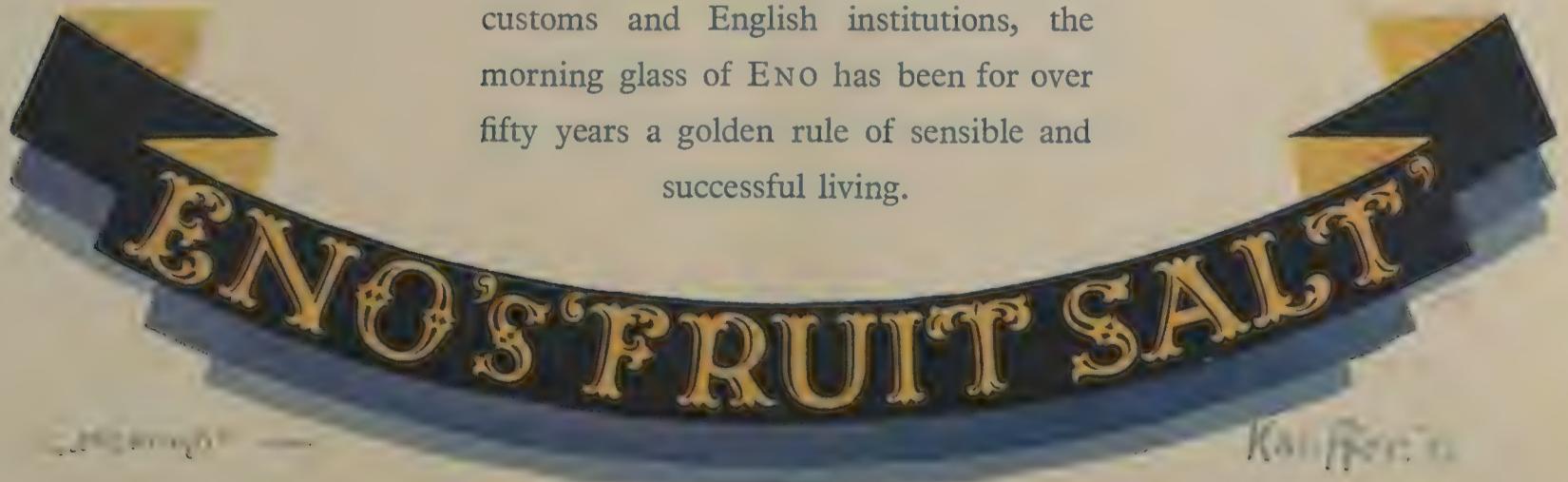
The fascinating pastime of "Shadow Play" is the subject of this pastel by Miss Cumbræ Stewart, which was exhibited at the Beaux Arts Gallery.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. Four Portraits of English Childhood, by EDMOND BROCK.

These examples of child-portraiture by that well-known modern artist, Mr. Edmond Brock, were shown in his recent exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery.



FROM the sunny bathrooms of English homes, across the world to the far outposts of the Empire—wherever Englishmen have carried with them English customs and English institutions, the morning glass of ENO has been for over fifty years a golden rule of sensible and successful living.





THE OXO HABIT



"THE MIGHTY ATOM"

"Here is the Beef, Mother!"

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



"WELCOME, GOOD PEOPLE, TO OUR CHRISTMAS FEAST!"

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. WALLCOUNSINS.

Russian Fairy Tales for Christmas.

The Lazy Old Man and the Raven.

AN old man having upset a sack of grain said: "If the Sun warmed me, if the Moon gave me light on the way, if the Raven helped me to pick up the grain, I would give my eldest daughter as wife to the Sun, to the Moon my second daughter, and to the Raven my youngest. His desire was fulfilled, and his three daughters were married as he had promised. One night when he visited his son-in-law the Raven, the latter made him come up a ladder and suggested that he should sleep warmly under his wings. The old man accepted and fell asleep, but the Raven opened his wings, whereupon the old man fell out and was straightway killed. So he gained no advantage by his selfishness and laziness.

The Prince Changed into a Goat.

ACERTAIN King and Queen were dead, and their children, Ivan and Alenoushka, left alone, set forth on their travels. Little Ivan being thirsty, and not heeding his sister's advice, drank from a magic well and was transformed into a goat. Alenoushka wept bitterly and continued her journey accompanied by her brother the goat. The King of the country through which they passed fell in love with the maiden and married her. One day Alenoushka fell ill. A witch came to cure her, but took the form of the young Queen and threw her, with a stone round her neck, to the bottom of the sea. With the aid of the goat the King discovered the trick. The real Queen was saved and the witch was burned alive.



FELIX DE GRAY

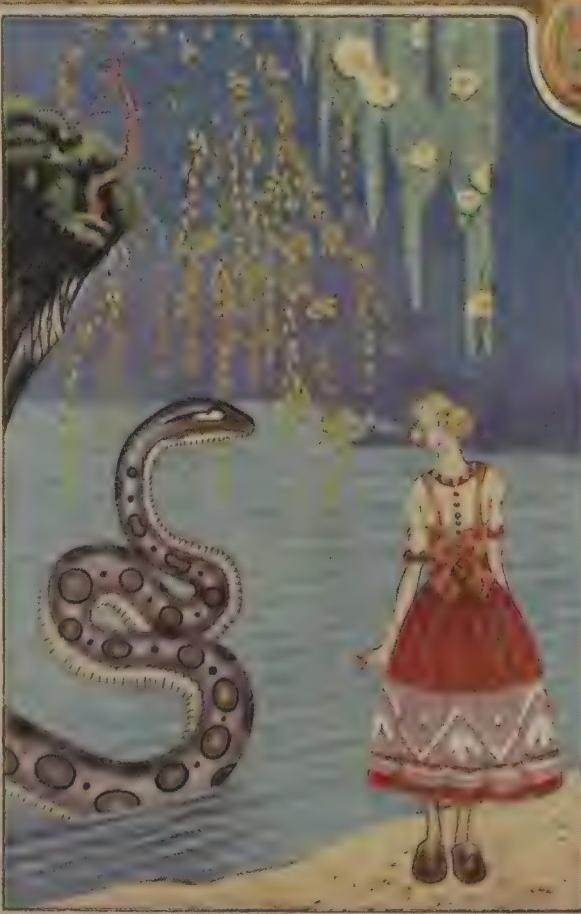
Russian Fairy Tales for Christmas.

The King
of the Waters.

A MAIDEN named Frosia was poor but very beautiful. One day while she was at the riverside with some rich companions, she said: "Alas! only a serpent would want my poverty." An enormous serpent came out of the river, and said: "Would you marry a serpent? I am the King of the Waters." Frosia consented. The serpent then changed into a magnificent Prince, and took her into the depths of his kingdom. She had two children, and she was happy, but after seven years she wanted to see her old home. The King let her go, making her swear not to reveal whose wife she was. But her little daughter babbled the story. Men came to the riverside, uttered a magic word, and killed the King of the Waters. Before his death he changed his wife into a cuckoo.

Ivan
Tzarevitch.

A YOUNG PRINCE, learning that his sister would become a terrible sorceress and one day devour his father and mother and his father's subjects, mounted his swiftest horse and took to flight. He sought shelter with "The Sister of the Sun." But the Prince was tormented by home-sickness, and asked permission to rejoin his parents. When he arrived at the palace his sister overwhelmed him with affection, but a mouse that knew the state of affairs said to him: "Fly! your sister is sharpening her teeth to devour you." Ivan Tzarevitch remounted his horse and fled, pursued by his terrible sister. He was on the point of being caught and devoured when he reached the palace of "The Sister of the Sun," and his steed leapt into it. So he dwelt at peace in the sun.

FELIX
GRAY

Some Danish Fairy Tales for Christmastide.



Thumbelina and the Butterfly.

"**A** GRACEFUL little butterfly always fluttered round her, and at last alighted on the leaf. Thumbelina pleased him, and she was very glad of this, for now the toad could not reach them; and it was so beautiful where she was floating along—the sun shone upon the water, and the water glistened like the most splendid gold. She took her girdle and bound one end of it round the butterfly, holding the other end of the ribbon in her hand. The leaf now glided onward much faster, and Thumbelina, too, for she stood upon the leaf."

The Old House.

"**T**HAT was a good house to look at; and in it lived an old man who wore a coat with great brass buttons, and a wig. The little boy heard his parents say, 'The old man opposite is very well off, but he is terribly lonely.' Next Sunday the little boy wrapped something in a piece of paper, and went with it to the house door. . . . An old attendant carried the tin soldier into the old house. Afterwards he was sent over to ask if the little boy would not like to come himself and pay a visit. . . . And then the little boy came to the room where the old man sat. 'Thank you for the tin soldier, my little friend,' said the old man, 'and thank you for coming over to me.'"



FELIX
DE
GRAY

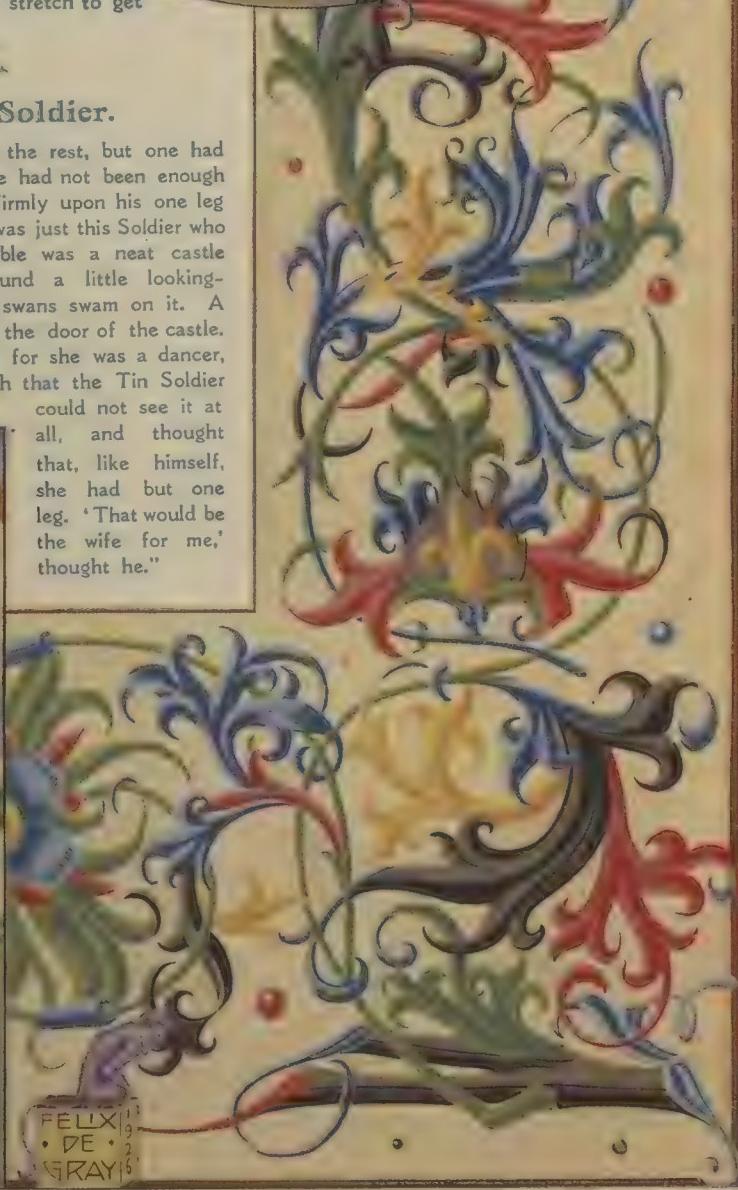
Some Danish Fairy Tales for Christmastide.

The Shadow.

"THE sun . . . was really quite unbearable . . . The learned man from the cold regions became quite thin; even his shadow shrivelled up and became much smaller than it had been at home; the sun even took the shadow away, and it did not return till the evening when the sun went down. So soon as a light was brought into the room the shadow stretched itself quite up to the wall, farther even than the ceiling, so tall did it make itself; it was obliged to stretch to get strength again."

The Brave Tin Soldier.

"EACH soldier was exactly like the rest, but one had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two. And it was just this Soldier who became remarkable. . . . On the table was a neat castle of cardboard, with little trees round a little looking-glass to represent a pool. Waxen swans swam on it. A little lady, cut out in paper, stood at the door of the castle. She stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg. 'That would be the wife for me,' thought he."



Christmas in South Africa: A Contrast to England.

FROM WATER-COLOURS BY C. E. TURNER.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN AND THE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS: A CONTRAST OF SUNSHINE AND SNOW.

Christmas in South Africa is a time of golden sunshine, luscious fruit, and outdoor gaiety, a striking contrast to our northern winter. The South Africans keep up the old time Christmas customs and festivities, but at that season the glorious climate calls them to the open air, and they spend their Christmas holidays picnicking or camping out. Many flock to the coast of the "Southern Riviera," now so popular as a winter resort, and enjoy the delights of bathing. Above we see a typical South African Christmas party, and underneath it an impression of the weather usually associated with Christmas in England.

DORMER BELLS

BY

ELEANOR
FARJEON

DRAWINGS BY
STEVEN SPURRIER.

The Stranger then drew from his pocket a warm, full bottle of milk, and put the teat to the baby's lips.

THERE was once a Poor Parson in the village of Dormer. He was the poorest parson in England, and when you've said that you've said all. Still, out of his meagre tithes he managed to keep Alice his wife, Frank his ne'er-do-well of a son, Margery his pretty niece, and also his baby. To eke things out he had a garden and a cow; the one supplied him with potatoes and the other with milk, but at the time of this story the cow, whom they called Polly, was with calf by Joe, the biggest and most dangerous bull in the countryside, and the baby's milk had to be bought. The rest of them made do on skim milk when the farmer had more than his pigs required; and when he hadn't, they went without. It was Margery's task to look after Polly, and Frank's to see to the potatoes; but, as he preferred to sit joking in the bar of the Seven Sleepers, the potatoes were not so plentiful as they might have been.

Now, although the living of Dormer was the poorest in the kingdom, the church had the sweetest chime of bells in the country. It was hundreds of years old, and had a story attached to it. The people of Dormer had always been notable sluggards, who underworked and overslept on weekdays, and on Sundays couldn't be roused at all. Late one Saturday night the Bishop came riding through the village without notice. He put up at the Parson's, saying he would take the service next day. So he did, and not a soul but the Parson was there to hear him. The Bishop then inquired into things, and discovered, first, that the people of Dormer had the habit of interpreting the Day of Rest in its most literal sense; and, second, that this poorest of parishes had no bells in its church. He retired to meditate and pray for guidance; then, calling the Parson to him, observed that the Lord had communicated with him in a dream.

"I am bidden," said the Bishop, "to present you with a chime of bells, and so surely as bells ring in Dormer Church of a Sabbath, so surely will the sluggards of Dormer come to service. But so surely as bells fail to ring the people in, so surely shall all the souls of Dormer parish perish in fire everlasting. And this shall be a warning to the Parsons of Dormer

for ever, and handed down to them from generation to generation."

Soon afterwards the new chime of bells was hung in the Dormer belfry, and, because he was too poor to keep a bell-ringer, the Parson rang the people in himself. This became a custom with the Parsons of Dormer, who were all too poor to keep bell-ringers; and so it was at the opening of my story, on a Twenty-eighth of November, which was a Monday.

On this day a wealthy Stranger appeared in Dormer, engaged the best suite of rooms in the Seven Sleepers, and entertained with an open hand all who cared for such things as good food, good drink, and good tobacco. These were not a few—indeed, practically all the male half of Dormer flowed through the doors of the inn every day, and remained till it was time for bed, which they loved still better than eating or drinking or smoking. But he who came earliest and stayed latest was the Poor Parson's son; and, long after Dormer was snoring, Frank sat shuffling the Stranger's cards and rattling his dice.

Now on Saturday night, as the Poor Parson sat up late making notes for his sermon, his door was opened suddenly and Frank stumbled in. His father looked up quick enough to see that the lad's

face was as white as death, and his eyes full of fear, but he saw no more than that before his son flung himself at his feet, clasped his knees, and cried out to him to save him.

"Frank, Frank!" said the Poor Parson, smoothing the ne'er-do-well's hair with a gentle hand, "tell me what has happened, and I will save you if it be in my power."

The young man pulled himself together enough to stammer out his story. For five nights he had played with the Stranger for higher and higher stakes. By Friday night he had won a considerable sum, but the temptation to increase this to real riches was too great for him. The fever was now in his blood. "I saw a future," said he, "in which I could make amends to you for all my idleness, father. For, bad as I am, I have seen how my mother works, and how you go without, and how Margery longs for pretty things—and I never could make her a trifling present but once. But now I saw myself keeping you



Wherever they knocked or entered, the folk lay still abed; snores and grunts were all the answers their exhortations received.

and my mother in luxury, giving Margery as many trinkets as would make her happy, and providing our baby with all that surrounds the babies of kings. And of course," he added, hanging his head, "I saw myself well dressed, in a fine house, with horses in my stable, and friends to feast with me each night. And so when, to-night, the Stranger proposed higher stakes than ever, I agreed eagerly, and bit by bit lost all I had won; then bit by bit all I possessed—little enough, but, father, in my madness I staked my very shoes; then I staked what I did not possess, until I was so deep in debt that, if this poor house and all in it were sold a thousand times over, it would not clear my account. I saw ruin before us all, but it was too late. And then the Stranger proposed that—that—"

"Yes, Frank," said his father gently, "what did the Stranger propose?"

"Oh, father, he offered to acquit me of all my debts if on a single throw of the dice I would stake my soul. Once more I agreed, for I thought I had an even chance of winning, and in any case you would not be burdened with the results of my folly. We threw, and I lost."

The Poor Parson sat for a little like one stunned, but his hand never ceased stroking the young gambler's head. Presently he spoke. "Where is this Stranger, Frank?"

"Waiting below. He said he was inclined to see you before he claimed his—due."

"Bid him come in," said the Parson, "and then, my dear, leave us."

In a few minutes the Poor Parson found himself closeted alone with the Stranger, whom he now saw for the first time. The Stranger was dressed in a suit of fine black cloth, and wore across his chest the broad red ribbon of some order. As his eyes met those of the Parson he smiled shrewdly.

"I perceive," said he, "that you recognise me."

"Yes," said the Poor Parson.

"And fear me?"

"Not for myself," said the Poor Parson, "but I do, God help me, for my son."

"You will find," said the Stranger, "that one fear is the same as another fear. However, we will not waste words on a matter of theology, or, if you prefer, psychology. It is enough for you to know that, if I choose, your son is mine from this night forth. But I am prepared to waive my claim on him, for a price."

"What is your price?" asked the Poor Parson.

"The loan of the Church Bells," said the Stranger, "till the end of the year."

The Parson stared at him.

"It is not even a price, you see," said the Stranger easily; "a loan merely."

"What is behind this?" asked the Parson.

"A private difference between myself and one in authority," said the Stranger. "These things occur sometimes. You have read your Book of Job. In that case I was the loser. In the present instance I have undertaken to prevent the church-going of Dormer on a single Sunday during this December. I have engaged to exercise physical force on nobody, and to let nothing be done save by the free consent of the parties concerned. A little month is my limit. If I fail, I will trouble you no more. And I guarantee, in any case, to restore the chime at midnight on the thirty-first."

The Poor Parson saw the position at a glance. The legend of the bells had been handed on to him when he came into office. He knew the condition attached to them: "So surely as bells rang in Dormer Church, the sluggards would come to service. So surely as they came not, should they perish in fire everlasting."

He sat and wrestled with himself. It was hundreds of souls against one, but that one was his son's. Whenever he tried to think of the sluggards, his boy's white face and desperate eyes rose up before him, and his boy's voice cried out, "Save me!" Suggestions, not from heaven, floated through his brain; perhaps the legend was not true; perhaps the people of Dormer had changed; who could say that, after centuries of habit, they would not come to church, though no bells rang them in. "Save me, father!" cried the voice of his son. He turned to the Stranger and said hoarsely, "Take the bells!"

"And keep your son," said the Stranger pleasantly. "You are a good father."

"I am a bad priest," said the Parson.

"Tut!" said the Stranger. "Was it you who created your parish all sluggards?"

"I want no arguments," said the Poor Parson. "I know what I am doing. Come."

They went together to the belfry, and the thing was done as easily as unhooking a picture from the wall. Before they parted the Stranger said, "I must only require of you to lay

aside your duties as bell-ringer during this month, and not to beg, borrow, buy, or steal new bells for this church before the year is out."

The Poor Parson bowed his head and went home. Before retiring he sought his son and said, "The debt is cancelled." Frank caught his hand and kissed it. Then, in an agony of the spirit, the poor man went to his bed. All night he tossed and groaned, and his wife waked by his side, first begging and then scolding him to tell her what was troubling him so sorely. He had intended to bear his guilt alone, but by daybreak his strength was spent, and, weeping like a child, he buried his face in her shoulder and told her the whole tale. She listened with horror, mingled with relief—for was not her dear Frank saved?

"I should have done the same," she said. "I cannot blame you. But now let us see whether it is not all a bad dream—perhaps if we go to the church we shall find the bells hanging there as usual." For the Poor Parson's wife was a practical woman, and was obliged to be. Alas! one look into the belfry told them the terrible truth.

"Well, then, my love," cried Alice energetically, "you must not rest, but must run round to all the houses and rouse the folk yourself. And Frank shall go with you. And when I have given the baby its bottle, I will come after you."

For, whatever might betide, in that household the baby came first. She was soon at their heels, having left the child in Margery's charge. But on this unhappy Fourth of December it was to be borne in on the Poor Parson as never before what sort of a parish he had in his care. Wherever they knocked or entered, the folk lay still abed; snores and grunts were all the answers their exhortations received, even when they cried in the sluggards' ears that their souls were in peril.

Returning to their house, the Poor Parson's wife stamped her foot, crying, "They deserve all they get. Are you responsible for their sloth?"

"I am responsible for their salvation," groaned her husband. "I see now the old tale was true, and they must be rung to church or not at all." And he broke down utterly.

His grief roused all her wits in her. "Why, then," said she, "rung to church they shall be!" And she rushed into the house.

He raised his head with a gleam of hope, for he knew she was a woman not easily beaten. In another moment she had reappeared with something in each hand. "Husband," she cried, "bless the door-bell and the dinner-bell!"

And she held out to him the bell with which she was wont to summon him in from the potato-patch, and that which rang inside the door when callers came.

"But these," he stammered, "are no church bells!"

"And what of that?" said Alice. "They are good bells, and all the tale says is that so surely as bells are rung in Dormer Church of a Sabbath, so surely will the sluggards come to service. Bless them quickly, husband, and into your surplice with you."

It is placed on record in the Dormer chronicles that on the Fourth of December, 18—, the people were rung to church by the Poor Parson's dinner-bell. And a fine sight the Poor Parson's wife must have been, as she stood in the belfry flushed with triumph and indignation, swinging the door-bell with her right-hand, and the dinner-bell with her left, while the people shuffled into their places. At all events, that Sunday no souls were damned in Dormer.

"I should like to see your Stranger now!" laughed Alice, as her husband embraced her after the service.

But before the week was out, she had stopped laughing. For, by a series of the strangest accidents, she was entirely unable to procure milk for the baby. Wherever she went for it, the farmers had had all their milk commandeered at double prices by a great lord from London. The Poor Parson's wife grew more desperate daily, as the baby grew daily more fretful and feeble. She went from house to house, and from farm to farm, praying for a pint, for half a pint, for a bottleful. There was none to be had.

"Save me a drop to-morrow," she begged, and was promised; but on the morrow the London lord had sent a guinea for the half-pint just before she arrived, and the offer had been too tempting to be resisted. On the Saturday evening as she bathed the baby, its tiny body was as wet with her tears as with soap-suds.

"Oh, my pretty, my pretty!" sobbed Alice, clasping the precious thing to her and rocking to and fro, "don't die and break my heart!"

As she spoke, a shadow fell across her, and, "Fie, Madam, what sad talk is this of death and broken hearts?" said a bland voice in her ear. Looking up, she beheld a tall dark man standing beside her. He had entered so quietly that she had not heard him. She noticed vaguely that he was dressed in black, and

wore a red ribbon on his chest, but what rivetted her gaze was his right hand, from which hung a small milk-can, a white drop trickling from it.

"Who are you?" she said.

"The milkman, if you like," he smiled.

"Oh!" cried the Parson's wife, in eager joy, "give me the can!"

"Softly, softly," said the Stranger. "It is worth its price."

"I have no money, sir," said the Poor Parson's wife.

"And if you had," he rejoined, "money would hardly pay for such as this. To some it is a pint of milk, but you and I know it is a child's life."

"Yes, yes!" she said. "What do you want for it?"



The Poor Parson's wife . . . stood in the belfry flushed with triumph and indignation, swinging the door-bell with her right hand, and the dinner-bell with her left.

"Little enough, dear Madam. The dinner-bell and the house-bell, that is all."

She looked up sharply, and now for the first time met his smiling eyes, and started up in horror. But—

"Milk for the child," said he persuasively, and dangled the can before her. The Poor Parson's wife, who was not easily beaten, knew that she was now. "Wait!" she whispered. Cuddling the baby close she ran from the room, and soon returned with the two bells. She thrust them into the Stranger's hands and seized the can. "There!" she gasped. "Go!"

"When you have promised," said he, "to give up bell-ringing for the rest of the month, and neither to buy, beg, borrow, nor steal other bells to replace these."

"I promise," said Alice in a low voice. He bowed, and went; even before he left the room she was warming the milk in the baby's bottle.

But when the child was fed and sleeping, she fell a-sobbing more bitterly than before, and it was so that Margery her niece discovered her.

"Why, aunt, dear aunt," cried the girl, "whatever is amiss? Is our baby worse?"

"Nay, better!" sobbed the poor woman, "but, oh, at what a cost!" Between her sobs she told her niece the tale. "And how can I face your uncle, Margery? I have ruined all the souls in his keeping, I who thought to save them this whole month, and to save him, too, from bitter self-reproach."

All night she moaned and wept, and though her husband implored her to confide in him, she could not bring her courage to the point of doing so. In the morning he said to her, "My dear heart, whatever your grief, I pray you to put it from you for a little while, and perform again the blessed office which saved us all last week."

At this she fell on her knees before him, and confessed the truth. "It was for the child," she ended, hiding her swollen eyes against his sleeve. "I know," said the Poor Parson, sorrowfully.

As they stayed thus, quick footsteps ran down the passage, accompanied by the faintest of tinkling sounds. "Why, what is this?" said the Poor Parson. The door flew open, and in hurried Margery with her hands to her ears.

"Oh, aunt, you have told him, then!" she said. "I am so glad, because—oh, aunt, I have thought of something." She took her hands from her ears, and looked blushing from the Poor Parson to his wife; and they saw that on either side of her pretty face hung a tiny silver bell. "Uncle," she said shyly, "some while ago Frank gave me these, and I never dared to wear them, for I knew he ought not, when you were in such want; and yet—and yet I could not let them go, for they are the only ornaments I ever had. And, oh, I am not sorry now, if only they will save Dormer to-day. Dear uncle, bless my ear-rings, and I will go ring them in the belfry."

"But Margery," said the Poor Parson's wife, "not a soul will hear them!"

"I don't know," said Margery. "The legend only says that bells must be rung in Dormer Church."

"She is right," said the Poor Parson. "Kneel down, child."

She knelt, and he blessed her ear-rings.

Searchers among the Dormer archives will discover that on the Eleventh of December, 18—, the people of Dormer were rung to church by a pair of silver ear-rings. And a pretty sight it must have been to see the rosy-faced girl shaking her head under the bell-ropes, tinkling the sleepy-heads into their seats. Not a man or woman stayed away, and the Poor Parson knew that his parish was saved once more.

That evening Frank walked with Margery in the lane, and said to her, "Do you remember how you scolded me, Madge, the day I gave them to you?"

"No, I've forgotten—did I scold you?" said Margery.

"I know," said Frank, "you never thanked me for them."

(Continued on Page 14)

THE CASTLE OF OUR DREAMS.



"CHATEAURIEN."



"AFTER ALL, I DON'T THINK I WILL!"

"I can't remember—did I not thank you?"

"Thank me now, Madge," persisted Frank.

When he had been well thanked, Margery said, "I will always, always wear them, Frank." But she was to eat that "always" before the week's end.

For what had happened last week happened this. "No milk, no milk!" was the cry wherever they went. The mother wrung her hands; Frank vowed he would break the farmers' heads; Margery ran from door to door, pleading for milk—in vain. By Saturday the baby was ailing sadly; it could not thrive on water and potatoes.

Late on the Saturday night Margery came along the lane. She had gone out on a long fruitless quest, and was weary and faint-hearted. She had no heart to take home her empty jug, and at the gate, leaning against a tree, she stood and sighed.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" said a suave voice in her ear. "What, have you lost your lover?"

"Sir!" stammered Margery, looking up in alarm. Before her stood a lean dark figure, clad in black, with a scarlet decoration.

"Tell me your trouble," said the Stranger, "and, if I can comfort you, I will."

Margery drew away, saying awkwardly, "I can't tell my troubles to chance passers, sir."

"Nay, that's a pity," said he, "for they might be the very ones to help you. And I would not have you think me a night-roamer up to no good. I am only late abroad because I had run short of milk for the morning." So saying, as though to reassure her, he produced a bottle of milk from under his cloak.

Margery straightway forgot he was a stranger, forgot everything but what was in his hands, and she cried joyfully, "Oh, sir, you *can* help me! It was for want of milk that I was unhappy."

"To think of it!" exclaimed the Stranger. "Why, if it can make you happy, it is yours, for—what shall we say?—that pair of silver trifles in your ears."

"These? Oh, not these!" cried Margery. Then, looking at him pitifully, she said, "I know you now."

"You may do," said the Stranger; "but what of it? Hark!" He held up his finger, and through an open window in the Parsonage floated a little whimper that hurt her heart. The Stranger tapped his bottle. "Milk for the child," he said.

"Oh, dear Lord," whispered Margery, clasping her hands, "forgive me—I can't help it!" Then she undid her hands, pulled the bells from her ears, and dropped them at the Stranger's feet.

"Here is the bottle," said he; "but you must agree to abandon your post of bell-ringer for the rest of the month, and you must not buy, beg, borrow, or steal other bells in the place of these. Is this a bargain?"

She nodded, snatched the bottle, and ran. "Look, look!" she cried a moment later, bursting into the room where the Poor Parson's wife was trying to sing the baby to sleep. But she barely waited to hear the mother's cry of joy before she fled to her room, and locked herself in to pray.

In the morning the Poor Parson came cheerfully to breakfast, saying, "Where is that Margery of ours? We'll need her soon."

"I haven't seen her," said his wife. "Go call her, Frank."

He went, but could not find her in any of the rooms, so then he searched the garden, calling her name. She made no answer, but in the shrubbery he heard a rustle, and paused. "Are you there, Margery? Come, my father is waiting for you."

Slowly the bushes parted, and her white face looked at him through the green boughs. "Oh, Frank, I dare not come!"

"Dare not!" he repeated. "Why!—where are your earings, dear?"

She murmured, "I gave them away to a strange dark man, for milk."

Then Frank understood. He held out his arms, and she came into them, trembling. "It is not your fault," he said, "it is mine. My sin began it all. I sinned for myself; what my father did, he did for me, as you and my mother have done

it for the child. But Margery," he said suddenly, "why should the child not save us all?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Go tell my father your tale at once," the young man said, and went quickly into the house. She obeyed, with a faint hope in her heart; and, just as she had finished speaking, and while the anxiety was still new upon his parents' faces, Frank came into the room with the baby in his arms. It was cooing with content, after its morning bottle.

"Here's your new bell-ringer, father," said Frank. "Come, bless the baby's coral!"

In the annals of Dorner we find that on December the Eighteenth, 18—, the people were rung to church by a baby's coral. And an innocent sight it must have been to see the child kicking and crowing in its cradle in the belfry, and biting its ring of bells while the sluggards of Dorner ambled to their places. All through his sermon the face of the Poor Parson shone with joy, for his heart was singing within him that his child had saved his parish.

"Ay, my darling, and you shall again come Christmas Day," said he, fondling the baby when they were home again, "and that is the last Sunday in the year. Then Dorner Bells will ring the New Year in."



Margery . . . took her hands from her ears, and looked blushing from the Poor Parson to his wife.

But the child was not to ring its coral twice. All the week long it grew thinner and paler for want of nourishment, and on Christmas Eve the Poor Parson, his wife, his niece, and his son were nearly driven to despair. Once more both Frank and Margery went tramping the countryside to beg for milk in Christ's name, while the Poor Parson knelt and prayed on one side of the cradle, and his wife on the other stared out at the wild sky.

"Husband," she said bitterly, "the child is dying. Do you think the Christ will be born to-night? Look, the clouds are so heavy there's no place for a star, and the wind's so high it would blow it away."

"Hush, hush!" he said. "Oh, pray with me that the little one may live to ring the people in."

"Yes, it will live that long," said Alice brokenly, "but it will never see the New Year. Oh, God!" she prayed in her heart, "send the Stranger, and whatever he asks, I will give him!"

"My God," prayed the Poor Parson, "let not the Stranger come, lest I give him what he asks!"

They fell asleep, praying, on either side of the cradle. Then midnight came, and the sky was starless, and the wind so high that the roaring of a creature in its agony was drowned in it. And a shadow fell on the child's cradle, as the Stranger stooped over it. The child stared up at him. Very softly the Stranger touched the coral. The child gripped it. A very little force

would have served, but that was forbidden. The Stranger then drew from his pocket a warm, full bottle of milk, and put the teat to the baby's lips. The little mouth began to work and suck, the little hands dropped what they had held and clutched the familiar comfort they knew well. The Stranger took the coral so quietly that it made no sound; stood up, smiled at the sky, and disappeared. In the morning the parents awoke, and found their child sleeping peacefully, clasping its half-empty bottle.

"Husband, look!" cried the Poor Parson's wife. "God has saved our child, for His Child's sake!"

For at midnight, Polly, their cow, had brought forth, and in her anguish had wandered into the church and crouched in the belfry. There she now lay in great content, licking the trembling calf that sucked at her udders. Over her stood Joe, the great bull, who was the calf's father. And as she lay, and he stood, they slowly swung their heads from side to side, and the iron bells on their necks clanged loud with a joyful sound.

"Husband, husband!" cried the Poor Parson's wife, her face running with tears, "go bless the creatures' bells."

"There is no need, beloved," the Poor Parson said, "for



That evening Frank walked with Margery in the lane, and said to her, "Do you remember how you scolded me, Madge?"

But the Poor Parson gazed in the cradle and said: "The coral is gone." He buried his face in his hands. Into the room as he spoke came Margery and Frank, pale and worn-out. They, too, sat down by the cradle, understanding all. None of them dared try to comfort the Poor Parson in his grief. Not knowing what to do, they waited in silence. Presently he raised his head. "I must put on my surplice," he said, "and preach my Christmas sermon."

His wife said in a low voice: "There will be none to hear you but us."

"Then I will preach to you," he said. "It is time. Go to church and take the child too. You at least need no bells to ring you in."

"But father!" exclaimed Frank, starting to his feet, "the bells are ringing! Listen!"

His father stared at him. "We—we are feverish—we think we hear them," he stammered.

"But I hear them too!" said Margery.

"And so do I!" cried the Poor Parson's wife. "And, husband, look!"

She pointed out of the window, and over the fields afar they saw the people coming. Snatching up the child, she ran out of the house, and the others followed her. At the West door of the church they stopped, and gazed at the strangest sight ever seen there.

God has done it." Now, as he spoke, and before a single churchgoer had arrived, there came a hasty step at the North door, and the Stranger himself appeared in the belfry. Rushing to the beasts he cried aloud, "Give me your bells! The Parson's baby, whom you love, is starving! Give me your bells, and I will give you—"

"Moo-ooo!" lowed Polly, in her rich, deep voice. "Moo-ooo!" And to the listeners she seemed to be saying, "Milk for the child?" and then, in the pride of her heavy udders, to be laughing.

For one moment the Stranger shook his impotent arms aloft. The movement threw open his cloak, and exposed his red ribbon. It caught the eye of Joe, the great bull, the danger of the countryside. What happened was too quick to be described. But the next moment the Stranger had disappeared through the South door, and for ever.

Antiquaries will tell you that on December the 25th, 18—, the sluggards of Dormer were rung to church by cow-bells. And a holy sight it must have been to see the patient beasts moving their great necks from side to side, while the little one lay and sucked.

On New Year's Eve, when his child was beginning to grow round and rosy once again, the Poor Parson stepped into the belfry and rang the New Year in with Dormer Bells.



Over her stood Joe, the great bull, who was the calf's father. . . . They slowly swung their heads . . . and the iron bells on their necks clanged loud.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.



PIERROT'S CHRISTMAS: MASKS AND FACES.

FROM THE DRAWING BY M. WHEELER.

Brother Francis Preaches to the Birds.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL MARIE SIBRA. EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1926.



The Sermon in the Wood.

The little wood was very full of sounds,
For many birds had gathered there to sing;
The chestnut boughs swung softly murmuring,
The gold-winged flies hummed in their dizzy
rounds.

Then there moved slowly from the vine-shagged
hill
A lean, quaint figure in a russet gown;
And all the little birds, grey, black, and brown,
Sang, "Francis comes! Now let us all be still!"

The path he followed ran into the wood,
And as he passed among the high, hushed
trees,
Dark foxgloves lifted them to touch his knees,
And pearl-pale chestnuts bent to brush his hood.

They heard him say, "Oh, all ye things that are,
Praise God . . . let all things praise Him . . .
lizard gay,
And plodding ass, and fleet wolf tawny-grey;
By day, the daisy, and by night, the star!"

They hearkened, as Assisi hearkened then
To that strange voice, which strange, wild
powers obeyed;
And near him fluttered, blithe and unafraid,
The freckled thrush, the linnet and the wren.

He stood, the sunlight on him clear and sweet,
The silent branches over him unstirred;
He raised his hands . . . to either swooped a bird,
And there were birds like blown leaves round
his feet.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.



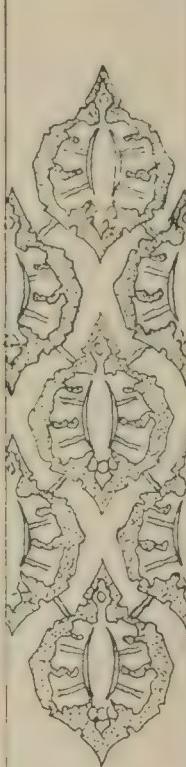
NICOLETTE, AS A CHILD, IS SOLD BY THE SARACENS TO THE VISCOUNT OF BEAUCAIRE.

"Son," answered the father, "this may not be. Put Nicolette from mind. For Nicolette is but a captive maid, come hither from a far country, and the Viscount of this town bought her with money from the Saracens, and set her in this place. He hath nourished and baptized her, and held her at the font. On a near day he will give her to some young bachelor, who will gain her bread in all honour."



NICOLETTE ESCAPES OVER THE WALLS OF BEAUCAIRE INTO THE MOAT.

"The wall was very ruinous, and mended with timber, so she climbed the fence, and went her way till she found herself between wall and moat. Gazing below, she saw that the fosse was very deep and perilous, and the maid had great fear. 'Ah, God,' cried she, 'should I fall, my neck must be broken; and, if I stay, tomorrow shall I be taken, and men will burn my body in a fire!'"



NICOLETTE BIDS FAREWELL TO AUCASSIN AT HIS PRISON WINDOW.

"Thus she fared until she chanced upon the tower where her lover was prisoned. Nicolette hid herself among the pillars, wrapped close in her mantle. She set her face to a crevice of the tower, which was old and ruinous, and there she heard Aucassin weeping within, making great sorrow for the sweet friend whom he held so dear."



NICOLETTE IS BROUGHT BACK TO CARTHAGE IN A SARACEN GALLEY.

"So the oarsmen rowed until the galley cast anchor beneath the city of Carthage, and when Nicolette gazed on the battlements and the country round about, she called to mind that there had she been cherished, and from thence borne away when but an unripe maid; yet she could clearly remember that she was the daughter of the King of Carthage, and once was nourished in the city."

"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE."

A FAMOUS LOVE STORY THAT MINSTRELS MAY HAVE TOLD AT MANY A CHRISTMAS HARTH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM PAINTINGS BY E. OSMOND. EXTRACTS FROM "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE," AND OTHER MEDIEVAL ROMANCES AND LEGENDS. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY EUGENE MASON. (DENT, EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.)



"A Dainty Rogue in Porcelain."

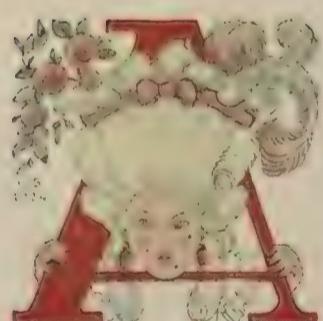


THE PALM-TREE IN THE CRYSTAL.

by

ROBERT RAMSEY GRANT.

Illustrated by GEORGE BARBIER.



BOVE the fan-maker's shop at the corner of the rue des Cordeliers there lived, in the year 1781, a sorceress of vast powers and infinite discretion. To seek her counsels many a perturbed lady climbed the fan-maker's creaking stairs. Some of these ladies were a little afraid of her tawny owl; others cast anxious glances at her bandy-legged attendant myrmidon. But her assurances that the owl was a tame one and the myrmidon a deaf-mute set most of them at their ease again. As for Germaine, Marquise de

Chastelroux, she found the sorceress more disconcerting than either of her familiars. She would fain have withdrawn her hand, but the podgy clasp tightened upon her fluttering fingers.

"You have come to me," remarked the sorceress darkly, "not because you cannot have what you want, but because you do not know what it is."

"Do you expect me to tell you if that is true?" asked Germaine, with the tip of her furred fan hovering nervously at her lips.

"Madame, I do not. Another grace I may beg—but later on. You are a lady for whom many people would do much. These cards reveal little. Let us try the crystal now."



She would fain have withdrawn her hand, but the podgy clasp tightened upon her fluttering fingers....



"A bride with grey eyes that are not willing to dwell long upon the bridegroom. . . ."



"A negro kneels before him, and offers him two birds . . ."

With a magnificent gesture, the sorceress swept aside the eight gaudy oblongs of pasteboard set forth upon the green cloth. From a round yellow box she drew out an orb of dusky glass. Germaine's breath came faster. Whose image would appear in that grey, glimmering ball? Not her husband's. Oh, assuredly, not *his*! But would Maurice de Breuil's herculean figure, his dark, challenging, derisive face become visible? And, if so, would she feel more inclined to answer Maurice's importunate prayers as he hoped and believed that she must?

"I see a palm-tree in the crystal," murmured the witch; "I see many trees—such trees as do not grow in France. It is a strange, a perilous place that I see."

"Can you tell me where it is? Is it an island, by any chance?"

"An island, yes," returned the witch quickly; "but the name I cannot tell. I see a Frenchman there. He is not happy. A negro kneels before him, and offers him two birds."

"What is he like?" asked Germaine, in a troubled voice. "Is he very plain? Is he—is he very thin? Is he dark?"

"The negro? He is of the usual complexion of negroes."

"No, no. I meant the gentleman before whom he kneels."

"The crystal is growing dim," said the sorceress firmly, "very dim indeed. Only a palm-tree remains. The French gentleman is not visible now. The negro, too, is gone."

"Can you not make the picture come back? Will you not try?"

"It would be useless to try. But I see another now. Rose-garlands. A picture of the past, not the present. A wedding. A bride with grey eyes that are not willing to dwell long upon the bridegroom. She will never love that man."

Germaine's eyebrows rose. Probably not, if he were—as she supposed—Chastelroux. She had reached that conclusion herself, some time ago. But to hear her own opinion enunciated by this formidable female made her wonder suddenly if it were possible that they might both be mistaken.

"You have told me enough," she said, lifting her mask from the green table-cloth; "I must go."

"One moment, Madame. I have a message for you—from the Unseen Powers. When you know what you want, you will have it. And when that time comes, *you will think of me*." Through the mask-holes a pair of grey eyes looked at her in some alarm. "Fear nothing, Madame. I do not ask for more gold. I ask you only to write to me—three lines, maybe four. I can influence the lives of ladies whose handwriting I hold." (Which was true, though not as Germaine understood it.)

"I have not told you my name," demurred the Marquise; "you promised not to ask it."

"I do not ask it, Madame. Sign your letter 'The Palm-Tree in the Crystal.' I shall remember. I have never seen such trees in my crystal before."

On her slow homeward way in her jolting coach, which was limned in every panel with the armorial bearings of the illustrious family of Chastelroux, the Marquise pondered deeply. Palm-trees. Odd that the creature should have seen palm-trees in her ridiculous crystal! The Governorship of the Island of Tatou, off the coast of Senegal, was vacant. Germaine had been thinking much about that Governorship during the past week. It was in her power—she knew it—to choose the new Governor from among her friends—or her foes. The wife of the Minister concerned had lost large sums to her at faro, and had not attempted to repay them, unless it were with sweet promises. The Minister himself was a restless, ambitious fellow, much dominated by his spendthrift wife, and proudly devoted to their nine-year-old son, for whom he was already eager to secure friends and alliances among families more ancient than his own. Yes; Germaine could, if she pleased, choose the new Governor of Tatou. The man chosen would have to obey. It was not a remarkably healthy spot, though said to be rich in palm-trees. One might return, if the King so willed; on the other hand, one might not. What a pity the crystal had grown dim so quickly! For that red-wigged horror of a woman evidently possessed a queer streak of intuition. (As a matter of sober history, she *did*.)

There was a great masquerade at the house of the Minister that evening. Germaine resolved, as she sat in the coach homeward bound from the fan-maker's at the corner of the rue des Cordeliers, that she would make sure of that Governorship before the sun rose again, or die. And she neither wished nor expected to die yet awhile. As for the second vision, it was perturbing in its own way. Beyond doubt the bridegroom was François-Antoine-Marie, Marquis de Chastelroux, and the bride, herself. But for the rest—well, red-wigged witches should not be too pontifical in the enunciation of their personal opinions.

If the Marquise had glanced out of the coach-window as the four horses turned into the courtyard of the Hôtel Chastelroux she would have seen, and might have recognised, a sinister face among the little knot of scowling idlers by the wrought-iron gates. It might have startled her to notice that the owner of the face aforesaid was in conversation with two of the idlers, for when last she had

beheld him, not two hours before, she had been told that he was a deaf-mute. However, she glanced neither to right nor left, and the myrmidon of the sorceress sped back to the rue des Cordeliers as fast as his bandy legs would bear him.

Germaine returned from the masquerade in the dark, early hours of the next day. Her head ached with the weight of the coloured plumes piled high upon it, and she hastened to free herself of both her headdress and her outer robe of azure gauze and blossoming garlands—the appropriate and recognisable trappings of a shepherdess in the Paris of Marie Antoinette. As she emerged from her dressing-room, she saw that candles were alight in the little grey-and-gold salon where the Marquis was wont to retire in order to study the works of MM. Crébillon and Marivaux, and the reports of his stewards, his gamekeepers, and his huntsmen. Germaine went softly in, her pearl-coloured gown brushing its vast folds against the spindle-shanked golden chairs without a sound. De Chastelroux was standing by the unshuttered window and looking down into the courtyard where lacqueys and linkmen were astir about the now empty coach.

"François!" said Germaine.

In the two years since their marriage she had never called him by his name, nor had he called her by hers since the day—a day that had come disconcertingly soon—when she made it clear to him that he was a superfluous and ineffectual figure in the landscape of her life. At the sound of her voice, he swung round and came slowly towards her, his usually pale and impassive features strangely flushed, and his thin shoulders heaving as if he were out of breath. "Madame, I had not thought to see you so soon. But I have that to say to you that were best said now." Germaine inclined her head.

"I did not spend my evening—as I expected to spend it—in solitude," said the Marquis, in a harsh, grating voice. "I had a visitor—a charming person, whose society I found most stimulating—and who has left me his address in case I should wish him to visit me again. But there may hardly be time for that."

Germaine looked at him, the pearls trembling in her ears, but she said no word.

"My visitor came—like you—from the masquerade at the house of the Minister. He left a little before you did. I fear—I very much fear—that he had not been invited. I imagine that he went in the character of a lacquey. His legs did not suit the part."

Beneath the jerky, sarcastic phrases, Germaine thought she could hear a muffled note of pain.

"My visitor," the Marquis continued, "saw and heard much that interested him—and me. You had an earnest conversation with your hostess, Madame. And another with your host. And you were seen to kiss an astonished—but I hope not ungrateful—small boy. Finally, you were seen to receive a scroll from the Minister's hand—and to take it into an ante-chamber, and to write some words—five or six, I should guess—upon the scroll he had given you."

Germaine's hand rose unsteadily to the folds of her fichu. "All these things are true. I had asked that I might choose the new Governor of Tatou. My prayer was granted."

"You do not surprise me, Madame. One does not forgive Ministers' wives their gambling debts—one does not kiss their children—and ask no return."

"And you think," said Germaine, "that you know whom I have chosen?"

"Shall I describe him to you? He is not a handsome fellow. Ah, but no! He is a miserable piece of futility—an unfashionable fool who once went near to committing the



"I have that to say to you that were best said now...."



"You were seen to kiss an astonished—but I hope not ungrateful—small boy."

egregious folly of being a little in love with his own wife." From the faintly-fragrant inner folds of her pearl-coloured bodice Germaine drew the red-sealed scroll.

"You did not think I had brought this home with me," she said, with an inscrutable flicker of a smile. "To-morrow it must be taken to Versailles—to be countersigned by the King. But first I wanted to show it—to you."

De Chastelroux drew back. "Madame," he returned bitterly. "I knew you were cold; I knew that you could be capricious—I did not know you could be cruel."

"Tell me," said Germaine, "would the love of such a woman be worth having?"

The question startled him, but he tried to sustain his coldly sneering tone. "Maurice de Breuil might be able to tell you, Madame—if, indeed, he have not told you already."

Germaine's answer was to unfold the parchment scroll and, her shoulder touching his, to hold it between her hands so that it was on a level with his eyes. "Charming solicitude!" muttered the Marquis, "you want me to be sure that you have remembered all my baptismal names—"

Then he stopped with a jerk, and the warped lines of his face relaxed into blank amazement; for the name upon the parchment was that of Maurice de Breuil.

"François," Germaine was saying, "let me tell you the truth. Once—for a little while—I did think of doing what you thought I had done. But when I thought of Tatou—of such trees as do not grow in France—of such men as we do not see here—and when I thought—of you—I could not do it."

"Charming compunction!" murmured the Marquis, but the jibe was on his lips only, and his eyes were fixed desperately upon hers.

"I am afraid," said Germaine demurely, "that Monsieur de Breuil will have a painful surprise. Perhaps he will never know through whom it came. But if he should know—he will—perhaps—understand."

"He will be more fortunate than I!" remarked De Chastelroux, pushing back his wig with a perplexed and not very steady hand.

Germaine's touch fell gently on his sleeve. "This visitor of yours, François—he told you his address—shall I tell you, too? Above the fan-maker's shop, at the corner of the rue des Cordeliers."

Awkwardly and fumblingly, he laid his fingers over hers. "Charming omniscience!" he said. "But will you not lighten my darkness a little more, Madame?"

"Surely. I have much to tell you—if you will listen—if you care to hear."

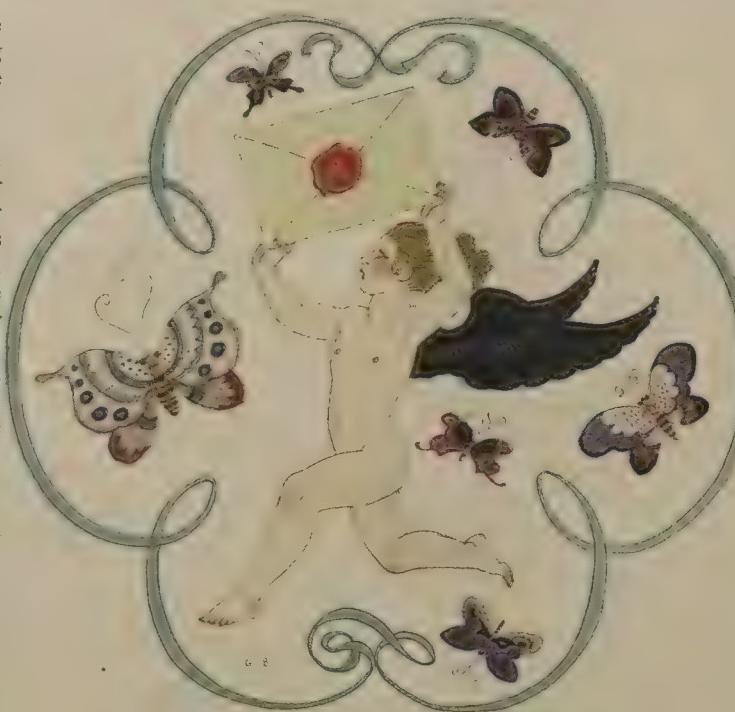
"My dear—Germaine," returned De Chastelroux, with a barely audible break between the adjective and the noun, "to anything you may have to tell me, need I say that I shall listen with the most profound attention?"

Two days later, Germaine de Chastelroux indited a letter to the sorceress above the fan-maker's at the corner of the rue des Cordeliers. It was conceived in these terms—

"Now that I know what I wanted, I also know that it was already mine. Deaf-mutes who have heard a little should not speak over-much."

"The Palm-Tree in the Crystal."

[THE END.]



ROBIN & the DRAGON

By
DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

AUTHOR OF "BEASTS ROYAL",
"SWORD SONGS", "THE BOY
THROUGH THE AGES", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. FORESTIER



A third boy who sat near them had neither an apple nor a bun. He was Robin, the baker's prentice, and his patched and faded garments were all floury from his work.

WOT you," said little Jenkyn, the baker's son, "I am to be an angel, and blow upon a golden trumpet, when we play our mystery play."

"And my father," declared Hugh, the cordwainer's first-born, "is to be a King—King Herod he is to be, and wear a crown, and stamp and roar like any lion, *he* is."

The two boys were perched on the river wall of the little Severn-side town of Upton Regis, dangling their heels over the cool, swift green water. Jenkyn had brought with him a sort of bun, made of an odd dab of dough, but he had yielded up half of it in return for three good bites out of Hugh's apple. A third boy who sat near them had neither an apple nor a bun. He was Robin, the baker's prentice, and his patched and faded garments were all floury from his work.

"What are you playing, you bakers?" asked Hugh, after a pause. "We cordwainers will play the Massacre o' the Innocents."

"We are playing Doomsday," said Jenkyn proudly. "My father is to be St. Michael. He will have great golden scales, to weigh the good souls and the bad."

"How will Master Cobb know which be the bad ones?" demanded Hugh.

"The bad ones will have black faces. I know. They are to be blackened with soot from our great chimney." Hugh laughed. "Oh, they will look brave! Who be they?"

"That I cannot tell. My father says they are hard to come by. No one wants to be a lost soul."

At this Robin pricked up his ears. Till that moment he had not the faintest hope that he might take any part in the open-air pageants that thrilled Upton Regis every summer. He was an orphan, without friends or kin, and though John Cobb, the baker, was no harsh master to his apprentices, it did not seem at all likely that he would give the younger of the two either leave to take part or the coin needful to buy a mask, or a wig, or a robe. The most Robin had dared to look forward to was a brief glimpse at one of the mystery plays from under a

friendly elbow, before he had to hurry home to sweep out the bake-house and feed the oven fire. But Jenkyn's words set him thinking. Rather than miss a chance of having his share in the fun he would cheerfully have allowed his comical little face to be daubed with all the colours of the rainbow. The idea of pretending to be a lost soul did not alarm him in the least. He would have been far more reluctant to don Jenkyn's white goose-wings, and an angel's garb would certainly not have suited his cocky nose, and his peaked chin, and his mop of rebellious red hair. Robin sat and mused, with his tattered elbows on his patched knees. It was worth trying. He would speak to his master about it that very night.

Master Cobb chanced to be in rare good humour when the hour came for him and his older apprentice, Matt, and young Robin to start kneading the stiff, greyish-brown dough for next day's bread. It was heavy work, and presently they all had to pause and recover their breath. Then Robin plucked up courage to speak.

"Master," he began, "Jenkyn saith how bad souls be hard to come by."

"Saith Jenkyn so? Faith, there are all too many such in the hosts of Lancaster," returned Master Cobb, who, like most of his fellow-townsmen, was a stout Yorkist.

Matt laughed—he always laughed at a joke, whether he could understand it or no—but Robin was desperately serious.

"Nay, but, Master," the boy began again, "'twas for the pageant—come Corpus Christi—when the bakers shall play Doomsday on the green."

"True enough, boy. We have a round dozen o' white souls, but never a black one yet. There shall I stand, with my great golden scales, and never a black soul to weigh on 'em. God wot it will not be so with blessed St. Michael himself, come Judgment Day!"

"Master," said Robin eagerly, "if I might but be one o' them—"

Cobb reflected for a moment. "Well, why not?" quoth he at last. "But, even so, you are but one imp—we need nine or ten lost souls, and a couple o' little devils."



Kneading the stiff, greyish-brown dough was heavy work, and presently they all had to pause and recover their breath. Then Robin plucked up courage to speak.

Delight sharpened Robin's wit. "Ay," cried he, "but I might feign to be more than one!"

"How so?"

"Why, by running round behind the stage and coming up to be weighed again! And I might be both a little devil *and* a lost soul—if I had a peaked cap, such as the little devils have in the picture on the church wall."

Matt roared at this idea, but Master Cobb thought it a good one.

"Well said, Robin! And if I beg Neighbour Nicholas to lend me his two apprentices, there will be three of ye—and if the three of ye keep running fast enough, ye will seem like an honest dozen."

Robin nearly jumped for joy. He was to be in the pageant—he, Robin Nobody, as Matt sometimes called him. What did he care if he frightened the folk with his black face? Deep in his heart he felt that that would not be the least of the fun. But Matt, who was seven years older, and who had been chosen to play the part of the long, scaly dragon whom St. Michael was to trample upon, was not altogether pleased that Robin Nobody was to be allowed to climb on to the creaking stage instead of watching wide-eyed from among the crowd.

The great Church festival of Corpus Christi, celebrated with pageants and processions all over Christendom five hundred years ago, is held on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and often falls towards the end of May or in the early days of June. The Wars of the Roses spoiled many of the sports of the country people in England, but here and there the Trade Guilds, who were always the chief performers, would not stop their miracle plays for all the King's horses and all the King's men. The people of Upton Regis, where Robin Nobody lived, were determined not to let their ancient customs die. The fishmongers would show how Noah's Ark was launched, and the skinners and tanners would represent the sacrifice of Isaac, the bakers and cooks would play Doomsday, and the cordwainers would enact the Massacre of the Innocents, even though the rival hosts of York and Lancaster should at that very moment be giving and taking hard knocks only a few leagues away. Indeed, they troubled their heads very little about the strife between the white rose and the red, unless when a company of bowmen came swinging over the hill and clamoured for bacon and ale, or a knot of steel-clad knights, now in flight, now in pursuit, clattered over the cobblestones and sent hens and geese and small children scurrying to shelter.

In the year of Robin's great adventure few big battles took place, but there were many skirmishes, and pleasant green meadows were trampled and hedges of rose and honeysuckle were broken down by the men-at-arms of either side. News travelled so slowly that the craftsmen of Upton Regis knew as little of the doings of the York and Lancaster lords in the next county as those same lords and their archers knew about the pageants being prepared for the feast of Corpus Christi.

Robin thought the long Spring days would never pass. Yet they were full of excitement for him, and for the other boys who were to have a share in the plays. Neighbour Nicholas agreed that his two lads, lazy Hob and greedy Wat, should be lost souls, though they themselves were not greatly delighted at the prospect. Jenkyn, of course, looked forward to blowing a blast on his golden trump, and also to tasting the roasted flesh of the fat goose whose wings were to adorn his own shoulders. Hugh, though there was no part for him in the Massacre of the Innocents, was excited because his father was to play King Herod, a roaring, stamping part, that everyone was eager to have. The rehearsals became more and more interesting as the festival drew near. Hugh's father nearly cracked both his voice and the trestle-platform when he practised talking and walking in King Herod's fearsome way, and Matt, the first time they got him in the dragon's weed, had great difficulty in getting out of it again, and began to be seriously alarmed lest he should have to spend the rest of his life clad in a garment of glittering, clanking scales. Neighbour Nicholas's two lads put little enthusiasm into *their* parts, but Robin pranced so wildly when he was a demon, and wrung his hands with such despair when he was supposed to be a lost soul, that Master Cobb could scarcely hold his huge gilded balance for laughing.

The one anxiety of the good folk of Upton Regis was lest the last days of May should bring with them that warm, steady rain that is so good for the fruit-trees and so bad for pageant-playing. Rain *did* fall upon Trinity Sunday, silvery and slow, not the bitter grey rain that beats down the standing corn and stains the field-flowers with dark mire. But after Sunday the weather was clear, and on Thursday it was pure gold.

As soon as the sun rose above the cloudless horizon the bells in the church-tower rang to summon the people to prayer. Robin, however, was awake long before sunrise. He listened to Matt's tranquil snoring—the two apprentices slept on straw, with round brown logs for pillows, in the attic above Master

Cobb's house—and wondered how anyone *could* sleep who was going to take part in the pageant of Doomsday so soon.

It had been planned that the pageants should begin shortly after the hour of noon, and should finish about five or six o'clock in the evening. But, as is often the case with inexpert performers, each episode took nearly twice as much time as the players had counted that it would. The shadows were lengthening on the grass, and the sky was going wine-red beyond the Welsh mountains, by the time that the cordwainers, whose play was last but one, were half-way through. Doomsday was to be enacted last of all.

The bakers had set up their stage at the end of the green farthest from the church, just where the woods began. It was an elaborate structure, two storeys high, the lower part, concealed by a painted curtain, serving as a dressing-room for the performers. A curtain of deep-blue linen sewn with stars of silver foil hung between two poles at the back. And on the turf behind the stage, some paces away, stood a wooden chest with a great big jutting iron key. This chest had been borrowed from Neighbour Nicholas, and it held the gilded scales of St. Michael, and the dragon's glittering weed, and the golden trump with which Jenkyn was to summon the good and the bad souls from their long sleep.

So excited was Robin he would not wait to see the end of the cordwainers' play, which took place at the other extremity of the green. Instead, he slipped away and ran round the back of the bakers' stage to make sure that everything was in order. He felt as if the whole responsibility for the success of the Doomsday episode rested upon his own shoulders. He, and Hob and Wat, had already donned their jerkins of stiff black canvas, and their faces had been bountifully besmeared with soot, but neither of his companions was yet upon the scene. Hob was intent upon a chunk of barley-bread and a small green apple, which Neighbour Nicholas had given him, and Wat was snatching forty winks in the shelter of the dim little space under the stage.

Robin could not bear to wait idly for the time to come. He turned the great creaking iron key, and dragged out the dragon's robe, and the gilded scales, and the goose-wings of Jenkyn. The trump he could not reach, for it lay in the very bottom of the chest, and the chest was three feet high. Still, except for the trump, Master Cobb should find everything in readiness when he came. However slow and awkward and confused the fishmongers or the cordwainers might be, the bakers of Upton Regis would soon show them how a pageant *ought* to be played!

Then Robin chanced to look up from his task, and he saw something which for the moment almost made his heart stand still. To the left of the thick strip of copse which fringed the green, the wooded hills rose westward until, less than a league away, their topmost ridge stood clear and treeless against the sky. And there, dark against the rosy gold, he could see a knot of men, some on horseback and some on foot, making their way to Upton Regis by the rough track that skirted the flank of the hill, and, dipping suddenly to the north of the belt of woodland, led straight to the green. They were too far off for Robin to see them very well, but he knew at once that these were no peaceful wayfarers.

Rumours had come of a skirmish between York and Lancaster on the Hereford border the day before, but nobody had paid much heed. The stragglers from such fights, if any chanced to reach Upton Regis, were often harmless fellows enough. Yet sometimes they were fierce folk, difficult to get rid of. If they were in pursuit of some noble fugitive, good for a fat ransom, they wanted to search houses and barns in quest of him. Robin's heart sank. To which class did these wayfarers belong? Must Doomsday be delayed, after all, or perhaps abandoned altogether? Robin shaded his eyes and peered anxiously at the farther end of the green. No, the crowd was not yet breaking up round the cordwainers' pageant, and he could see Master Cobb's new russet hood among them. He was just wondering whether he ought to run and whisper a word in his master's ear, when he heard a sound of stirring branches in the copse behind him. Robin swung round. A man was crouching in the deep grass at the foot of the trees; his face gleamed pale in the fading light, and, as Robin was on the point of uttering a little yelp of surprise, he laid his finger warningly upon his lip. Then a husky, breathless voice called to him.

"Come hither, boy!"

Wondering much, Robin obeyed.

"Is no one else near?" asked the stranger anxiously. Robin shook his head.

"Have you seen any horsemen over toward the hills?" This time Robin nodded vigorously.

The stranger rose to his feet with a sort of shuddering sigh, and then Robin could see that he was no common man-at-arms. He wore one of those close-fitting suits of fine, light-coloured leather such as knights were wont to wear under their battle-harness. From a heavy golden chain about his throat hung a

jewelled medallion of a horseman trampling upon a dragon. At his girdle of gilded hide swung an empty dagger-sheath and a pouch of wine-red velvet with a clasp of bronze. Stained though it was with dust and sweat, and pallid with fatigue, his was a gallant and a comely face. His right arm was bound in a gold-fringed scarf grimly streaked with blood.

"Boy," said the stranger softly, "if, indeed, you be a boy, and not an imp o' darkness—those horsemen are on my track. I am one of Duke Richard's knights. Deal faithfully by me, and richly will I reward you. Where can I hide till the rascals pass by?" As he spoke, he cast a longing glance at Neighbour Nicholas's great oaken chest, which stood yawning open.

Robin read his thoughts. "Your honour cannot hide *there*," quoth he sturdily. "That holds our gear for the pageant."

"The pageant—heaven pardon me, I had forgot—it is Corpus Christi day!" panted the knight, creeping a few steps further out of the copse. "Quick, boy—can I creep under the stage yonder?"

"Alack, no," cried Robin, barring the way; "Wat is asleep there—and there must the players don their gowns."

"The angel's trump lies in the bottom. He must climb in to reach it. Then we can clap down the lid upon him."

"But will he not roar and kick?"

"No one would hear—no one will go near that chest, till Doomsday be done. Do you hide among the trees again—I must call Matt, lest the others come first."

Off sped Robin, and the knight, after one hasty glance to make sure that the golden trump really *was* in the bottom of the chest, dodged behind the nearest tree. A moment later he saw Robin returning at a brisk trot, followed by a tall, lumbering youth whom he guessed to be Matt.

"Matt," panted Robin, "all the gear is ready—your dragon's weed, and Jenkyn's wings, and the great scales—but I cannot reach the trump—look where it lies!"

"I can reach it," vowed Matt, trying to lean over the chest without tumbling in. "Hey, I have it! No, I have not—a plague on 't, I can touch it, yet I cannot hold! Hey, Robin—here, Robin Nobody—give me a leg-up, and I will climb in."

This was just what that sly little imp of a Robin wanted



Matt fell with a crash into the chest, seized the trump, flung it forth, and was just about to climb out himself, when the knight, pouncing from behind the tree, banged down the lid.

Sprawling on the turf beyond the chest lay the glittering garment of scales in which Matt was to play the part of the dragon. The knight pounced upon it eagerly.

"Harkee, boy; I will wear this weed till the rascals pass by—and you shall never lack groats again."

"But my fellow Matt," protested Robin. "'Tis he you must ask—or our master."

"Nay," retorted the fugitive, "what two men know, the whole world knows. If I must die, then God pardon my sins! Oh!" he added furiously, "were my right arm but whole, and my good sword on my thigh! But to take a man unarmed, and unawares—"

"Sir," interrupted Robin, "there is but one thing to do. I will go call my fellow, Matt. If we can get *him* into the chest, and turn the key, you could wear the dragon's weed and no man know. But then must you lie on the stage, under the foot of Master Cobb."

"That will I," promised the knight, with a rueful smile. "It is the fortune of dragons to be trampled upon. But how can we get your fellow into the chest?"

him to say. Matt fell with a crash into the chest, seized the trump, flung it forth, and was just about to climb out himself, when the knight, pouncing from behind the tree, banged down the lid. Then, before Matt could utter the faintest squawk, the knight turned the key, pulled it out of the lock, and thrust it through his own girdle.

"Peace," called he, through the keyhole. "If you make a sound, you die!"

This dreadful threat completely cowed Matt, who was a craven, as most bullies are. He crouched in the chest, frightened and perplexed, and wondered stupidly what St. Michael would do without a dragon to trample upon.

Meanwhile, Robin was helping his new friend to struggle into the dragon's scaly robe. They were only just in time, for the cordwainers' pageant was over at last, the crowd had begun to scatter, and the players in the Doomsday episode were already streaming across the green. Foremost came Master Cobb, puffing as he came. Jenkyn trotted beside him, and Neighbour Nicholas and Neighbour Miles, and Hob, gnawing the core of his apple, were not far behind.

When Cobb saw Robin and the dragon waiting for him, he nodded approval. "Good lads," said he, "now we must bestir ourselves. All the folk follow. And he that forgetteth his lines shall have no share of the geese that we roast at home tonight." The dragon stretched out one of his fore-paws to draw Robin aside, and the knight's voice whispered hollowly within the grinning jaws, "Have I any lines to say?"

"No, Sir," Robin whispered back, "not one. You have but to be trampled upon by St. Michael."

Cobb and Nicholas and the rest had now plunged into the robing-room. Only Neighbour Miles, who was in charge of the stage properties, tarried behind.

"Is all in readiness?" he asked of Robin and the dragon. "Is the chest empty? Has Master Cobb his scales, and Jenkyn his trump and wings?"

The dragon nodded his head vigorously in reply, and Robin said: "Yea, truly, Master Miles—all things be here, and each player hath his own."

Reassured, Master Miles promptly rejoined his fellow-players beneath the stage, and Robin seized the opportunity to give

"I must go now," whispered Robin, "look, Wat is beckoning to me! Draw a little nearer to the stage, Sir—stand by the ladder—then I can call to you when it is time for you to come. But"—he hesitated a little—"but I must call you by the name of my fellow, Matt."

"Call me by what name you will," returned his new friend. "My life is in your two hands." As he stood by the ladder waiting his turn, the knight thought over Robin's instructions, and though he knew himself to be in deadly peril, an unarmed Yorkist with a band of fierce Lancastrians on his track, he could not help chuckling at the odd way he had hit upon to outwit them.

Meanwhile, the pageant of Doomsday had begun. He could hear the high-pitched voices of the players, the creaking of the planks, the clash of Michael's scales. Through the dragon's eye-hole he could catch a glimpse of the eager faces in the front ranks of the crowd, and, here and there, a wondering child hoisted on its father's shoulder. Then came a shrill squeak. Jenkyn had blown a blast upon his golden trump. There were cries of delight as the white-robed spirits began to climb on to the stage, and shouts of laughter, mingled with a



Three horsemen were thrusting their way through the people. . . . "Holloa, you yonder!" shouted he who seemed to be their leader.
"Cease your mumming and hearken to me!"

the dragon a few hints about his part. "At your first entering," said he, "you must make as if to devour the white souls, while we black souls dance round you. But when St. Michael smites at you with his falchion, fall you down flat. When he hath trampled upon you a little space, he will step forward and speak brave words to the people. While he is speaking, you can crawl off the stage and down the ladder at the other side."

The knight tried to listen attentively to these instructions, but in spite of himself, his mind kept wandering off to his pursuers.

"Harkee, Robin," said he, "those rascals that you saw upon the hill-top—at what pace were they coming?"

"Only at a foot-pace, Sir. And while I watched them—just before your honour called to me—they on horseback halted, and then they on foot turned back towards the woods."

"What next?"

"When they on foot had departed, they on horseback pressed on again without them."

"Then," said the dragon, low in his hollow jaws, "then there is one grain of hope for me. The archers had no horses—and their captain is the worst rascal of all."

few cries of fear, as Robin and his two taller and slower fellow-demons appeared from the opposite side.

After the black-clad players had scampered twice or thrice round the back of the blue curtain in order to jump on to the scene again, Robin popped his head around the corner and called softly, "Matt, Matt, come hither!"

The obedient dragon hurried forward, and climbed, as well as his dangling tail would let him, up the little ladder on the left. The onlookers gasped. Truly, he was a gorgeous monster! His mask had fearsome jaws, jagged with huge teeth, and his robe was sewn with glittering scales of peacock-blue. Mindful of Robin's instructions, he crawled forward with as fierce an air as he could assume. Hob and Wat shuffled awkwardly beside him, but Robin was skipping all over the place, the very image of a mocking imp. When Jenkyn saw the dragon drawing near, his golden trump quivered in his hand. And, though he firmly believed that Matt's face was behind that grinning mask, he felt queerly inclined to run away when the creature reared up on its hind-legs and waved its paws at him. But St. Michael stepped forward in the nick of time, and when he

[Continued on Page 34]

The Pageantry of Discovery.



NORSE VIKINGS REACH THE SHORES OF GREENLAND.

It is written in the old Icelandic chronicles that a certain Norwegian chief, Eric Rauda, son of Thorwald, having been banished for three years for slaying his neighbour, Eyolf, sailed in quest of a great land which it was rumoured Gunbiorn the sailor had discovered, west of Iceland. Eric Rauda found a country which he named Greenland, and an arm of the sea which he called Erics Sund. After three years he returned and persuaded many of his countrymen to sail thither under his command. The voyage was perilous, and of 25 ships 13 were wrecked; but Eric Rauda had established the great Norwegian Colony in Greenland. These things happened, the chronicles tell, in the year 982, but some say 932, and others believe that sailors from Hamburg had crossed the northern seas yet earlier.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.

The Pageantry of Discovery.



COLUMBUS LANDS ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR.

Excited by the idea of discovering a new route to India by sea, Columbus had a bold plan based on his knowledge of the earth's roundness. Encouraged by the error of cosmographers, who followed Ptolemy in believing the earth to be much smaller than it is, he planned to reach India by sailing continually westward. With three caravels, the "Santa Maria," "La Pinta," and "La Nina," he left Palos de Moguer on Friday, August 3, 1492. After a fair voyage, only troubled by threats of mutiny of the frightened crews, on the night of October 11 or 12 Columbus spied land. The ships kept in the offing, and at break of day Columbus, in full dress, set foot on land amidst the surprised natives. This island, which is one of the Bahamas, and called by the natives Guanahani, Columbus named San Salvador.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.

The Pageantry of Discovery.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE RECEIVES QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE "GOLDEN HIND."

Sir Francis Drake was the second navigator to sail round the world. He left Plymouth with five ships on December 13, 1577; crossed the Straits in seventeen days, sailed southward, and probably discovered Cape Horn. Returning northward, he played the pirate in splendid style on seas where the Spaniards thought they were absolutely safe. He then endeavoured to return to England by seeking a way round the north of America, ascended the north-west American coast up to Latitude 48, and discovered lands where no European had ever been; but the extreme cold made him renounce his project. He finally returned to Plymouth on September 26, 1580, after a voyage of two years and ten months. He was received with honour by Queen Elizabeth, who dined on board his ship, the "Golden Hind," at Deptford.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.

The Pageantry of Discovery.

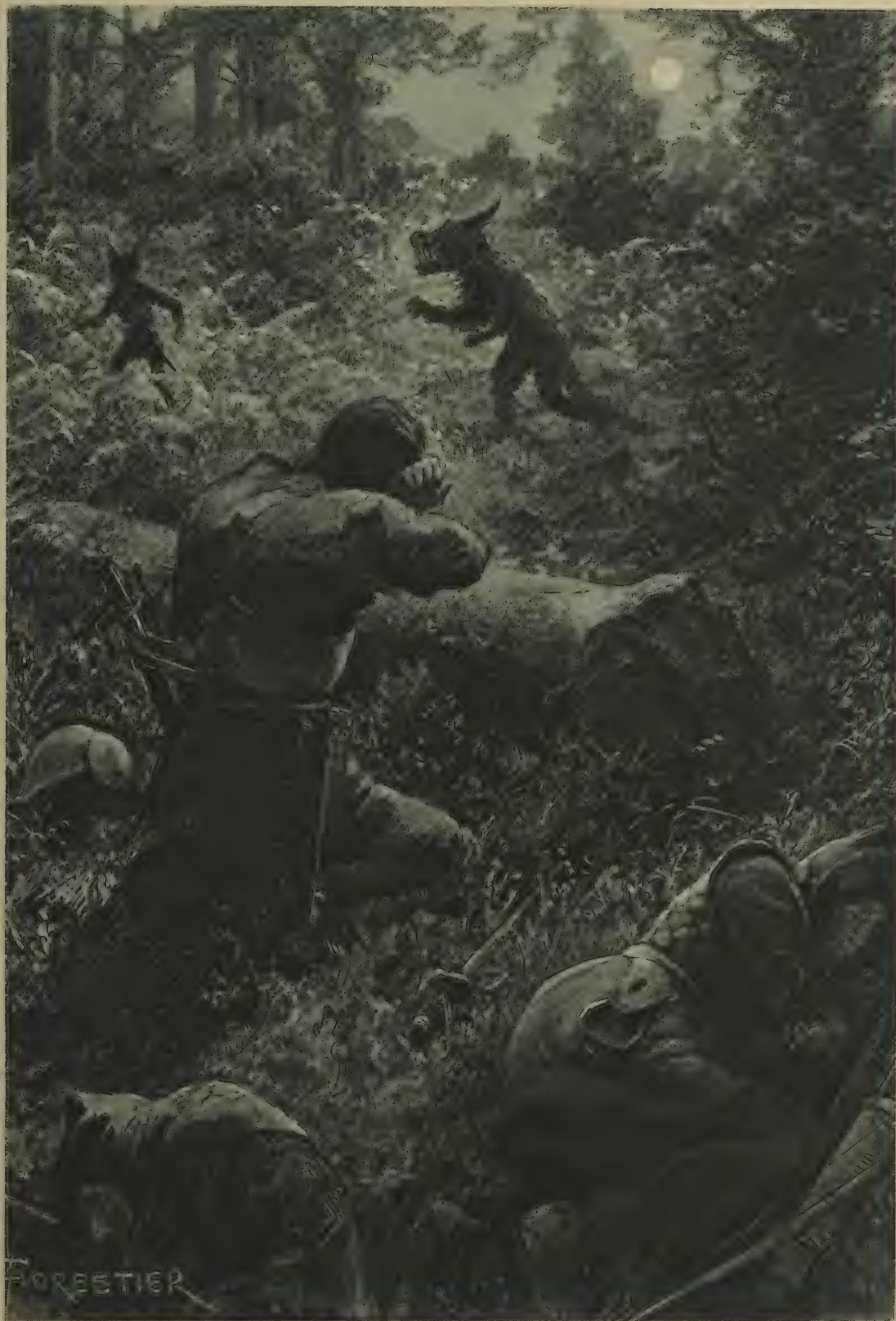


CAPTAIN COOK LANDS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Captain Cook, who had previously made two voyages round the world, left Plymouth for his third and last great expedition on July 12, 1776, with two ships, the "Resolution" and the "Discovery," in the hope of finding a north-west passage. After touching at the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, he visited many islands in Oceania. On January 18, 1778, he discovered another group of large islands, and was received by the natives with marks of friendship. In memory of Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, Cook named the group the Sandwich Islands. (They are now known as Hawaii.) From thence he sailed northward in the hope of finding the long-looked-for strait, but returned to winter in the Sandwich Islands, and was killed by natives on February 14, 1779.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.

A.C.T.



FORESTER

The archer turned round, and then, with a gurgling shriek, he fell upon his knees and hid his face in his hands, while the two weird figures that had so terrified him hurried past, and were swallowed up by the bracken on the further side of the clearing.

brandished his silver-painted wooden blade the dragon fell prone, with a loud clashing of its blue scales. It was just as this moment that a stir and commotion on the edge of the crowd made St. Michael pause, and turned the noses of both the white souls and the black to the point whence the clamour came. Three horsemen were thrusting their way through the people, who gazed at their steel caps and buff jerkins in no little dismay.

"Holloa, you yonder!" shouted he who seemed to be their leader. "Cease your mumming and hearken to me!"

Master Cobb was right loth to obey, but he dared not offend these unwelcome strangers. So he stepped forward and said, "What would you, friend?"

"I am the Seneschal of Ross," returned the spokesman roughly. "I and my fellows are on the track of one Sir Lionel Ferrars, an enemy to our liege lord, King Henry. Has any man here had sight of him—a barehead knight, on foot, with a gash in his right arm betwixt the elbow and the wrist?"

Heads were shaken and hands were lifted on all sides in token of denial. Most of the people were Yorkists, and there would be few who did not hope that the fugitive knight might escape his pursuers.

"Take heed how ye deal with me," growled the Seneschal. "Take heed, I say, lest ill befall the whole pack o' ye."

"Gentle Seneschal," said Master Cobb anxiously, "no stranger has come among us this day. See for yourself—seek where ye will. Only, I pray ye, hinder not the playing of Doomsday, lest dusk fall ere the dragon be slain."

"I'll swear," interposed the second horseman, "that he hath gone by way of the woods, steering towards Wales. Who but a fool would take refuge *here*, in the midst o' the pageants and the mumming?"

"If he have taken to the woods," swore his comrade, "the archers will catch 'un."

"Gentle Seneschal," called St. Michael from the stage. "Good now, hinder Doomsday no further. Or, if it please you, tarry. We bakers feast our friends to-night. Three geese turn on the spit even now."

The horsemen consulted together for a moment. Their leader seemed disposed to continue the search for Sir Lionel, but his comrades persuaded him that their quarry had sought escape through the woods, and that the bowmen must assuredly catch him ere he reached the Welsh border. Finally, they all dismounted, tethered their horses to the nearest tree, and took their places in the foremost ranks of the crowd.

"Hasten, Michael, lest the geese be marred!" they shouted to Master Cobb.

So the pageant began again, but in a somewhat half-hearted fashion. St. Michael was vexed at having been interrupted at the most exciting moment. Neighbour Nicholas, a timid man, was shaking in his shoes; the white souls whispered anxiously apart; and Robin was almost too nervous to remember what to do next. Doomsday ended in a rather foolish scramble, but before it came to an end the dragon and the smallest of the black souls had slipped quietly off the crowded stage and had withdrawn into the shelter of the trees. Not a sound came from the great chest, where Matt, like a true philosopher, was enjoying a nap until such time as someone should come and set him free.

Sir Lionel pushed back his mask and drew a deep breath of relief. He knew that the three Lancastrians would be well employed for the next hour or two, and that the first and greatest of his perils was past.

"What's to do now?" he mused aloud. "My one way to safety lies through the woods to Wales. Yet what if I should lose myself for lack of a guide?"

Robin heard and understood. He was beginning to wonder what the end of his odd adventure might be, and to wish himself safely out of it.

Very timidly he touched the knight's scaly sleeve.

"If your honour," he began, "would please to doff the dragon's weed—"

"Not so fast, not so fast, good Robin," returned Sir Lionel. "You are not rid of me yet."

These words alarmed Robin a little. He glanced all round. Nobody was near. St. Michael could be heard roaring the last lines of his part, while the Lancastrians urged him loudly to hasten lest the geese should burn.

"Is there a plain path through the woods that a man might follow by the light of the moon?" asked the knight.

Robin shook his head. "There is but a little track—I know it well—it runneth hither and thither—and it will lead you forth upon the open heath this side o' Hylton Parva."

"Hylton Parva," echoed Sir Lionel. "There is a house of black monks there, and the Prior is my good friend. Boy, guide me through the woods to-night, and I swear by the blessed St. George whose image I bear that you shall never lack a friend hereafter."

"But my master, Sir?"

"I will give you a talisman to turn his wrath aside—a golden one. Let us go."

To do Robin justice, it was generous anxiety for the safety of an unarmed man in dire danger, rather than the prospect of any reward, that gave him courage. He had wit enough, too, to see that Master Cobb would probably pardon his prank if he brought home a groat or two with him.

"I will be your guide, Sir," quoth he, "and gladly. But the dragon's weed—"

"Nay," said Sir Lionel, laughing, "heavy though it be, it is a rare disguise. And who knows what enemies we may meet? The bowmen are seeking me yonder."

"Ay, Sir," cried Robin, "but unless they know every foot o' the way, they might seek all night and yet run ever in a circle."

"Say you so? Why, then, you give me good heart again. But come. Let us be stirring. I hope, Robin, that when you win home again, there will be something left of the roast goose besides the beak and the bones!"

The sun dipped beneath the Welsh hills, and the moon was climbing the clear, luminous summer sky. The dewy bracken and the knotted and tangled trees shone silver and green-grey in her strange and lovely light. Never had the creatures who lived in the woods seen such a quaint pair of wayfarers as those who followed the little winding path that night. A dragon, with blue scales that glittered weirdly in the moonshine, and a black-faced imp with bright red hair! Small wonder that the brown owls called to each other to come and look, and the bats flitted in frightened circles, and the rabbits bolted into their burrows among the fern. As he and Robin plodded along the narrow path, Sir Lionel, in a cautiously-lowered voice, told his guide how the Lancastrians had come upon him suddenly, when he had laid aside his heavy armour, and was watering his horse at a wayside pond; and how, despite the odds against him, he had beaten them off at first, and had leapt into the saddle and got clear away. Then, said he, he saw that his good steed would be but small help to him, for the road sloped uphill, and soon, if he followed it, he would be seen against the skyline by the pursuers in the rear. His only hope was to dismount, and plunge into the thick woods, and outflank the Lancastrians on foot. And this was what he had done. Slowly, buffeted by branches and snared by knotted roots, he had made his way to that place where Robin had first beheld him, on the fringe of the green at Upton Regis. To all these things Robin listened eagerly, his boyish imagination thrilling at the tale. "Wot you, good imp," said Sir Lionel, when the tale was told, "the captain of the archers is an old acquaintance of mine. He was once one of us. Heaven send us no more such! He robbed and plundered wherever we made a halt—and there was a day when he stripped an old dame's hen-roost and I came near stringing him up on the nearest tree. The rogue had had enough of Yorkist service after that. He fled to the Duke of Lancaster—who, maybe, is less tender of old dames and their hens—but when I saw his face to-day, I remembered—and when he saw *mine*, I knew he did not forget. So, my good imp, it was well for me that I could turn dragon before the rogue came up with me."

The dragon and the imp were now in the depths of the wood, where the bracken was highest and the trees stood closest together. When they had gone a little farther, Robin, who walked ahead, halted and held up his hand.

"I hear voices!" he whispered.

Sir Lionel strained his ears to listen. "And I! Whence do they come, think you?"

"Now are we near a clearing in the wood where the charcoal-burners sometimes make their fires," returned Robin. "Maybe the archers are there."

The knight hesitated only a moment. Then he pulled the dragon's mask over his face. "Forward, Robin," said he. "Forward, good imp! Those rascals reck nothing of the pageants yonder. They will think we come from another world, and they will not lay a hand upon us!"

So the dragon and the imp continued to advance along the narrow path between the high bracken and the tangled trees. Two minutes later they reached the edge of the clearing, and then they saw that Robin had guessed aright. One archer was sprawling fast asleep on a carpet of fine moss, and the other two, of whom one was Sir Lionel's arch-enemy, were sitting at either end of a fallen tree-trunk.

"He has slipped through our fingers, I tell you," the younger man was saying. "Good now, let me sleep awhile. If you hear a sound beside the cry of the owls, you can waken me. But I swear you will hear none."

With these words, and without waiting for a reply, he stretched himself on the ground beside his comrade, pulled his hood over his face to keep out the vivid moonlight, and soon began to snore.

It chanced that the captain's nose was turned away from the path that skirted the clearing. Tip-toeing very softly, Robin and the knight were more than half-way across, when, as ill luck would have it, the dragon's tail caught in a low-swinging bough and made a rending, rustling noise.

In an instant the archer was on his feet, with his long knife bared. He turned round—and then, with a gurgling shriek, he fell upon his knees and hid his face in his hands, while the two weird figures that had so terrified him hurried past and were swallowed up by the bracken on the further side of the clearing. The sleeping archers sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"What ails you, Captain?" asked the less sleepy of the two.

"I am lost forever," groaned their leader. "I am punished for all my misdeeds! I have seen Satan and one of his imps. With mine own eyes I have seen them!"

The archers stared all about them, but Robin and the dragon were round the next bend in the path by now, and not even the far-off glint of a peacock-coloured scale betrayed them.

"You have been dreaming," they told their captain. "There is no one here, neither man nor devil."

"It was no dream," stammered the rascal. "It was Satan himself—seven ells high, he was, and had scales like a sea-monster—and flames came from the head of the imp that walked before him."

"Which way did they go?" asked the bolder of his companions.

"The earth opened and swallowed them up!" moaned the captain, who firmly believed everything that he was saying in his frenzy of fear.

The archers glanced at each other. Perhaps it was not a dream, after all! At any rate, neither of them felt inclined to quit the open space where they were, and explore the mysterious depths of the wood. So Robin and the dragon heard no pursuing footsteps crash through the undergrowth in their wake. Only the owls and the rabbits and the squirrels saw them push their way through the thick thorn hedge on the other side of the wood, and thence out on to the treeless heath above the village of Hylton Parva. When they came to a halt there, they could hear the deep-toned bell in the monastery tower ringing to call the monks to prayer.

"Now," said Sir Lionel, crossing himself as well as he could with his injured right

arm, "now may I thank the Saints for my deliverance!" Hurriedly he divested himself of his borrowed array, and the dragon's robe collapsed in a glittering, clashing heap round his ankles. Robin took hold of it rather ruefully by the tail. He supposed he would have to drag it back to Upton Regis with him, and it was no light burden for a small boy whose legs were already weary.

"Nay," said Sir Lionel, "leave the dragon's pelt where it lies. I will send a monk forth later to fetch it. And I pledge you my honour, as a knight, that the bakers of Upton Regis shall have their dragon again long before next Corpus Christi."

"We shall need him for our Christmas mumming, Sir," hinted Robin timidly.

"You shall not lack him, bold baker! And now," he unhooked the pouch from his girdle as he spoke, "here be twenty good golden pieces. Take them, and this purse with them, lest you drop a dozen by the way. You do not fear to win homeward through the wood alone?"

Robin shook his red mop vigorously. "No, truly. If the archers be awake, I can dodge among the bracken."

"Stoutly spoken!" said

the knight. "Count me your friend, valiant imp—and your friend you shall find me, when I come one day to Upton Regis. Now get you gone. Fear nothing. You will meet no dragons yonder."

Robin opened his mouth, but no words would come. Twenty pieces of gold! Why, Master Cobb thought himself lucky if he had five in his pouch! All Robin could do was to duck his head, as all prentice boys duck their heads to mayors and aldermen, and such great people. Then he swung round and set off sturdily towards the dark belt

of trees that fringed the open heath. Hardly had he gone three paces when he heard Sir Lionel calling him back. Robin retraced his steps in some alarm, and then he saw by the light of the moon that the knight was laughing. "Oh, fie, Robin!" said Sir Lionel. "You had forgotten your fellow Matt! Must the chest be hewn asunder ere they set the bold baker free?"

And so speaking he drew something from his girdle of gilded leather and tossed it towards the dusky-faced imp.

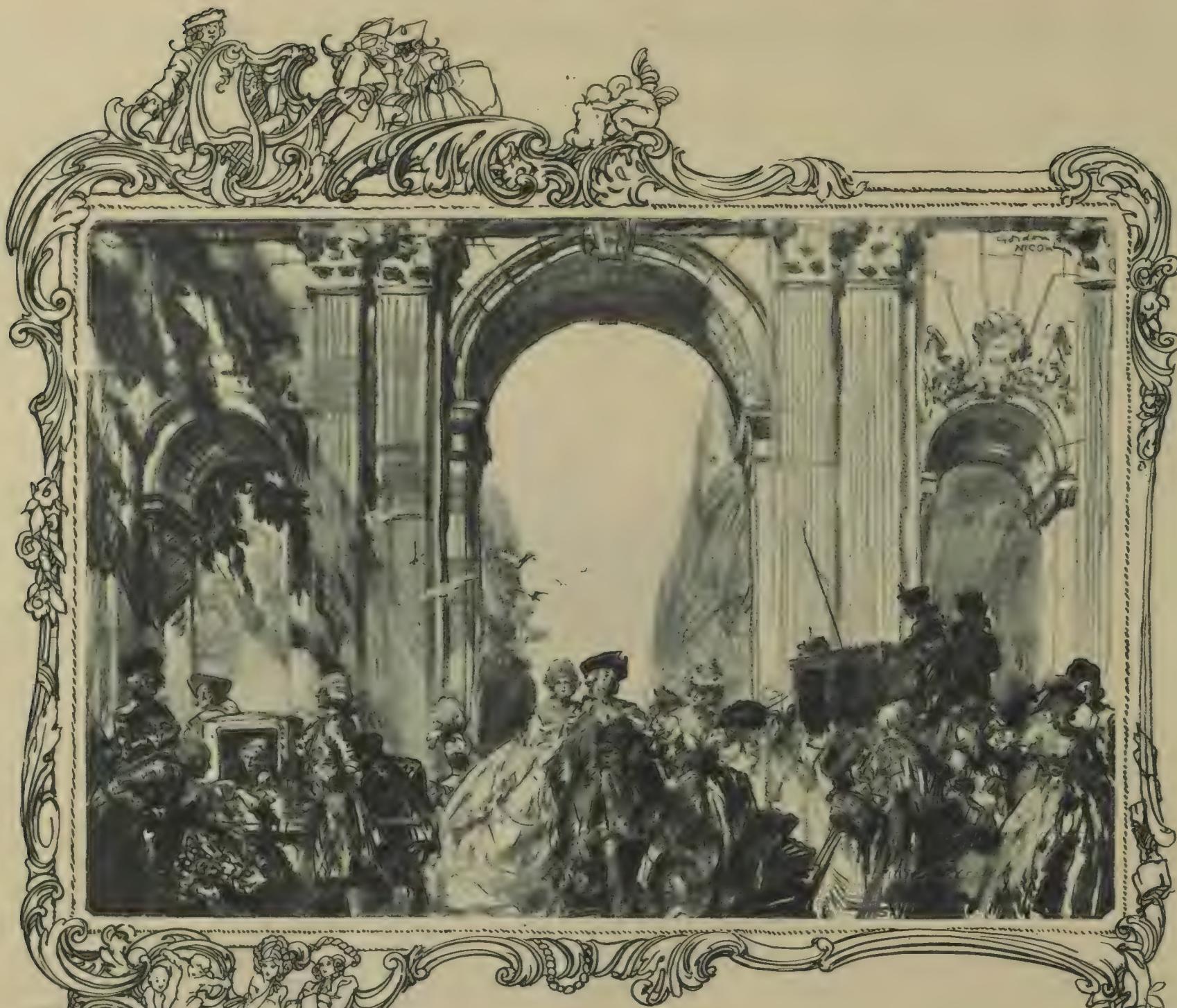
As it fell upon the dew-spangled turf at his feet, Robin saw that it was a great iron key. [THE END.]



"Now," said Sir Lionel, crossing himself, . . . "now may I thank the Saints for my deliverance!"
Hurriedly he divested himself of the dragon's robe.



He drew something from his girdle . . . and tossed it towards the dusky-faced imp. Robin saw that it was a great iron key.



FRIVOLITY.

I heard three voices from the distant trees
Borne on the silvan tinkle of the breeze.

And one was mystery, a thing of grey
Shadows o'er the lighter mood of man,
Weaving ghostly coats of fabled mail
To melt the effervescent joy of Pan.

And one was love, a sweet romantic air
That floated on the wind like thistle-
down,

Soft as a new-born child's caress
It sought my every lingering doubt to
drown.

And one was fay, and full of mockery,
A lilting music throbbing to the tune
Of twinkling steps, the Sun dance of
the leaves

Which play the court songs of Our
Lady June.

And then I heard the clamour of
the town,
And wonderingly I gazed upon the
play
Of rustling breeze on silken hose
and gown,
Yet could not glimpse the contour of
Miss Fay.

Then lo! I caught the voices of a
careless crowd at play,
And knew Mistress Frivolity was
lady of the day.

WILLIAM JEWELL.

A LITTLE LEGEND OF EGYPT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 1926.



The Scarab in the Pharaoh's Ring.

The Beetle Speaks :

I do not know why it should be,
But every blue-winged elf I see
Says, "Come and tell a tale to me!"

Sometimes I frown and steal away ;
Sometimes I listen when they pray,
And tell the only tale I know.

To seek to waken him were vain
Till in the ring that long has lain
Empty that scarab shines again.

Where runs the road to Egypt, elf ?
I cannot find it, though myself
I dwelt in Egypt long ago.

In Egypt once there was a king
Who bore a scarab in his ring—
A glittering green-and-purple thing.

The gods being wroth, his body slept
While from his royal ring there crept
A beetle dusky-hued and slow.



THE ASS'S MOUTH.

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



IMPLEMAN'S donkey, pulling a mouthful of hay where he ought not, and never heeding—or else not caring—that a sleeping fairy lay in it, had nearly swallowed her.

"Ow! Ow!" exclaimed the fairy, waking up in a great hurry. She had lost her wand, she was helpless, and could only cry, "Ow! Ow!" as Jonah, perhaps, cried when the whale was swallowing him, not knowing at the time what great things were going to come of it. The donkey paid no more attention than the whale did. He went on chewing—even began swallowing. The fairy had disappeared all but her head, which continued to cry, "Ow! Ow!"

Simpleman, hearing the cry come from the donkey's mouth, naturally thought that the beast himself was making it. Being a simple and a pious soul, he was not so much astonished as you or I might have been at hearing an ass speak. But he ran in haste to the beast's head to find out what was the matter.

"Hark at that, now!" he cried as he ran. "Here we are back in the scriptures again. What in the world's the matter? If it's an angel you're seeing, where is it?"

"Ow! Ow!" cried the little fairy for the last time; and, just as her head was disappearing into the ass's mouth, Simpleman caught sight of it.

"What?" he cried to his beast, in shocked amaze. "An angel, and you're eating her? But you mustn't, or I'll lose my soul, and my luck goes with it!" He caught hold of the beast's mouth, and wrenched it open. Out dropped the fairy.

Her dress was badly torn; she was covered in a mess of chewed hay; and having just been horribly frightened, she remained horribly angry, and—as is then the way with people—inclined to be cruel. Simpleman, still mistaking her for an angel, was very much astonished, both at the sight and the slim, dainty size of her.

"And is that all there is to you, Angel dear?" he cried. "Sure, if they make you as small as that, it's no wonder you fell out like a raindrop when the clouds opened!"

But the fairy was only paying him sideways attention. She was too busy, searching with intent for her wand, to speak to him. So Simpleman, being left to make conversation alone, went on opening his mouth and putting his foot in it.

"And did ever such a thing happen in the world before?" he cried: "a poor dumb beast making a mouthful out of one of his betters down from above! And me hearing you cry, and thinking 'twas the beast himself talking to me! And a flea's chance, if I hadn't come and nicked ye out in the tick of time, but he'd have swallowed you! And if he had, small hope that Heaven would ever have seen *you* again."

[Continued opposite.]



The fairy, so far as words went, still gave him no heed. She was wanting her wand badly—was looking for it, and could not find it. Simpleman, getting no answer to all these expressions of his concern, bethought him of a reason, and straightway put it into words.

"And is it a dumb thing ye are, then, that ye can't speak to me?" he inquired. "Or is it in a foreign language that ye all speak to yourselves up yonder?—which, if it is, will be the reason, maybe, why all my prayers are so seldom answered."

At which remark the fairy suddenly gave up search for the missing wand, and spoke out her mind fiercely.

"A dumb thing, am I?" she cried. "So, when I spoke, it was your own beast that you heard; and I, having stolen hay that did not belong to me, was swallowing him? Ass of a man! for this, from the mouth of your own ass will I reward you, and into his mouth charge it to you again. For henceforth he shall speak with your voice, and *you* shall speak with his; and so shall it be with you till with that state you are content, or till that which I have now lost is found again!"

And so saying, the fairy blew all to pieces and vanished. For that is the way with fairies when, without their wands, they lose their tempers. Just as the poison of a serpent is in its sting, the kick of an ass in its heels, the light of a glow-worm in its tail, so is the power of a fairy in her wand. That little tapering rod, with its sharp, shining point, is the channel and instrument through which her spells and curses find outlet and direction. And just as a church steeple which has no lightning-conductor may get torn down by a thunderbolt, so a fairy in a rage, with no point of weapon for its discharge, may do herself damage, and go all to pieces from sheer internal combustion and pressure to the square inch, as this one did. And when a fairy does that, it takes a long time to repair the damage; for she does not die of it; her combined entity and visibility are badly dislocated, and nothing but a long, low diet of pure living and high thinking can restore to her the self-possession she has thus forfeited.

So it happened to the fairy now—she disappeared entirely; and, with curse and blessing divided between them, Simpleman and his ass set forth to find their fortune.

Presently, as they went on their way, they met a countryman. "Fine day, gaffer," said the countryman.

Simpleman quite agreed. "Hee-haw!" he replied.

The countryman turned and stared amazed; the ass pricked up his ears. "What was that you said, Master?" enquired the ass. "Fine day? I thin': it's going to rain."

"Holy Jonah!" cried the countryman. "Murder and mystery! Here's an ass that has taken a man for his meal and swallowed him!" And full of fright, he gathered up his legs and ran.

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

"As you say, Master," replied the ass, "men are mostly fools; and then they charge it to us. 'Twould be a sad world, indeed, if we were as foolish as they are."

[Continued on Page 45.]

Maeterlinck's Dog: HIS STORY.

PICTURES BY CECIL ALDIN FROM "MY DOG,"
BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK; REPRODUCED BY
COURTESY OF MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN,
LTD., THE PUBLISHERS OF THE VOLUME.

Yes, my name's Pelléas—why, I do not know,
But thus he calls me, hence it must be so.
Why should I wish to question his command
Because, forsooth, I do not understand
The reason of his choice? Enough for me
He names me Pelléas—Pelléas it must be.
Let captious critics other names suggest:
Jean, Henri, Pierre—master's choice is best.
Not mine to puzzle why, when first I came,
He called me Pelléas—such, Sir, is my name.

You like my looks? (Yes, pat me if you will)
I'm glad I please you, yet I do not thrill
With conscious pride at words of gracious praise,
Nor feel embarrassed at your flattering gaze.



A well-bred bulldog values at its worth
Such kindly comments on his noble birth:
Full well he knows that true nobility
Is not a matter of mere pedigree.
Yet am I glad that your approving voice
Renders a tribute to my master's choice.

You are a friend, I'm sure. How do I know?
I cannot tell you, but I feel 'tis so;
A something in your voice—the light that lies
Within your steadfast, sympathetic eyes.
You want my master? Come then, let us see
If we can find him; pray, Sir, follow me.
This is his room. Let's listen! ... Ah, not there!
Open the door, please! That's his special chair,
Which nobody dare ever venture near
When he's away—at least if I am here.

He won't be long; I always know, you see,
When he is going far away from me;
He comes and tells me. Then I do not mind,
Though feeling mournful that I'm left behind.
Yes, it is lonesome and the days are drear,
Nights are unending when he is not near.
Yet in his absence 'tis my joyous pride

[Continued overleaf.]

Continued.]

To guard his household, that no ill betide.
Ah, with what rapture do I fly to greet

Master returning, crouching at his feet.

This world is good—a feast of food and sun,

Of endless wonders, restful sleep and fun;

This world is harsh—a sad, mysterious place

Of things forbidden, unexplained disgrace.

How can poor Pelléas (but a puppy still)

Learn to unravel Humans' good from ill?

Why "this" is lawful, "that" to be deplored—

Why cats insulting must be quite ignored—

Why I may bark, and even teeth disclose,

But must not tackle slinking back-door foes?

A puzzling place—where instinct's misty code

Oft finds me straying from the man-made road,

And acts unselfish, for the common good,

At times are punished—vaguely understood.

I don't complain, but strive from day to day

To grasp the reason of each "mayn't" and "may."

When others chide me for a fault unguessed

I am but little by their wrath distressed;



"Tis only master's dreaded word of blame

That fills my being with despair and shame.

Yes, though I sometimes cannot clearly see

Why he is angry or annoyed with me,
One thing is certain—he in whom I trust

Is ever loving, always, always just.
If I unknowing disobey commands,
I am not punished—master understands,

No less forbearing when through nights of pain

He nursed and brought me back to health again;

And I, ungrateful, spurned his lightest touch,

Yet he forgave me—since he loved so much.

"Tis little wonder that when he is glad

I too am happy, whilst if he looks sad
I sit beside him, nestling 'gainst his knees:

"What is your trouble?—let me help you, please!

I owe you all—there's little I can do,
But—can't your Pelléas bear this burden, too?"

Then he will pat me, and will comprehend:

"You share my sorrows as my joys, true friend."

My name is Pelléas—..... 'Tis his voice I hear;

Coming, dear master! Welcome, master dear! —JOE WALKER.



A Famous Christmas Gift-Book Hero.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.



Gulliver Captures the Blefuscian Fleet for the Emperor of Lilliput.

"I went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles.... I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors.... I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me. The Blefuscians were at first confounded with astonishment.... but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive."

From Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."

“Knowing ‘Birds’ —are n’t we?”





The WHISKY of
HIS
ANCESTORS

Christmas-time is a time of Goodwill & Good Spirits —
Dewar's

"THE ASS'S MOUTH."—(Continued from Page 39.)

"This ass of mine," thought Simpleman, "has wisdom, and I never knew it. For not only is he more weatherwise, but he reads the minds of men better than I do. I shall do well, henceforth, to make him my leader. Who knows? He may bring me to fortune."

Presently, sure enough, it began to rain. Simpleman drew up at the first inn he came to. Having discovered his own



He put his hand into the ass's mouth . . . it gave out light.

limitations of speech, he left his ass to do the talking. The ass put his head into the bar, where the landlord and others were drinking. "Food for two and a stable for one!" said the ass. "My master likes beer, but I like water."

Before he had done speaking the bar was cleared of its occupants; the inner door was slammed, locked, and bolted. Inside Simpleman could hear the landlord and his three customers saying their prayers together.

"Go in, Master, and help yourself!" said the ass.

Simpleman did so. The ass waited. Simpleman came out having drunk more than was good for him. He was not accustomed to getting free beer, so had not yet learned the "way out" of it. The ass, patiently waiting his turn, said: "Take me to the well, Master; I'm thirsty." And his master, with all goodwill, but rather haltingly, being uncertain of his feet, took him, and, as he let down the bucket, tumbled in after it.

"There!" said the ass, "if you had drunk water instead of beer, you wouldn't be in the water now; the water would have been in you."

"Hee-haw!" replied Simpleman, meaning many things, but having only that to say.

Meanwhile the innkeeper and his customers, looking out from a well-barred window, had seen what had happened. And Simpleman being safely bottled up in the well, clinging with both hands to the bucket-rope, they ran off to tell the authorities of the portent that had come into their midst.

So presently came the Magistrate, the Vicar and his two Curates, the Coroner, the Sanitary Inspector, and the Village Policeman; and they hauled up Simpleman by rope and bucket out of the well, and, putting him to drain, they all gathered round, and began questioning him.

The Magistrate said, "What is your name?"

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

The Vicar said, "Are you a respectable married man?"

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

The Curates said, "Are you Church or Chapel? And have you been confirmed?"

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

The Sanitary Inspector said, "Have you been vaccinated?"

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

The Coroner said, "He seems to be still alive."

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

The Village Policeman said, "I charge you with being drunk and incapable and a danger to the public peace."

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

The ass said, "Master, you have answered them like a wise man." And no sooner had the ass spoken, than the Magistrate, the Vicar and his two Curates, the Coroner, and the Sanitary Inspector, all took to their heels and ran; for the shock of hearing an ass speak with a human voice was so great that it pierced them like a two-edged sword to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow of their bones, and the remnants of their intelligence. And the innkeeper and his customers, caught in the common panic, made haste to go after them.

Only the Village Policeman, that palladium of law, order, constitution, and liberty, stood his ground as though it were holy, and continued to do his duty for King and Country, as policemen always do.

"Come, come!" he said "get a move on! We can't have no more of this here play-acting. If you don't shift back into your right skins again, you'll be charged for being suspected characters."

"Hee-haw!" said Simpleman. The ass said, "Come and have a drink!"

Then did wonder take place. For, see and behold! the Village Policeman, whose mind, impervious to epigram or earthquake, had withstood the shock of hearing an ass speak with a human voice, and a human with the voice of an ass—though that is not so rare, or so terrifying—could not withstand the offer of a drink while on duty, with authority safely out of the way.

Casting an eye of pity on the swiftly retiring backs of the Church, the State, the Medical Profession, and "the Trade,"



Suddenly the ass brayed. Contentment went out of him.

he drew the rough of his hand across his mouth as one draws a plough across a thirsty land, and with suitable detachment of expression replied, "Well, I don't mind if I do."

"Spoken like a wise man!" said the ass; and Simpleman, leading the way to the abandoned bar, had presently inducted the Village Policeman into the mysteries of free beer so deeply and well that there was no getting him out again. So, leaving

(Continued on page 48.)

London Deer and Their Christmas Dinner.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.



A CHRISTMAS DINNER QUEUE IN BUSHEY PARK:
THE DEER IN SINGLE FILE.

During hard weather, when the ground is covered with snow, food for the deer in Bushey Park is sent out in a cart, and the animals become quite accustomed to looking out for it and following it. The remarkable thing about them is that they do not crowd round the cart, but come up in single file, headed by the "monarch of the herd," and receive their food in turn, for all the world like a "ration party" of soldiers.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES *in* PERIOD CASKETS



A gift of the superlative State Express Cigarettes in one of the beautiful Period Caskets is a worthy expression of esteem—a delicate compliment to good taste. There are Florentine, Sèvres, Louis, Tudor and Golden Caskets, each containing 150 State Express No. 555 Cigarettes for 14/-.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LTD.
LONDON.

Made by hand, one at a time,



of the unique 555 leaf.

"THE ASS'S MOUTH."—(Continued from Page 45.)

him as a pledge of their honesty and goodwill, Simpleman and the ass set out once more into the world to find their fortune.

They had not gone far before, in a meadow, they saw a school-treat hard at work enjoying itself with see-saws and swings and skipping-ropes; and, piled on a large table hard by, expectant buns getting ready to be eaten, and buttered bread, and seedy-cake, and mugs of pale tea, with teachers rapturously attending on them.

"Master, what's over there?" inquired the ass. "It looks a merry sort of world, that does. Shall we go, and be in it?"

"Hee-haw," replied Simpleman, meaning "yes."

So into the gate they went, and were met straightway by a person of superintending aspect, with a forbidding countenance, who said, "What is your business here?"

"Only to enjoy ourselves," said the ass; while "Hee-haw!" said Simpleman.

They had come close to the preparing table, and had said their say loud and plain; and the next moment they had a remarkably fine view of the entire teaching staff of a well-informed Sunday School making for the nearest gap in the hedge, with shrill screams of confusion and alarm.

The children, thinking this to be the beginning of a new game, or possibly the sudden discovery of a shortage of milk (for in the next field were cows), flocked across to observe and to admire; and so, coming on Simpleman and his ass, they heard the ass speaking with a human voice, saying things that could be clearly heard and understood—and his master, as one born to it, answering him in the language of an ass.

Instantly, without a qualm or a doubt, without a ruffle or a hitch, through the open minds of young children so easily capable of receiving it, the Kingdom of Heaven descended upon earth.

What the ass said did not matter; he had but to open his mouth and speak, and Eden was come again. To hear an ass talking like a man was the greatest and wisest and most beautiful thing that had ever happened to them in all their born days. The world had a new meaning for them, as—by the mouth of one beast—all that had ever been told them of magic and mystery came true to their ears.

They danced, they shouted, they sang; they rolled in the grass for ecstasy; they snatched the buns and the cake from the tables, and ate them without order or decency or limitation, leaving the bread and butter untouched; they poured out libations of pale tea from their mugs to this founder of their new faith in all the stories they had been told. The one proof sufficed for all the rest. An ass had but to talk, and

into their rainbow minds came promise of a perfect world. Ay, truly it is to the children we must look for a solution of the sad case in which the world now finds itself!

Suddenly, from the neighbouring field—the field where the cows were—came the fierce, sharp, shattering blast of the superintendent's whistle. It came upon the children like a two-edged sword, to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow of their bones, and the rudiments of their intelligence. Discipline smote them into line; discipline, convention, and unbelief withdrew them from the magic circle of the opening of an ass's mouth. They became alive to the world once more, and dead to Heaven; they turned and they marched away through the hedge into the damp dim distance, to be herded with the teaching staff and the cows.

"Master," said the ass, "all this talking has been bad for me. It's hurting my mouth; I feel a pain and a swelling; there's something there that I don't like. It feels like a thorn, and a large one. See what it is, and pull it out for me!"

Simpleman did as the ass asked him. And there, sure enough, in the ass's mouth he found a swelling, and in the centre of it something sticking out. Poor Simpleman!

Life was contenting him now; he hadn't a regret or a grief. To hear his ass talk with a human voice pleased him; to speak himself with an ass's tongue was sufficient for his need—it saved thought and trouble. He wanted no change back to the condition he had come from. With a talking ass for companion, it was clear now that he would never lack for entertainment or adventure. The fairy's curse on him had turned to a blessing. Yes; he was content.

He put his hand into the ass's mouth, and drew out the thorn. Truly it was a large one—bright, straight, tapering, and shining, it gave out a light. He did not throw it away; it would make a good toothpick, he thought. Sticking it into the rim of his coat, "I wonder," he thought to himself, "if that is the thing the angel had lost and was looking for, about which she said that till it was found again—"

Suddenly the ass brayed. Simpleman looked up astonished. The unwished-for change had come—how, or why, he did not quite know. As he found voice to speak, contentment went out of him; resignation took its place.

"Eh, it's a sad world!" said Simpleman, and, taking up a piece of the bread and butter which the children had left, he went on his way eating it.

"I think it's going to rain," he said presently.

"Hee-haw!" said the ass.

[THE END.]



Delicious
“OVALTINE”
Gives perfect rest

The Yellow Frock

BY
ELISABETH KYLE

Her arms were full of flowers, and the car was getting under way, but one of the men on the platform swung her up beside him.



BECAUSE the store of francs in her purse was rapidly dwindling, Minnie Luck turned up a side street and entered a cheaper quarter of the town to purchase the materials for supper. Her parents were coming from England that day—Adam Luck, the gentle, mouse-like clerk who out of a scanty salary had managed to squeeze two years' fees at the Brussels Conservatoire for Minnie, and his wife Marion.

Both had written excited, nervous letters about the great event, and Marion especially seemed afraid of the crossing. They supposed that things were done very differently over there; but one lives and learns, and, above all, one must do in Rome as Rome does. Minnie grinned slightly as she looked down at her silk-stockinged feet and shoes of coloured leather with their swinging silver tassels at the sides. She had not been home for a year, and she had bought a lot of clothes since then. What would her mother think of silk stockings worn at ten o'clock in the morning?

The cobble stones of the Grand' Place gleamed white in the



sun, save where here and there deep patches of shadow lay under the flower-sellers' striped umbrellas. Minnie's heels clicked sharply as she ran from one oasis to another, buying a dozen deep red roses and a bunch of mignonette, and a little pot with a queer red flower which would just do for the centre of the table. Then she plunged into a side street and arrived at the bottom of the Rue Montaigne de la Cour.

The terraced garden glowed like an emerald set in a wilderness of brick. From the mouths of two crouching bronze leopards there gushed a stream of water that fell in cataracts at Minnie's feet. She began to climb the steps slowly, till she reached the top of the gardens, and then she sat down on a seat by the balustrade, overlooking the Old Town with its huddled roofs, and the slender spire of the Hôtel-de-Ville soaring up from amongst them like a minaret.

A few moments she sat with folded hands. Presently drawing out a crumpled letter, she began to read the last page.

"Your father and I think it a splendid chance. Fancy ! sixty pounds a year, and Miss Melling's pupils are all ladies.

[Continued overleaf.]

What a real gift is collar comfort

The VAN HEUSEN has definitely removed collar bondage, for its specially woven curved fabric, soft as silk yet semi-stiff, gives "collar comfort"—but, with smartness.

You can give collars for Christmas—but only VAN HEUSEN if your gift is to be appreciated.

Note the style he prefers, the size he wears and give him a dozen.

VAN HEUSEN
(Semi-Stiff) TRADE MARK

The world's most economical

COLLAR

PATENTED IN ALL COUNTRIES

Entirely BRITISH MADE

THE VAN HEUSEN INTERNATIONAL CO.,
Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

Now 1/6 only

WHITE

In five Styles
Quarter Sizes

COLOURED

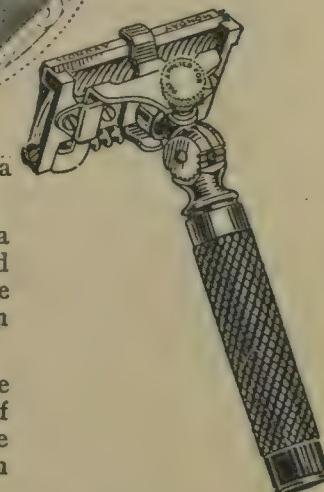
In Style 11 only
Half Sizes
Six Designs

Also sets at 15/6 and 9/6.

Your
Gift
to
Him—



Buy
British
Goods



will be treasured for a lifetime if it's a Wilkinson Safety Shaver.

The Wilkinson has blades to make shaving a perpetual delight—sturdy blades, hand-forged from finest steel, then hollow-ground. The lasting cutting power that all men seek in razors comes only from such blades.

The New Adjustable Safety Frame, by the twist of a screw, regulates the cutting depth of the blade precisely. A few seconds with the Automatic Stropper keeps the blade in perfect order.

WILKINSON
SAFETY SHAVER,
with HOLLOW GROUND BLADES.

Manufactured by

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,

53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

(Opposite Marlborough House.)

Gent, Sword and Razor Makers.

No. 121. Set with 7 Hollow Ground Blades, each etched with a day of the week, new Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Stropper Machine. In handsome polished Oak Case ... 42/-

No. 120. Model de Luxe set as above, but with Ivory Handle and Gold Plate Finish ... 63/-

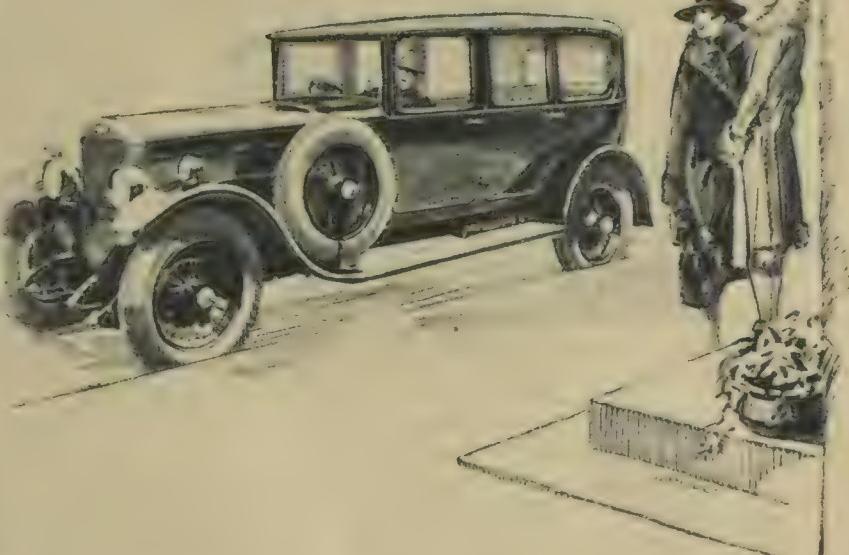
No. 122. Set as No. 121, but with 3 Hollow Ground Blades in Polished Oak Case ... 25/-

Also sets at 15/6 and 9/6.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



"The Supreme Car"



GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

AS gifts at Christmastide, Técla Pearls carry a message of perfect taste.

Aristocrats in pearl reproduction, they are the envy and admiration of every discriminating woman. Their soft, limpid lustre and delicate orient give them a rare distinction and the cachet of sterling quality.

Recent important experiments have succeeded in simplifying the processes which produce Técla Pearls. By this discovery—a triumph of scientific laboratory research—they can now be obtained at prices within the reach of almost everyone.

Técla Pearls are fully guaranteed. They bear a continuous, and perpetual warranty from a House renowned for a quarter of a century as pioneers and leaders in pearl-craft.

Equally desirable gifts are Técla Sapphires, Emeralds and Rubies, all mounted exclusively with genuine diamonds, in platinum and gold settings, individual in character and of exquisite design.

We invite an inspection of Técla Pearls and Técla Gems at our Salon. For the convenience of those unable to call personally, we have opened a Mail Order Department.

Técla

7, Old Bond Street, London, W.1

PARIS.

NEW YORK.

NICE.

BERLIN.

SUNBEAM

The new Sunbeam models as recently exhibited at Olympia set up higher standards of efficiency and give greater value than ever.

These models embody the result of the continual research work and unrivalled racing experience of the Sunbeam Company. In its class each model represents the best road performance obtainable to-day, and the prices are very attractive for cars of such high quality. The range of coachwork has been specially designed for these chassis and many new features have been incorporated, ensuring the utmost comfort combined with unusually handsome lines. Trial runs can now be arranged and immediate delivery given of these new models.

**Sunbeam
Models :**

16 h.p.	Six-Cyl.
20 h.p.	" "
25 h.p.	" "
3 litre	" "
30 h.p.	Eight-Cyl.
35 h.p.	" "

Arrangements can be made to supply any Sunbeam model on the Hire Purchase System.

The SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd.,
Moorfield Works : WOLVERHAMPTON.

London Showrooms & Export Dept.:
12, PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.I.

Manchester Showrooms : 106, DEANGATE

Continued.

Sir Josiah Marsh's daughter is going there next term, so I suppose you will teach her. Not that the Marshes are anyone special. We all know how Sir Josiah got his title. But they have money, and might invite you out to their place. . . ."

Her face quivered, and then her eyes grew hard. "They actually seem to think I would *like* it," she thought bitterly. "To be walled up in a country town with no musical life whatever. If they meant that, why did they send me here?"

She started up, and walked quickly out of the gardens and across the Place Royale. The tram she wanted was already at the stopping-place, and she ran towards it. Her arms were full of flowers, so that she could not grasp the rail, and the car was getting under way; but one of the men on the platform bent down and swung her up beside him.

which lay across the bed, the contents of a work-box strewn beside it.

Minnie went over to the bed and looked down at her frock. It was the one she was going to wear to-morrow at the *Concours*, when she would play to the judges, the Brussels audience, and—Theo Razimov. As she remembered that the famous pianist was to be there, the faint half-hope which she was cherishing sprang into a wild resolve. To play as she had never played before, to let the music consume her like a flame, and, glowing through her, reach out to him, persuading him better than her tongue could to let her become his pupil. All the world knew that Razimov would not stir his little finger in the direction of a struggling musician unless that musician had genius. And if she could perform the miracle of challenging



She turned round and saw M. Matthys, one of the professors, standing looking into the room.

"That was a dangerous thing to attempt, Mademoiselle Luck," he said.

She looked at him, panting, and saw that it was Jan Verrist, and, as usual, the sight of his heavy Flemish face and great ox-eyes irritated her. "What nonsense!" she cried. "You're always fussing about me. Why can't you leave me alone?"

Verrist flushed; then he spoke, slowly, doggedly. "I cannot leave you alone," he said, "because I love you."

There could be no possible mistake as to his words. They had been so terribly distinct. Everyone on the platform heard them. One or two of the men gasped, then threw sidelong glances at each other. An old woman drew away from them, shocked, and gazed ostentatiously out of the window.

Minnie stared, her face whitening; and then, putting up her hands as a screen, wished she could die. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh! . . ."

The tram came to a standstill, and she jumped out and darted among the crowd, striving to hide herself from the curious gaze of the conductor, who leaned out watching her. She entered another tram, which crept snail-like along the boulevard, and stopped for her at the bottom of a small street opening off. A few minutes later she was dazedly climbing the stairs of the *pension*, to her room on the top flat. She put her parcels down on the table. The paper round the flower-pot was torn, and the queer red flower thrust its face through the opening. The only other patch of colour was a yellow frock of silk and chiffon

his interest, surely then there would be no more said about Miss Melling's school.

And then she remembered Jan Verrist, and clenched her hands till the knuckles sprang out white upon them. How dared he! *How dared he!*

Of course it was his Flemish dullness which made him inconsiderate of the humiliation his words would bring. How could a man with such coarse feelings ever begin to be a musician? Minnie marvelled for the hundredth time why Jan Verrist had ever broken loose from his father's farm (he had once told her that his father was a farmer), and had studied the piano for three years in Brussels. He was even going to play at the *Concours* to-morrow, along with those star pupils who had learned all that the Conservatoire could teach, and who counted on their performances procuring engagements, or, if they intended to study further, of attracting the attention of a master such as Razimov.

She took off her hat and threw it down on the table beside the pot of flowers. She picked up her frock (the yellow frock, the one she was making to wear at the *Concours*. It was not quite finished yet), and drew the chiffon idly through her fingers. Then suddenly she remembered. It was as one remembers a precious piece of news which for a few minutes had got crowded out of one's mind. So Minnie reached out an arm and drew the white oblong shoe-box out from among the other packages she had brought in. It bore on its lid the name of the best

[Continued on Page 52]



Registered Trade Mark
THE ORIGINAL HAIG BOTTLE

IMITATIONS of the original "HAIG" bottle are being used by other people in order to sell their goods.

B E W A R E O F S U B S T I T U T E S

Haig

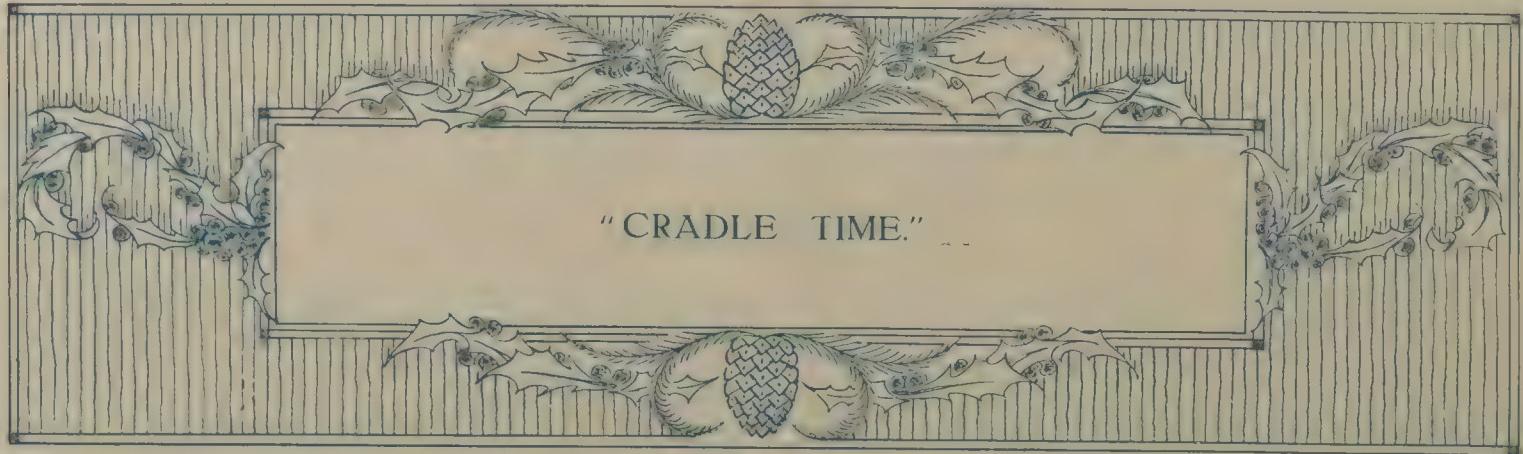
The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

Established 1627



By Appointment

A CHRISTMAS VISION.





To match her prettiest frock



Some of the centres:

Ardennes.

An orange creme cup with a soft creme filling made from fresh oranges.

Decorated Jordans.

Roasted Jordan Almonds, decorated with chocolate and a touch of gold.

Valencia Nougat.

A delicious nougat made with white of eggs, pure honey, sliced Valencia almonds and finest sugar.

Griotte.

Whole preserved cherry surrounded by cherry creme and covered with finest chocolate.

Strawberry Creme Cup.

A delicate strawberry creme cup with vanilla creme filling.

Truffles.

A rich chocolate pate covered in plain chocolate and rolled in milk chocolate crumbs.

The striking motif of the Marlborough Box was originated by Parisian designers and will make an immediate appeal to all who appreciate the charm of their creations.

Such a design is an appropriate setting for Cadbury's Marlborough Chocolates, whose centres make new harmonies in flavour.

The latest
Cadbury
Assortment

MARLBOROUGH

1lb Box
(Illustrated above)

5/6

2lb Box
(Oval)

12/6

Also $\frac{1}{4}$ lb Carton
1/3

Made at Bournville

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

PLAYERS MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

Christmas

"PLAYER'S
ALWAYS
PLEASE"



A Casket
of Happy
Memories



This casket contains
100 plain and 50 cork tipped

PLAYER'S Medium NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

150 CIGARETTES FOR 7'6^p



REHEARSING A SHADOW SHOW FOR THE CHRISTMAS
PARTY: THE WOLF FROM 'RED RIDING HOOD.'

The Age of Innocence : Mr. Edmond Brock's Portraits of English Childhood.



"KATHRINE, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. OLIVER STANBY, M.P."



"CAROL, DAUGHTER OF HAROLD MACMILLAN, ESQ."



"PATRICIA, DAUGHTER OF COMMANDER W. BEVERIDGE
MACKENZIE, R.N."



"GRIZEL MABEL, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR S. STRANG-STEEL."

Christmas is, above all, the season of childhood, and it is appropriate, therefore, to include in our Christmas Number these charming examples of child-portraiture by a well known modern artist. They show that, even in our sophisticated day, the Age of Innocence has not lost its appeal.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY EDMOND BROCK, SHOWN IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY, BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNERS.

"Too wonderful for words!"



Like life
itself!

The Viva-tonal Columbia

The ONLY Gramophone giving even response
throughout its entire musical range.



From all Stores and Music Dealers.

Prices—£4.5s. to £25.

BOVRIL



Bovril helps you to turn the corner!

Continued from Page 52.]

shoe-shop in Brussels. In a moment the lid was wrenched off, disclosing a pair of tiny silver shoes, exquisitely worked.

Minnie slipped them on, then off again, holding them out at arm's length, glorying in them. Afterwards she laid them reverently beside the yellow frock. They had cost nearly a third of her whole month's allowance for food, laundry, everything. Which was why she had made the frock herself, and would have to scrimp and save for the remainder of this month and the next. Not that Dad wouldn't have given her extra if she had asked, but how was she to tell him the awful price of the shoes?—even supposing he could be brought to believe that anyone dared demand such a price for such tiny, butterfly things.

She must put the finishing touches to her frock now, if she was to have any time for practising before her parents' train arrived. She filled a needle with yellow silk and began to sew busily. In a few minutes her thoughts had left the silver slippers for Jan Verrist. What was he going to play? Something heavy and German, probably. His broad peasant's hands suggested that. Perhaps even Mendelssohn. Verrist's common mind would revel in the worn clichés. . . . Funny that she had never heard him play. All the fault of that ridiculous rule by which the Brussels Conservatoire forbids pupils of different masters to listen to each other's lessons.

The last stitch was taken, and Minnie folded up the frock and put it in a drawer with the silver shoes. She jammed on her hat again, and started for the Conservatoire. Most of the practising rooms were empty. She entered one, pulled off her gloves, and opened the piano. Then the notes of the work which all the students had to play began to sound through the room. It was a sonata, cold, well balanced, classical; needing a clear mind and supple fingers. It did not inspire her, but her quickly-moving brain threaded all its mazes of cross-rhythms easily, and her marvellous technique made the thing sound brilliant. When she had reached the end she sat a moment, her hands folded on her lap. Then she raised them and began to play her *morceau choisi*, Jongen's "Le Soleil à Midi."

The sun seemed to shine more warmly into the room as she played, and the dancing motes looked as if they were trying to keep time. This was the kind of music Minnie loved. She played the difficult thing with no effort at all, to such hard practice had her fingers been put. As she leaned back, her eyes half-closed, she thought she saw a lily-pond set in a breathless landscape, and the sun overhead beat fiercely into the pool until all life save her own had fled from the spot. But her soul in the form of a dragon-fly quivered over the surface, drawing nearer and nearer to where in the centre glowed the reflected ball of the sun.

The dream was shattered by the opening of a door. She turned round, her hands still on the keys, and saw M. Matthys, one of the professors, standing looking into the room. "Forgive me, Mademoiselle," he said, bowing apologetically, "but one of my own pupils is doing that to-morrow for his *morceau choisi*. And coming along the passage, it struck

me as interesting to compare the two renderings so different—"

Minnie frowned. "You say someone else is playing it to-morrow?"

"Yes. But that will not affect your rendering. As I said, the two are entirely different. . . . My pupil knows the technique of the thing perfectly, but he does not understand it. It puzzles him. One can hear that in his playing."

"Who is to play it?"

"Young Verrist."

A little sigh of thankfulness came from Minnie's lips. He would gambol through it like a cart-horse, and her own delicate playing be thrown into relief thereby. Suddenly she laid her arms across the piano, the dark wood showing up the clear-cut whiteness of them. Turning towards M. Matthys, she smiled at him as she smiled at her father when she wanted something badly. Her voice was very soft as she asked: "Tell me, is Verrist an artist, or—is he wasting his time?"

The Professor hesitated—succumbed. "He does not altogether waste his time, Mademoiselle, since he has fitted himself very well to teach—"

"Eh bien," Minnie interrupted, "you know I did not mean that—"

"But as an artist"—Matthys paused, stroking his beard—"look you, it is as if each one holds his love of music like a lump of clay between his hands, fashioning it by his temperament, by his share of the divine spark, into the most beautiful thing he knows. Some with no temperament, no vision, are content by mere technique to smooth and round their lump into a nice ball and to roll it easily into a well-paid billet—"

Minnie's hands contracted on the piano-lid. Was not that what her parents wanted of her? "But what about the people who have made something out of their lump. Have—have I, do you think?"

"As I listened to you, I saw a many-coloured bird dart and quiver with the sunlight on its wings. A bird that will never fly very

far, but be content to be beautiful to look at."

"And Verrist?"

"There you have a thing of the most extraordinary. For Verrist, after polishing and rounding his lump, has made of it not even a ball. He stands with the thing between his hands, waiting, considering. He may make something wonderful, or he may drop it at his feet and let it roll into a well-paid post. But if some strong emotion should come to him, I think it will be the something wonderful. He is that type."

For a little she sat silent. Then suddenly she slammed down the piano-lid and pulled her hat down over her ears. "I'm going home, now," she said, "I don't want to make myself stale for to-morrow."

She had just time before going to the station to tidy round her little bed-sitting room at the *pension*, and group the supper-dishes about the red flower in the middle of the table. For it was arranged that they should have their first meal together up there.

At the station a gesticulating mass of humanity poured

[Continued overleaf.]



It was a wicked piece of caricature, the slouch, the wooden hands and arms, a triumph of awkwardness. All the colour left Verrist's face.

[Continue]

itself out of the boat-train, tired and dirty with its journey; fragments becoming detached and clustering round the porters like a swarm around the queen-bee. Minnie saw her parents almost at once. They had stayed in the train, fearful of being swirled away by the crowd. Their anxious faces peered out at her from the window of a second-class carriage.

She flung herself at them, feeling a sudden rush of gladness at the sight of these pieces of England; and yet a sense of chill lay underneath the gladness, for in a flash she realised how the lines of her life ran at right angles to theirs. Had she never gone abroad, things might have been different, but it was too late now to attempt to make them lie parallel.

They pushed their way towards the station mouth, excited, with arms full of luggage. There they entered a taxi, and drove down the wide streets, Minnie answering her mother's questions. Could they go to a theatre or something after supper, if father wasn't too tired? And was Minnie sure her new frock was smart enough for the concert? Things not cut out by a really good dressmaker were apt to look home-made-like. Her father never spoke, but turned his head this way and that like a bird, watching the traffic, the gendarmes resplendent on point duty, the women mincing down the chestnut-shaded boulevards.

When they reached the *pension* Minnie ran up to her room and lit the gas under the old copper kettle she had bought in Bruges. It was a quaint party that had supper there that night. Minnie, in the sleeveless woollen frock she had worn all winter, for the comfort of it, but which to her mother's startled eyes presented a distinct incongruity between material and cut. Woollens, she ruminated, belong to the mornings, sleevelessness to evening. This was a frock which melted morning into evening. Minnie, while she talked and laughed, was conscious of the criticism; amusedly conscious, too, of her father's shame-faced glancing towards the unframed sketches on the wall—charcoal studies, mostly, to which she had helped herself from the portfolio of a friend at the Art School.

They went to the opera after supper. It was "La Bohème," and Marguerite Loyer was singing. But the Victorian moustaches and pantaloons of the men, together with the "Frenchiness"

of their attitudes, overcame Mrs. Luck completely. Her fat face crimsoned, till she had to raise her copy of *L'Eventail* to screen herself, while a burst of unseemly mirth issued from behind it, covered, fortunately, by the clapping as the curtain dropped.

"I'm sorry, Minnie," she gasped, after the lights went up; "but the man with the hand on his heart's the very image of my grandfather as a young man. Not that I ever saw him, but your Auntie Loue has an old glass-photo with him wearing a velvet jacket just like that, and checked peg-top trousers, too. Only his hands were in his pockets."

The streets were white and empty when they emerged, and everyone drifted like moths towards the bright lights of the cafés. They ordered grenadines, and sat out on the pavement, though it was cold, because of the novelty. Adam Luck sat with his back to the café, watching a big, fair man who had slouched into the next seat, and sat, his elbows on the little table in front of him, gazing at Minnie.

At first he put the man down as one of those street loafers who, he had read, infested every foreign city, and, flaring angrily, he leaned forward, trying to put himself between his daughter and the other's gaze. Then he saw the man's eyes were wistful, like a dog's, and that, though he watched closely each movement of the girl opposite, it was only with a dumb seeking for recognition.

"Minnie," said her father sharply, "who's the fellow at the next table? He seems to know you."

Minnie's smooth black head still bent over the scarlet grenadine. She swept her eyelashes upwards quickly, then lowered them again. "It's one of the students from the Conservatoire, a man called Verrist. He should be practising instead of wasting time."

"That remark cuts two ways, doesn't it?" Luck said, as they rose to go. Mrs. Luck looked bewildered. Minnie did not deign to answer. She passed Verrist, who looked doggedly the other way. She had cut him a moment before, and he was taking no risks. But Adam Luck saw as they passed the hurt quivering of the young face, and he sighed, wondering.

[Continued overleaf.]

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING



Quality Christmas Presents



Sterling Silver Nut Dish, with two Regent Plate Nut Crackers.
£5. 15. 0



Sterling Silver Cream Jug on three shaped legs.
£2. 0. 0



Sterling Silver Serviette Ring,
plain oval shape. Extra heavy.
15/-

ILLUSTRATED
GIFTS BOOK
POST FREE.



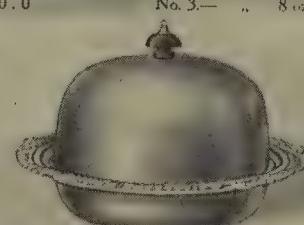
Six Sterling Silver Orange Spoons, "Hampden" pattern. In velvet-lined case.
£2. 7. 6



Sterling Silver Sugar Basin
on three shaped legs.
£2. 0. 0



All Sterling Silver Flask, heavily gilt inside, concave, with patent bayonet cap.
No. 1.—To hold 4 ozs. £2. 5. 0
No. 2.—" 6. 9s. 2. 15. 0
No. 3.—" 8 ozs. 3. 2. 6



Regent Plate Muffin Dish, complete with
Hot Water Division and Cover.
£1. 12. 6

Sterling Silver Ever-pointed Pencil (igid point), drop action, with compartment for reserve leads.
In 9-carat Gold £3. 15. 0
In 18-carat Gold 8. 5. 0

Waterman Fountain Pen, with 9-carat Gold Bands £1. 0. 0

Sterling Silver Ever-pointed Pencil (igid point), drop action, with compartment for reserve leads.
In 9-carat Gold £3. 15. 0
In 18-carat Gold 8. 5. 0

Waterman Fountain Pen, with 9-carat Gold Bands £1. 0. 0

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

with which is incorporated the Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd. Established 1751
112, Regent Street London, W.1. (Corner of Glasshouse Street)

only address

no branches

Note:- This is the Company's only address



Brandes

The new Brandes "Ellipticon" Cabinet loud-speaker will bring the Christmas Dance Music to your home better than anything you have ever heard.

Ask any reputable Wireless Dealer for full particulars and an actual demonstration.

BRANDES LIMITED, 296, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. WORKS: SLOUGH, BUCKS.

[Continued.]

Next morning Minnie burst into her mother's room with her hat on. "Hurry up, mum," she cried, "Don't you want to see the shops? Remember you'll be sitting in a stuffy hall all afternoon."

"But your packing, dearie?"

"My—packing?"

"Yes. You're coming home with us to-morrow, aren't you? Miss Melling's school opens next week."

The girl felt as though a squirt of cold water was poured down her neck. She had completely forgotten Miss Melling. Would it be better to tell her mother now that she hoped to be taken as a pupil of Razimov, and thus entirely spoil her mother's first and last day in Brussels? She decided to say nothing till after the *Concours*.

"Oh," she answered quickly, "but I can pack this evening. There's plenty of time."

At two o'clock she was driving swiftly towards the Conservatoire, wearing the yellow frock and silver slippers. Her mother, resplendent in black satin, with many rings, sat beside her. Her father, silent as usual, grasped her music-case as if determined to bear it safely to the hall or perish. They pushed their way in with the crowd, and got seats close to the Director's box. Then Minnie left them, to wait in a side room along with the others who were going to play.

A feverish excitement had taken hold of her. Her hands would not stay steady, and she felt as though her cheeks were burning. The others were calm for the most part, for they were finished products of the Conservatoire and sure of engagements for the coming winter. They stood about in knots, talking and laughing, all except one boy standing by himself at the window, who was not up to the standard, and knew it. But he could not afford to study further, and he must have his degree. And he was green and sick with fear, for they had told him that Razimov had arrived.

Minnie had often laughed at his long hair and black cotton gloves. Now she felt suddenly sorry for him, and crossing the room put her hand on his shoulder.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked. "The fat old

Director? Look!" She dropped into a chair drawn up in front of the fire, and, puffing out her cheeks, frowned severely, twisting a lock of her hair round and round one finger. M. le Directeur was almost completely bald, save for one little lock which he invariably toyed with while considering what marks to give. The students tittered, and even the boy at the window smiled wanly.

"But—Razimov?" he said, and stopped smiling.

"Razimov? Well, he never listens. He sharpens pencils all the time. Like this." She pulled the corners of her mouth down into a bored scowl, and proceeded to make an imaginary point upon an imaginary piece of lead. "And this is you!" She trailed across to the window and leaned up against the frame dejectedly.

The students tittered louder, and the titter became a roar as Minnie, excited, her head held high, saw a tall figure slouch into the room.

"Et, alors, Messieurs, I present to you M. Paul Verrist making his bow to the Director!"

It was a wicked piece of caricature, the slouch, the wooden hands and arms, and finally the bow—a triumph of awkwardness. All the colour left Verrist's face, making it curiously white and strained. He stood speechless, looking at Minnie, and Minnie felt suddenly afraid. A strange little silence had fallen over the room. Everyone seemed conscious of the current of emotion running between these two.

M. Matthys stood in the doorway

"M. Verrist!" he said, and, after the man called had gone—"Silence, while M. Verrist is playing!"

From the next room came the muffled notes of "Le Soleil à Midi." Minnie scarcely heard them at first, but they beat insistently upon her ear till she was forced to listen. There was a strange quality in the music that she had never realised before. It reached towards her, swamped her, beat down on her like the fierce sun at mid-day. There seemed no shade anywhere for her to creep to. Everyone else was listening as well. That was it. She might have disregarded him had not such an intense atmosphere of *listening* spread over the whole building.

[Continued overleaf.]

FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND SERIOUS KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment as used in hospitals.

WHEN even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is not only the risk of Bright's disease, dropsy, or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result.

I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders or gall-stones, etc., are all simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and other impurities. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of pure refined *Alkia Saltrates* has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound at slight cost, and it dissolves sharp uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be painful, nor lodge in joints and muscles; also, the acid is then quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. The "Saltrated" water will also stimulate a torpid liver or clogged intestines, clearing them and the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus, and bacteria.—A. L.

Typical specimens of uric acid crystals, highly magnified. No wonder they hurt!

Many millions of packets have been sold during the past fifteen years, and each one has always contained an unqualified money-back guarantee. You cannot possibly assume the slightest risk if you insist upon getting the genuine REUDEL Bath Saltrates. All chemists have this in packets of convenient sizes and at low prices. Ask your own chemist what users say about it.

ORDER . . .

"The Sketch"
Xmas Number
(Price 2/-)

Ready November 26.



A CAR to thrill the most seasoned motorist. Acceleration and performance unequalled by any other car of its capacity. Silence. Speed. Beauty. One hundred per cent. efficient.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER
London Showrooms and Export Dept., 40-41 Conduit Street, W.I.

If you are interested in a smaller car ask for details of the

R.A.C. Rating 15/6 £350

FOOT TORTURE Reudel Bath Saltrates

Medicates and oxygenates the water
Quickly—Efficiently—Safely
and as nothing else can.

Get rid of your foot tortures and stay rid of them. Corns, callouses, swelling, aching, tenderness, etc., cannot survive the effects of water containing Reudel Bath Saltrates. Rest your feet in this to-night. It never fails and stands absolutely in a class by itself, although many imitators have made unsuccessful attempts to reproduce this truly remarkable formula.

The highest authorities declare Reudel Bath Saltrates to be the nearest approach to perfection that it is humanly possible for modern science to produce in a therapeutic agent of its kind, regardless of production cost or selling price.

Many millions of packets have been sold during the past fifteen years, and each one has always contained an unqualified money-back guarantee. You cannot possibly assume the slightest risk if you insist upon getting the genuine REUDEL Bath Saltrates. All chemists have this in packets of convenient sizes and at low prices. Ask your own chemist what users say about it.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (1926) TO

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

12 Months (In-cluding Xmas No.)	U.K.	CANADA.	ABROAD.
£23 4 0	£23 1 8	£23 11 4	
£110 0	£1 9 3	£21 13 9	
(Including Xmas No.) £21 14 0	£21 12 6	£117 6	
3 Months.....	15 0	14 8	17 0
(Including Xmas No.) 18 10	17 10	21 0 4	

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

The Agence Havas is specially appointed to receive advertisements for "The Illustrated London News" for Western European countries, excepting France, at its Head Office, 62, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, and at all its branches. The Representation for French Advertising is in the hands of the Agence Dorland at 13, 15, Rue Taitbout, Paris, and branches.

BECHSTEIN

WONDERFUL NEW BABY GRANDS

*Exquisite, refined and most beautiful from 20/- Gns. net
New Models Upright Grands from 120 Gns. net*

To say that one instrument is better than another is to express an opinion—to say that the BECHSTEIN is better than any other is to express the opinion of the world's greatest musicians, past and present.

SECONDHAND BECHSTEIN PIANOS

*Reconditioned like new, at popular prices.
Easy payments arranged Tunings and Repairs.*

RECONDITIONING

carried out by us in our London Factory by BECHSTEIN workmen with BECHSTEIN materials doubles the value of the instrument for a moderate expense

THE BECHSTEIN-WELTE

is the highest achievement in

Electric Reproducing Pianos.

ONLY ADDRESS—

65, SOUTH MOLTON ST.

near BOND ST., W.



THREE O'CLOCK in the afternoon and the excitement of Christmas morning giving way to a drowsy sense of contentment. The "Rexine" upholstered chair has had a very busy day—it has been, in a few short hours, a step ladder, a raft for shipwrecked mariners, a besieged fortress and, upside down, a cave from which fierce bears have growled. No other upholstery would emerge so triumphantly, but then, "Rexine" is made to stand years of hard wear. "Rexine" looks exactly like leather, but costs considerably less. Your furnishing house has a large range of grains and colours.

"Rexine"

BRAND LEATHERCLOTH

REXINE LTD., HYDE, MANCHESTER.
LONDON: 60, WILSON STREET, FINSBURY, E.C.
BUY BRITISH GOODS—SELL BRITISH GOODS.

MISS CONSTANCE VIOTTO

ESS VIOTTO for the hands

Queens and Society Ladies use it constantly.

Once you try it, so will you.

2/6, 4/9, 6/9
per bottle.

If unobtainable from your usual retailer, order C.O.D.

BRONNLEY
LONDON, W.3



Cards are always interesting, and encourage sociability. If you and your guests are able to "take a hand" in a game of cards, your dinner parties will never drag.

The best cards obtainable are De La Rue Playing Cards. Made of British material by British workmen. Each pack of De La Rue Playing Cards is as perfect as Playing Cards can be.

Obtainable from all Stationers.

Thomas De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

De La Rue's

All British Playing Cards.



[Continued.]

A man near the door stole out softly and looked into the hall. When he returned—"Razimov's in the Director's box," he whispered, "and he's not sharpening pencils. He's listening!"

After that she scarcely heard the others who went on to play. When her own time came she played mechanically, as in a dream, and her version of Jongen's music sounded like the worn tinkling of a musical box. Several of the audience moved restlessly in their seats. They had been sitting still for nearly three hours now, and, anyway, they did not want to hear the same piece twice. Razimov, picking up his pencil, began to trim the point with meticulous care. . . .

Minnie had failed, and she knew it. There was only one thing to be thankful for. Her parents, neither of them musical, had noticed no difference in the two renderings, and were pathetically proud of her finish and technique.

"You looked lovely, dear, just like a yellow daffodil," her mother whispered, but Minnie was looking past her towards the place where she had caught a glimpse of Razimov with his hand on Verrist's shoulder.

"What about going into a café to celebrate?" suggested her father, and they moved across the road together, Minnie walking slowly as though desperately tired. She was very silent as she sipped her coffee, and the father and mother put it down to nervous exhaustion after the strain of playing. But all the time her mind's eye was seeing, in a sort of cycle, Verrist the favoured pupil of Razimov; Verrist taking Paris by storm; Verrist famous. . . .

"It seems that he stands with the thing between his hands, waiting—considering. He may make of it something wonderful, or he may drop it at his feet and let it roll into a well-paid post. But if some strong emotion came to him, it will be the something wonderful. He is that kind. . . ."

At length an idea groped through the confusion of her thoughts. Verrist had told her that he loved her. Better to travel over the world the wife of a great man than to go home to teach at Miss Melling's. But would he have her now? She had ridiculed him; showed him that she despised him.

Another thing. Some strong emotion had awakened him. *Was it love or hate?*

She could only go to him, humble herself, and find out. She rose wearily and said to her mother: "I forgot something. You can find your way home, can't you?" and went out.

She took a tram to the district in which he lived, and as she walked up the long street she tried dazedly to plan what to do—what to say. Should she tell him she had loved him all the time, and that pride had made her act that way. Should she still mock him, tease him, giving way only by degrees? Or should she say nothing at all, but hold out her hands, trusting him to forgive, to understand. Suppose he hated her. Would he throw her out into the street?

She reached the house at last, and rang. The door was opened by a student who boarded with Verrist. He said nothing, but looked at her curiously.

"Is Paul in?" she asked, putting her hand against the door-post to steady herself.

"No," said the other, still staring.

"Oh, I suppose he is with Razimov. Did—did Razimov offer to take him as his pupil?"

"Yes."

"Could you tell me where they are?"

"Verrist did not accept the offer. He got a telegram this afternoon saying that his father was dead, and he has gone home to settle the family's affairs and take charge of the farm for his mother. So that is the end of his career. He left ten minutes ago for the Gare Leopold." The student gave her one more contemptuous look and shut the door.

An hour later Minnie dragged herself up the stairs of the pension. There was a light under her parents' door, but she did not go in. Instead she climbed on till she reached her own room, and, entering it, dragged an empty trunk into the middle of the floor. She threw it open, lifting out the tray, and then she began to pack, moving wearily between her chest of drawers and the trunk. When it was full, she paused for a moment. At last, slipping off the yellow frock, she folded it in layers of tissue paper, and laid it in the tray.

THE END.



The Hairpin

You will be able to approach corners with safety at much higher speeds, if your brakes are correctly adjusted and lined with

FERODO
FRICTION LININGS

The Linings that make motoring SAFE.

FERODO LTD. - CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH

DEPOTS and AGENCIES:

London, Birmingham, Lec.s, Manchester, Bristol, Belfast,
Newcastle, Cardiff, Glasgow, Carlisle, Brighton and Liverpool.

A308



The best light diet when "out of sorts."

Benger's Food is widely used for infants and for illness, but mothers should not think that it is only a food for babies, nursing mothers and invalids.

Benger's is really the finest general light diet anybody can have when feeling "out of sorts," or suffering from slight indisposition, absence of appetite, over-tiredness, etc.

Benger's Food is always dainty and delicious and fully nourishing. For a change it can be taken in tea, or it may be flavoured with chocolate or coffee.

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices: 1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6

Benger's Booklet, pp. 34-36, gives useful recipes for light dishes prepared with Benger's Food. Post free from
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
NEW YORK: 90, Beekman Street. SYDNEY: 117, Pitt Street. CAPE TOWN: P.O. Box 573

BENGER'S
Food

Regd. Trade Mark.



FRESH & DAINTY

After the most strenuous dancing

How to guard and keep undimmed
the radiance of beauty and daintiness
at all times is a very simple matter.

MORNING TIME. Pour a little "**4711**"
in the bath ; this will produce a
rejuvenating and healthy glow to the
skin. If the day is to be one of
continuous exertion, a small quantity
poured into the hand and then a
brisk hand massage over the body
will make you as physically fit as
the proverbial fiddle.

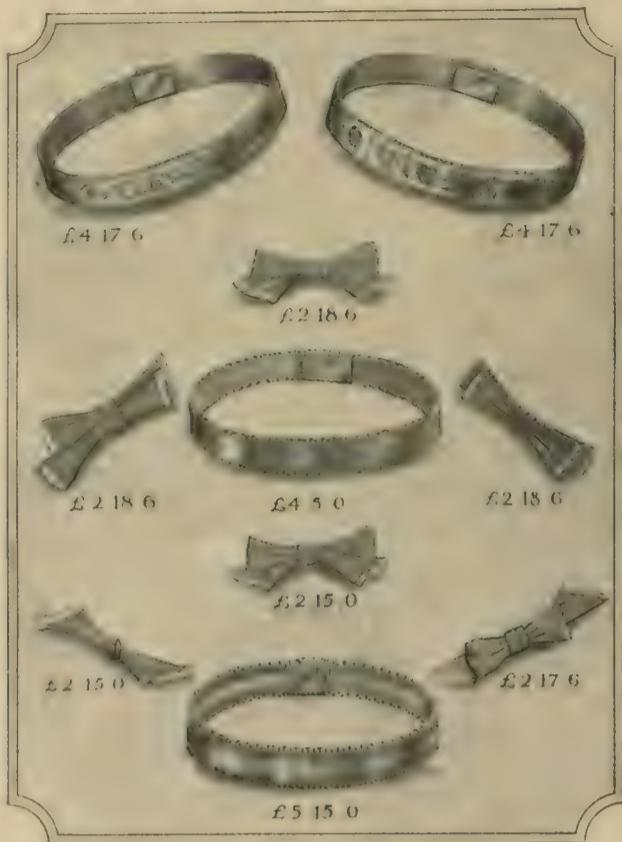
At social events or dances it is as
well to take with you a small 2/6
watch-shaped bottle of "**4711**" with
sprinkler top. If you feel tired or
overheated a gentle whiff will soon
restore your energy and vitality.

Be sure your Eau de Cologne is "**4711**" with
the Blue and Gold Label. Unrivalled fragrance—un-
paralleled purity and guaranteed full strength ; these
qualities have been associated with "**4711**" for
nearly 150 years.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN HIGH-CLASS PERFUMES.
2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-, 30/- and 56/- per bottle

8° 4711.  **Eau de
Cologne**

MILANESE BRACELETS AND BOW BROOCHES



You see above a new and delightful achievement of modern craftsmanship. It is typical of a skill which is devoted not only to every form of jewellery but to the making of perfect clocks and watches of all kinds, by a House which is proud of an experience which goes back some seventy years.

W. CANEY & SONS,

Watch and Clock Makers, Jewellers
and Diamond Merchants.

66, REGENT ST., W.1

Established 1857



The New Feminix Shingle which won for Miss Edith of Feminix the Ladies' Championship at the Hairdressing Exhibition. It is achieved by Permanent, or Marcel Waving, or by Postiche.

Feminix ^{LTD}

Women's Service for Women

26a Albemarle Street Piccadilly, W.1

Phone Gerrard 9106 (6 lines) for Appointments

1. LINEN, Embroidered in one corner.
Per doz. ... 15.9

2. LADIES' LINEN
Embossed Initial.
Per doz. ... 13.6

3. MEN'S LINEN
Hand Embroidered Initial.
Per doz. ... 22.9

4. LINEN, Hand drawn
works. Each ... 1.11

5. MEN'S
SHEER
LINEN.
Hand rolled
edge.
Per doz. 35.-

6. REAL IRISH
Appliquéd lace.
Each ... 15.9

*It is a subtle
compliment to
taste to give*

HANDKERCHIEFS

if they come from

**ROBINSON
AND
CLEAVER ^{LTD}**

156-168, Regent St. London.W.1

*Christmas Gift List
sent free on request*

**McCallum's
Perfection**

Of old, they cried—McCallum More!
Now, their cry is—More McCallum!



Brightness and warmth
for the Great Home
Festival.

Express your wishes in
appropriate footwear.

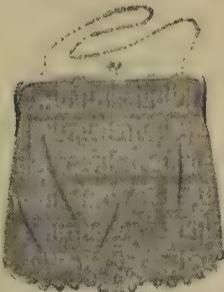
EXAMPLES. A distinguished-looking "Grecian" for Men in Lizard grain with real Lizard fittings, in brown, green and patent colour harmonies. No. 26315 - 21/- Original effect in Ladies' Moccasins, brocade and appliquéd, with contrasts in gold, blue, jade, mauve, etc. No. 261653 - 16/9

Pussy head shoe for Baby in delicate colour combinations, pink, blue or white Kid. No. 26041 size 1-6 5/11

Manfield & SONS LTD.

LONDON: 170, REGENT ST., W.1 376 & 377, STRAND, W.C.2
228 & 229, PICCADILLY, W.1. 59/60, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
And throughout London and United Kingdom. E.C.4

ACCEPTABLE & ORIGINAL XMAS GIFTS



Smart Mesh Bag, in
Greek Key pattern, ex-
cellent imitation of gold
and platinum, lined silk.
Size 5½ x 6.
Price 23/9



Fan-shaped Shot Taf-
fetas Cushion, with
gathered panels. Many
artistic colours. Filled
fine down.
Price 69/6



Hot Water Bottle
Cover, with coloured
suede coat and shoes.
Size 17 x 11½.
Price 36/9



Fitted Umbrella Bags, in
fine quality Morocco leather.
Special pocket lined
oilskin for mackintosh.
Fitted captive
mirror and memo
tablet, also clip-
down pocket, with a
fixed purse. Size
14 x 7½. Price 6 Gns.

Real English Pigskin
Peggy Bag, lined best
quality suede leather.
Fitted with concealed
purse.

10½ x 7½, 8 Gns.
12 x 8½, 8½ Gns.
13 x 8½, 10½ Gns.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
DEBENHAMS, LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

LEATHER GOODS OF DISTINCTION



DUPLEX DRESSING CASE (Regd.)

A unique dressing case designed for general utility in the smallest space, serving as a dressing table when travelling. The empty compartment underneath is shown on the illustration.

Cartier's
NEW DEPARTMENT FIRST FLOOR—
175-6 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON. W.1.

TELEPHONE: GERRARD 3758.

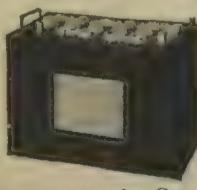
A fine British Battery



Whether
you have
a British
or foreign
Car, you
should fit
a British
Battery.

C.A.V.

THE above pictorial reference to
that splendid section of the
British Army, "The Artillery,"
does not appear without due significance.
Their wonderful achievements
of endurance in service, and unfailing
performance in
action, have
earned for them
a reputation
equalled by no
other Battery
of Guns extant
among nations.



Wireless Equipment?

Are you inter-
ested? Our
Radio Dept.
will be pleased
to send you a
copy of the new
C.A.V. illus-
trated list on
application.

Call and see them at first hand and ask our advice as
to the size and capacity best suited to your car

CAVANDERVELL & CO; LTD;
ACTON, LONDON, W.3
Telephone: Chiswick 3801
(Private Branch Exchange) Telegrams: "Vanteria, Act.,
London."

Give Electrical Gifts this Xmas

By giving a "MAGNET" ELECTRIC APPLIANCE you can be absolutely certain that your gift will ensure lasting pleasure, and that it will compare most favourably with gifts of any other nature.

"MAGNET" Electric Toaster	Price 26/6
"MAGNET" Electric Kettle 2 pt. size 26/- 3 pt. size 35/-	
"MAGNET" Electric Irons 4 lb. size, 16/- 5½ lb. size, 18/-	
"MAGNET" Electric Hot-Plate ..	Price 21/-
"MAGNET" Pedestal Heaters.	Prices 21/- and 30/-
ALL READY FOR USE.	

A comprehensive range of "MAGNET" Electric Appliances can be inspected at the "MAGNET" ELECTRIC HOME, Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

Illustrated literature can be obtained on application.

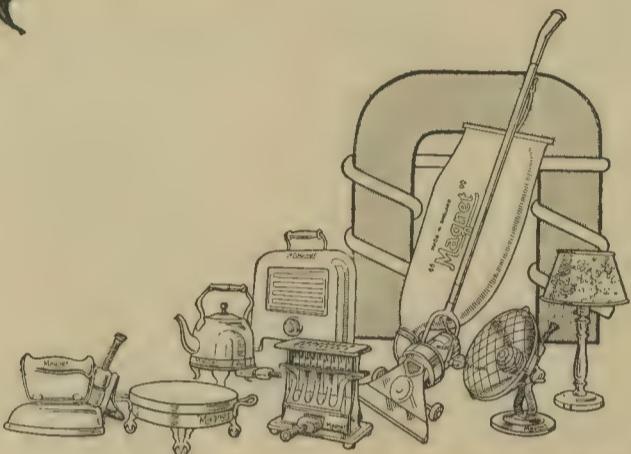


HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

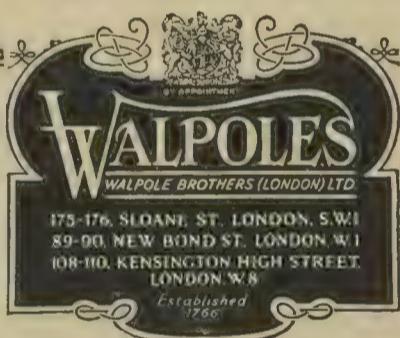
MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

SOLD BY ALL ELECTRICAL DEALERS, STORES & IRONMONGERS

Manufacturers, (wholesale only)
The General Electric Co., Ltd. Head Office: Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



The G.E.C. — your guarantee



INEXPENSIVE SILK CRÈPE = DE = CHINE NIGHTDRESSES

very daintily made by hand, and recommended to give the greatest satisfaction.

39/11 each

LNO 149. Hand-embroidered serviceable model with short sleeves, making it a delightful garment for present wear. In Flesh Pink on 'n'y.

LNO 150. Very attractive, trimmed with dainty antique shaded lace, creating a most charming garment. Colours: Flesh Pink, Ivory, and Blue.

Suggestions for a Christmas Gift—

A dainty Frock for Tiny Tots; For Ladies, a handsome Dressing Gown or Jacket, and Lingerie. A visit to our showrooms will reveal many more.

**Brochures of Fashions and
Christmas Gifts**
will be sent post free on request.

I NO
149

We pay carriage and C.O.D.
Fees within the British Isles.

LNO
150

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

SPECIALISTS. IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

DAINTY FROCK,
made from fine Ivory
Net, mounted over pink
Jap silk. The skirt
trimmed picot frills and
sash of wide satin
ribbon.

Size 18 inch.	Price 63/6
.. 20 ..	67/6
.. 22 ..	72/6
.. 24 ..	77/6

Illustrated Brochure of Knitted
Goods post free on request.



Plays and Players'

"The Best People" is now running merrily at the Lyric Theatre. Amongst the talented folk who contribute to this joyous show are Miss Olgar Lindo, Mr. C. V. France, and Mr. Frederick Volpé. Like other players we know of, they always please.



"The
BEST PEOPLE
SAY—

Players
please!



10 FOR 6^d
20 FOR 11^{1/2}
50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8



DEAFNESS

XMAS WITHOUT HEARING IS UNTHINKABLE.

ALL the joys of the shopping—the parties and plays—the Church Services—the wireless can be yours now and for life the simple, natural "Ardent-Acoustique" way.

HARD OF HEARING or ACUTELY DEAF

Deafness is so gradual in its growth that some find it difficult to believe they are victims to this amazingly prevalent and entirely isolating disability. They think that speakers socially, in church and on the stage are less distinct, but the penalties of deafness are so overwhelming that they refrain from admitting the distressing truth. Human intercourse is denied them, and slowly but surely they find themselves slipping out of it. To see lips moving, changing expressions, twinkling eyes, and be shut out makes them feel their usefulness is impaired and sociability hampered, whilst to use cumbersome trumpets and instruments is to be a marked man. In many cases the disability must increase of its own momentum, because mere abstention from trying to hear makes "hard-of-hearing" into acute deafness, often causing distressing head noises. The great thing is to

HEAR WITHOUT STRAIN

and that is only achieved by helping to correct the defect.

"Ardente-Acoustique" collects and conveys sound

TRUE-TO-TONE

(no vibration or distortion which would aggravate the trouble) because it is fitted to suit the case and its needs. It is the ONLY INDIVIDUAL METHOD, and is entirely different and uncopiable, and is replacing all the mass-production trumpets and bulky instruments which, being mere sound magnifiers, cause extraneous sounds

THE AID THE SIZE OF A BUTTON

Inconspicuous for men, women and children it makes up to your ears what they lack naturally—leaves hands free—there is nothing to hold by speaker or listener. Deaf doctors use it—eminent aurists recommend it—many politicians, church dignitaries, business men, sportsmen, and professional men carry on their everyday life's activities with ease and comfort by its aid. Users between the ages of 2½ and 97 years.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION SCHEME.

What better gift than the gift of perfect hearing to your deaf friend! Write or call for details of special presentation scheme.

CALL IF YOU CAN

and test without fee or obligation, or write for details and Medical Reports.

BRITISH
AND
BEST

M R H DENT'S
ARDENTE
ACOUSTIQUE
Pronounced R-DENT-AKOOSTEEK.

95, WIGMORE ST.,
LONDON, W. 1.

(Back of Selfridges). Mayfair 1380/1718.
51, King Street ... MANCHESTER
9, Duke Street ... CARDIFF
59, Northumberland Street NEWCASTLE
200, Sauchiehall Street ... GLASGOW
334, Martineau Street ... BIRMINGHAM

FREE
HOME TESTS:
ARRANGED

J.C. Vickery's for Xmas Gifts

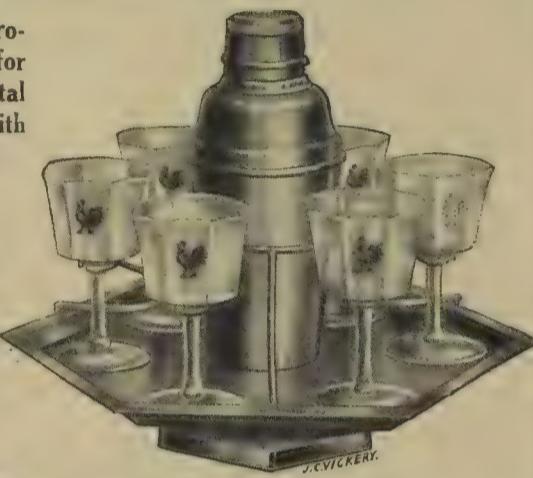
Call and see Vickery's Wonderful Collection of Novelties:



SILVERWARE
JEWELLERY
LEATHER GOODS
DRESSING CASES
ENAMEL
IVORY
SHAGREEN
BAGS and
VANITY CASES.

Catalogue sent free
on request.

Finest Quality Electro-Plated Cocktail Set, for 8 persons, with Crystal Glasses Etched with Fighting Cocks.
£8 10s.



Finest Quality Electro-Plated Revolving Tray with Cocktail Set, Glasses Decorated with Cockerels in Natural Colours.
£7 2s. 6d.

J.C. VICKERY.
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales



GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS. FLIMS-WALDHAUS!

For Skating, Lugeing, and Dancing

Resorts	Hotels	Journey & from 1st week	Extra weeks from	
FLIMS	Grand & Surselva	£12 2 6	£4 10 0	
KANDERSTEG	Waldrand	10 7 6	3 7 6	
LAC DE JOUX	Grand	8 8 0	2 10 6	
PONTRESINA	Schweizerhof	13 12 6	4 10 0	
ST. MORITZ	Belvedere	14 10 6	5 6 6	
SILVAPLANA	Engadinerhof	13 15 0	4 10 0	
WENGEN	Park	12 9 6	5 1 0	
ADELBODEN	Graud Regina	11 10 0	4 15 6	
ADELBODEN	Beau Site	10 2 6	3 7 6	
BEATENBERG	Regina Palace	10 7 6	3 7 6	
CHAMONIX	De Paris	7 12 6	2 17 6	
ENGELBERG	Belle Vue	10 9 6	3 13 0	
GRINDELWALD	Alpenruhe	10 17 6	3 13 0	

February is the ideal month for Winter Sports

Rooms booked in London; plans of hotels on application. Early booking is advised.

TOURS TO NICE & SAN REMO.

Including Travel, Hotel, meals en route to Nice or San Remo; gratuities, transfers, escort and Auto Tours as stated.

10 Days Tour to Nice, including Auto Tours to Mentone-Monte Carlo, Grasse & Cannes.....	£11 11 0
17 Days Tour to Nice, including Auto Tours to Mentone-Monte Carlo, Grasse, Peira Cava & Cannes St. Raphael.....	£14 19 6
10 Days Tour to San Remo, including Auto Tours to Roja Valley, Triora & Bajardo.....	£12 19 6
17 Days Tour to San Remo, including Auto Tours to Roja Valley, Triora, Bajardo, Nice & Monte Carlo.....	£16 16 0

For Escorted Tours to Paris, Round Italy, Montreux, Lugano, Italian Lakes, Motor Tours in North Africa and Cruises to Mediterranean and West Indies, apply for Booklet FW 76—

74, WIGMORE ST., W. 1
Phone: Langham 3382.

Manchester: 12, VICTORIA STREET

DON'T FORGET THE KIDDIES' XMAS

Famous
JAMES.

FAMOUS JAMES BROWNIE & PIXIE
BICYCLES and TRICYCLES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

FINEST ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.
WRITE FOR ART CATALOGUE FREE.

JAMES CYCLE CO., LTD.,
BIRMINGHAM.

GRAND XMAS DISPLAY
OF ALL MODELS ON VIEW
AT OUR SHOWROOMS
21 & 22, HOLBORN VIADUCT

KINDLY CALL TO INSPECT
CYCLE AGENTS AND
STORES WILL SUPPLY



KROPP The Craftsman Job

Take it up tenderly
lift it with care
fashioned so slenderly
to cut every hair.
It never wants grinding.

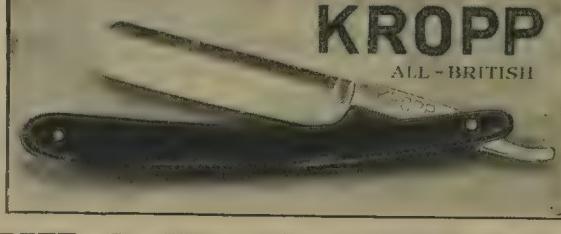
In Case, Black Handle,
10/6;

Ivory Handle, 18/-
From all Hairdressers,
Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of
"Shaver's Kit," Booklet
No. 105.

WHOLESALE ONLY:

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W. 1.



KROPP
ALL-BRITISH

FINE QUALITY FURS

Offered by the Actual Makers
at almost half Usual Shop Prices
Largest stocks of beautiful furs to choose from, all genuine and of thoroughly reliable quality, offered at

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES

Best possible value for money.

The Ideal Gift is
FURS
They are certain
to please.

Write for
NEW
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
Post Free.

PESCHANIKI MARMOT.

Smart and serviceable
coat in Peschaniki Marmot
selected skins, modelled on fashionable
slim lines and handsomely trimmed with
fine quality Natural Skunk. Light in weight
and suitable for hard wear.

WHOLESALE
CITY PRICE
28 GNS.

This Coat sent on
APPROVAL.
Money returned in
full if not approved

CITY FUR STORE

Manufacturing Furriers,
64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
LONDON, E.C.4

We have no shop: Showrooms First Floor.





Burberry's Copyright

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

designed in styles for every possible purpose, from pure wool materials woven and proofed by Burberry's special processes, provide complete

PROTECTION AND COMFORT IN ALL WEATHERS

They ensure luxurious warmth on the coldest days, yet, owing to the exceptional quality of the cloths, are surprisingly light-in-weight.

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

defy rain and all damp, yet are quite free from unhealthy heat, because, in spite of being weatherproof, they ventilate naturally, and always maintain an even temperature.

ALWAYS 10,000 COATS TO CHOOSE FROM

Write, mentioning "The Illustrated London News," for Catalogue of models and patterns of materials.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET
LONDON S.W.1

Burberry's Ltd

J

£100,000 WORTH OF Furnishing Treasures

THE largest selection of High-Grade Second-hand Furniture in the United Kingdom is at present arrayed in Jelks' magnificent showrooms—sound, tested pieces, made of well-seasoned wood by competent craftsmen of the old school. This "quality" furniture will give double the wear of cheap new goods and is sold at but half the cost.

ENLARGED SHOWROOMS now open!
800,000 sq. ft. of Floor Space.

Visit our extensive new showrooms and view the host of furniture bargains. We have furniture suitable for every home—large or small—complete suites and thousands of beautiful single pieces.

Special Display of Exclusive Period Furniture

A special feature of the new showrooms is the unique display of period furniture showing rooms arranged in the style of Chippendale, Louis XV., Heppelwhite, etc. A visit of inspection entails no obligation to purchase.

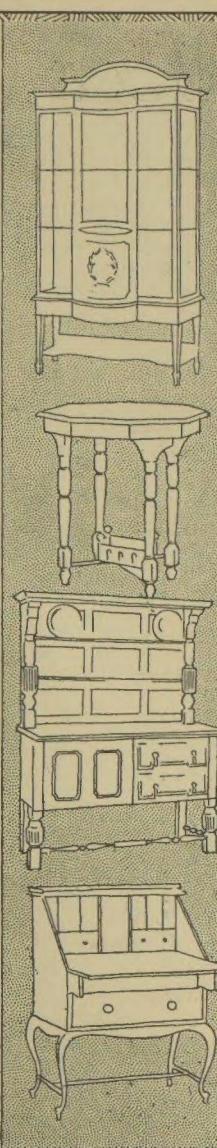
CASH OR EASY TERMS
Those unable to make a personal visit should send a p.c. for the latest

Free Bargain Booklet
describing in detail hundreds of the remarkable bargains offered for Exclusive Home Furnishing.

Open from 9 a.m.—7.30 p.m.
Thurs. close at 1 p.m. Saturdays open till 9 p.m.

W. JELKS & SONS
Established over 50 years
263-275 HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.7

Phone North 2598 & 2599.
Bus, tram or tube to door.



ITALIA HOUSE



Christmas Gifts

Venetian Coloured Glass Lamps for Electric Light, also in Pottery, Gilt Wood, Wrought Iron and Bronze.

Frames, Cigarette Boxes, Writing Sets, Mirrors in Leather, Painted Wood, Sorrento Wood and Gilt Wood.

Cushions, Lampshades, Shawls, Scarves, Luncheon Sets and Objets d'Art.

ITALIA HOUSE, Ltd.
74/6, Welbeck Street,
W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 3327 (3 lines).

HEAR IT! PERFECT TONE IN A GRAMOPHONE OF MODERATE PRICE

The Dousona Gramophone has achieved the final improvement in gramophone tone—it's Floating all-wood Amplifier and Cylindrical wood tone arm give a tonal purity and freedom from resonance that is unmatched. Ask your gramophone dealer to let you hear the Dousona—compare it with the most expensive instruments of other makes—the Dousona stands alone for its richly satisfying tone.

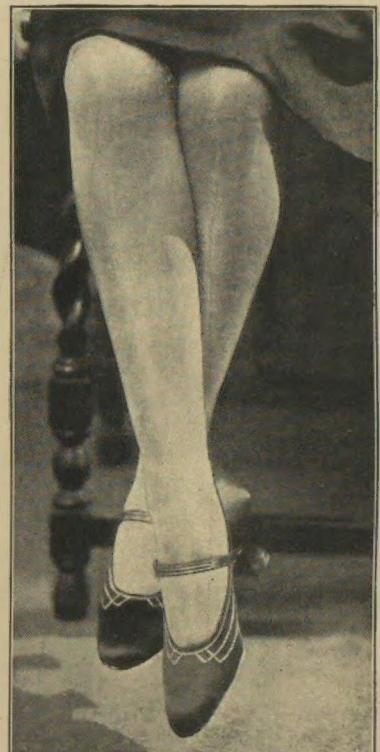
British made throughout—Garrard Double Spring Motor—handsome and fine quality cabinet work.

35 gns.

The Dousona GRAMOPHONE

Write for Catalogue and Instalment plan.
DOUSONA MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
170, Fleet Street, E.C.4.
52, High St., Croydon; 108, Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth

Model No. 12.
As illustrated in choice of 4 shades.
of Oak £12 12 0
In selected Mahogany £15 15 0



Real Silk Hose!

Per pair	6/11	Black, White, Grain, Satin-Blond, Peach, Nude, French-Nude, Lark, Autumn-Brown, Putty, Oyster.
3 pairs daintily boxed	£1	
Post Free.		

LIGHTING HEATING COOKING

INSTALL SILVERLITE (Petrol Gas Perfected) and be independent of coal.

COMBINES the conveniences of both electricity and coal gas, and without their disadvantages.

LIGHTING—A softer and more brilliant light than electricity at a fraction of the cost.

HEATING—A pure and clean gas produced at 1/6 per 1,000 feet.

COOKING—Economical and most efficient.

THE ONLY GAS GENERATOR using motor spirit without waste. 50 per cent. proved lower running costs after replacing hundreds of other makes.

Illustrated Lists and Estimates Free.

SPENSERS
The British Pioneers of Petrol Gas.
6 E, LONDON STREET, W.2
(Opposite Paddington Station)
and at Edinburgh.

SILVERLITE
The All-British Generator.

PUMPING AND CENTRAL HEATING INSTALLATIONS

MORGAN SQUIRE, LTD.
LEICESTER.



NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

TOURS DE LUXE TO AN UNSPOILED WONDERLAND

SEE MARRAKESH (MOROCCO CITY) WITH ITS CYCLOPEAN WALLS, PEERLESS PALACES, GARDENS, ITS DANCERS, FIRE-EATERS, SNAKE CHARMERS. SIP THE MINT TEA UNDER THE VINES AT RABAT. WANDER AND WONDER IN THE TEEMING BAZAARS OF FEZ—CITY OF FOUNTAINS, PALACES, MOSQUES. SEE MEKNES—ITS MINARETS AND BOOTHES.

Smouldering torches . . . the sultry lifting of heavy scens from brazen burners . . . plashing of fountains . . . patterning of bare feet over glorious mosaics . . . the silently gliding vision of white . . . clatter of hoofs and glitter of rich caripisons . . . sunset and the Muzezin . . . a world of complete fascination awaits you.

AND THE "TRANSATLANTIQUE" HOTELS—ONE A PRINCELY PALACE OF BYGONE DAYS—THEY ARE UNIQUE, THE COMPANY'S PRIDE, AND THEY ALONE MADE TOURING POSSIBLE

LET US ARRANGE A PERFECT TOUR FOR YOU THIS WINTER!

Write for Booklet "The Magic of Islam"

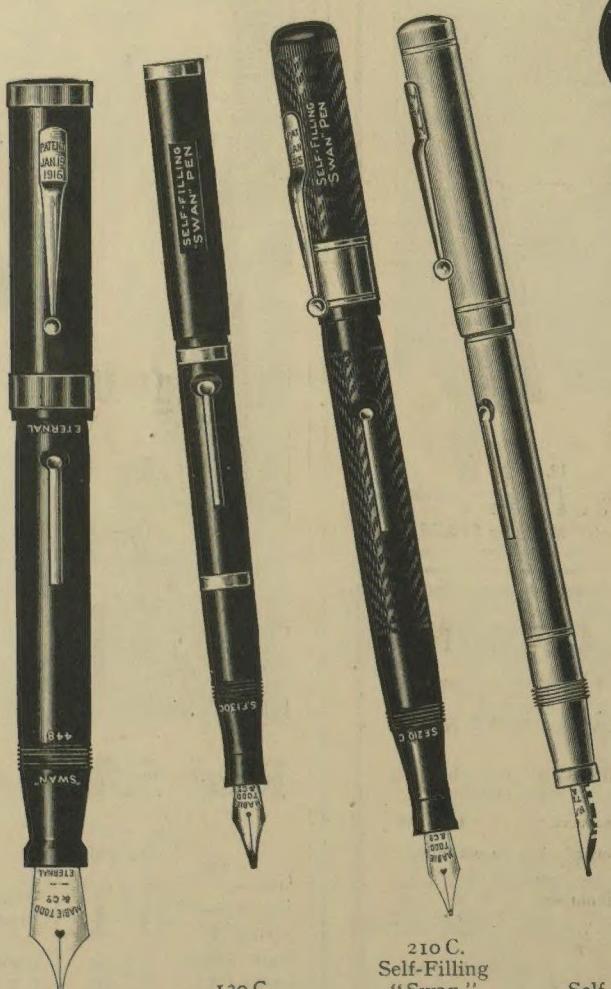
FRENCH LINE
COMPAGNIE GENERALE
TRANSATLANTIQUE, Ltd.
22, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



ALL-WEATHER MOTORISTS



prefer
"BP"
British Petrol
Because "BP"
never varies
winter or summer



Eternal "Swan"
No. 444 - 27/6
No. 446 - 30/-
No. 448 - 35/-

130 C.
Self-Filling
"Swan"
With rolled
gold bands
18/6

210 C.
Self-Filling
"Swan"
With rolled
gold bands
and fixed
clip
23/6

Self-filling
"Swan"
Covered with
rolled gold and
fitted with clip.
47/6

Illustrated
Catalogue
Post Free

Christmas

FEW gifts are so expressive, so individual in appeal, so eloquent of good taste as a "Swan" Pen.

For the "Swan," as a gift, is infallibly right. It conveys all you wish to say of greeting and friendship in a form which has permanence, utility and charm without ostentation or extravagance.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

"SWAN" PENS



MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.
Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford
Street, London, W.1. Branches:
79, High Holborn, W.C.1;
95, Regent Street, W.1; and at
3, Exchange Street, Manchester.



HUGH CECIL.

'Celanese'

TRADE MARK

LINGERIE

In texture, sheen and colour 'Celanese' Undies convey a sense of joyous luxury, yet wear and laundering prove how practical they are. Even on the chilliest days 'Celanese' will keep you cosily warm because of its unique insulating properties. 'Celanese' is very reasonably priced, and will retain its softness and lustre in spite of repeated washings.



This Brand Mark identifies all 'Celanese' Products.

Sole Manufacturers—BRITISH CELANESE LTD., LONDON, S.W.1.

'Celanese' Hosiery and Underwear is supplied by good drapers throughout the country.

The newest Hosiery is lovelier than ever because it combines the two most beautiful fibres—Pure Silk and 'Celanese.' To these merits add durability and wonderful washing qualities, and you will appreciate its exceptional character. In addition to Silk and 'Celanese,' at 3/11, the ladies' range includes 'Celanese' Panel Hose and 'Celanese' Marl Mixture Hose.



No. 1

Edward I. Period of use. 1272-1307.

Counterseal. The King, crowned and armed on horseback. For the first time the horse wears a caparison reaching nearly to the boots. The seal carries on the great artistic improvement in design and workmanship begun in the previous reign, of which Westminster Abbey is an example.

The Great Seals

The story of the Great Seals of England is not less engrossing than our history itself. The method dates definitely from Edward the Confessor—if not an earlier reign. It has signified Royal Assent throughout the ages—the mark of Majestic approval. The parallel is to be found in the stamp of quality that goes with Maison Lyons' Chocolates—signifying the highest approval by the greatest arbiters of good taste and discernment.

Maison Lyons
Chocolates

4/- per
lb.

The Maison Lyons 'Club' Chocolates at 4/- per lb. are preferred by some because they are smaller.

Maison Lyons Finest Eating Chocolate is deliciously smooth and nourishing. 2d, 3d, 6d & 8d packets, half-pound slabs 1/2.

Also Nut Milk and Plain Milk Chocolate.



15,000 Good Confectioners throughout the country sell
Maison Lyons Chocolates